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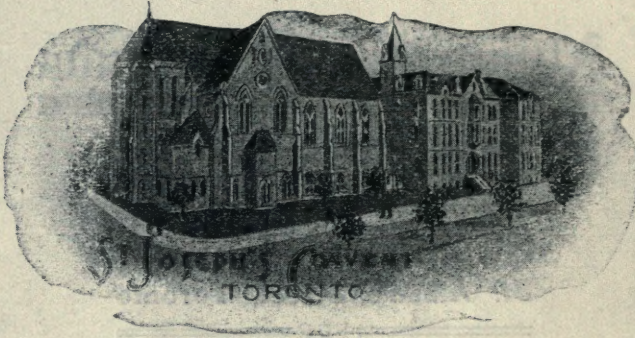
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CONTENTS ON PAGES 1 AND 2

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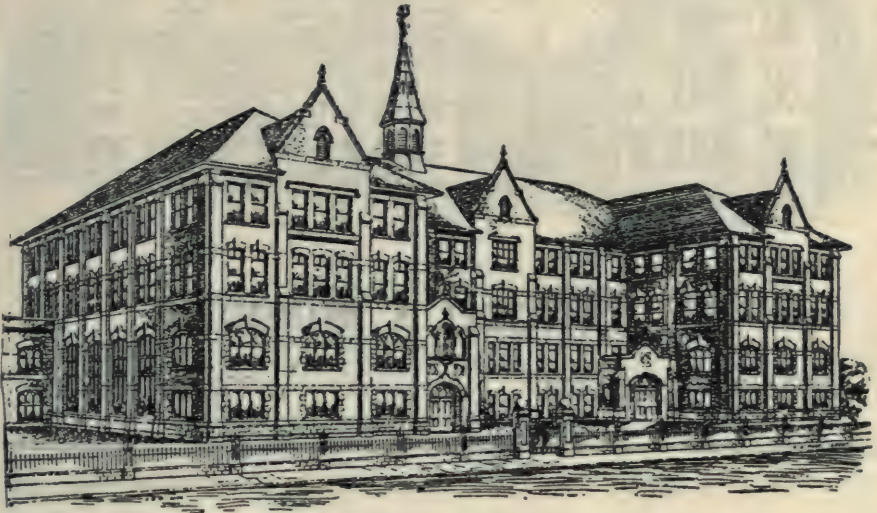
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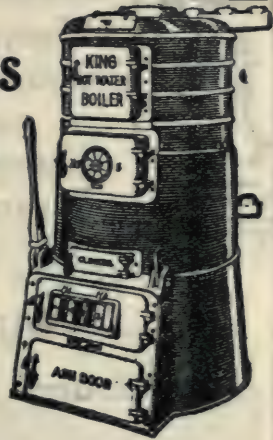
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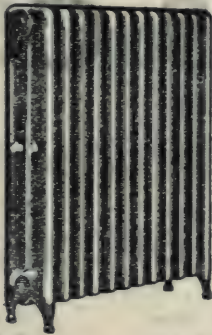
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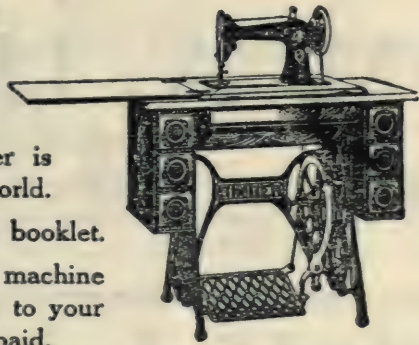
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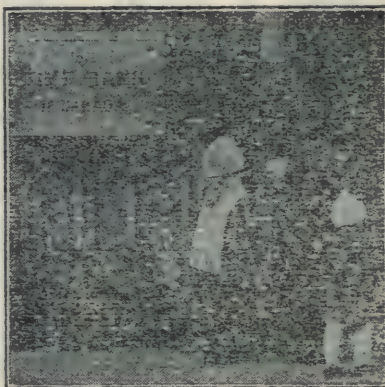
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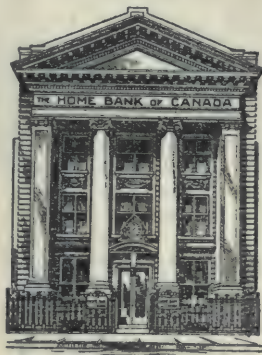
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CONTENTS

The Sacred Heart (Portrait)	4
Corpus Christi (Poem)—Rev. H. F. Blunt	5
The Purest and the Best—Rt. Rev. H. G. Graham.....	6
To Joyce Kilmer, Soldier and Poet—E. R. Cox.....	15
Burke as a Man of Letters—Rev. Dr. Ryan	16
A Voice of Song—C. D. Swan	29
A Career on the Stage—Rev. Dr. Talbot Smith	30
A Grave in France—F. B. Fenton.....	41
The Background of the Oxford Movement—"Padre" O'Leary	42
A Soldier's Letter	52
The Mediaeval Woman—E. R. Wilson	53
His Bow in the Clouds—Rev. F. P. Donnelly	59
The Resurrection of Alta—Rt. Rev. Mgr. Kelley.....	60
A Sweeter Shore (Poem)	69
Fools for the Sake of Christ—Very Rev. Dean Harris..	70
The Bells of Assisi	76
From My Note Book—Rev. A. T. Coughlan	77
A Letter from France (Poem)—E. R. Cox	81
Structure of Dante's Inferno—Rev. Dr. Bagnasco	82
Section of Dante's Hell (Line Cut)	83
Song—Rev. M. J. Watson	94

A Canadian Chaplain's Letter	95
My Rosary—"Marie"	96
A Reminiscence—O.S.B.	97
Shepherd My Thoughts (Review)—Rev. Dr. Dollard....	99
A Letter from Rome	101
A Glory of Maryland	102
The Officials of St. Joseph's College Alumnae	103
Alumnae Items	104
Kind Words for the Lilies	109
Exchanges	113
A May Song	114
St. Joseph's College Department	115
Waste No Opportunity (Poem)	115
Convocation at St. Joseph's College	116
The College Quadrangle (Portrait)	117
A Night in June	126
College Notes	127



THE SACRED HEART

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. VII.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1918.

NO. 1.

Corpus Christi

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

It was our bridal noon,
Beneath the skies of June,
And glad we walked, my Spouse and I,
Among the people kneeling by.
For He, my Spouse, was King,
And on my hand His ring;
And He, my Spouse, was leading me
Beneath the silken canopy.
A pageant in the sky
Of cloud hosts marching by,
And angel voices floated through
The arches of the vaulted blue.
And little maidens fair
Went scattering everywhere
The lilac, lily, pansy, rose,
And every pretty flower that grows.
And lads as fair as these
Threw incense on the breeze
And made our bridal pathway bright
By many a waxen candle light.
The birds sang overhead,
While strong men worshippèd;
And all the world was reft of care
The while it sought my Spouse in prayer.
It was a joyful day
I went Christ's nuptial way;
And wouldst thou know a joy like mine,
'Tis in God's mystic Bread and Wine.

The Purest and the Best

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND HENRY G. GRAHAM, D.D., AUXILIARY BISHOP
OF ST. ANDREWS AND EDINBURGH.

AMONG no class of persons are the eminent good works mentioned by our blessed Lord—prayer, fasting, and almsgiving—more abundantly or more perfectly practised than among the Nuns. “I was hungry and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger and you took Me in; naked, and you covered Me; sick and you visited Me; I was in prison, and you came to Me.” These are corporal works of mercy. To convert the sinner, to instruct the ignorant, to counsel the doubtful, to comfort the sorrowful, to bear wrongs patiently to forgive injuries, and pray for the living and the dead; these are spiritual works of mercy. To do all these perfectly indeed is to love God with your whole heart and your neighbour as yourself. Now, that is the business, the life work, the profession, the daily and nightly occupation of Catholic Nuns and Sisters.

All for Christ's Sake.

They have given up all for Christ's sake. They have been—many have been—rich, beautiful, highly born, intellectual; with brilliant talents and shining prospects of worldly greatness and favours. All has been sacrificed, and, at the call of God and of Jesus Christ their Heavenly Spouse, cheerfully abandoned for ever. Away riches, marriage, luxuries! Come poverty; come hardship; come obedience and prayer and fasting and chastity, a rough bed and mortification! “He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that shall lose his life for Me shall find it.” And so, stripping themselves of all that they possess, tearing themselves up by the very roots and dedicating them-

selves henceforth to work only for God's Church and His poor, they join together and take a coarse habit and subject themselves individually and in common to a voluntary obedience, and day by day offer themselves a sacrifice to the divine love, and know no will of their own, but the will of their superior which they acknowledge as the will of God for them; and find in their cold, narrow, cheerless cell a happiness such as is unknown or even unimagined by those that sleep upon a bed of feathers.

Two Kinds of Nuns.

Broadly speaking, there are two kinds of orders of nuns, the contemplative and the active. Suppose, then, they are contemplative, enclosed, cloistered. What is their occupation but prayer alone? To pray always is the work that Almighty God has called them to—to be “instant in prayer,” “to pray without ceasing.” And this they do by night and day. To rise in the cold winter's morning, whilst the world is yet asleep, and descend to the chapel where Jesus Christ, their Spouse, is waiting to receive them; to chant His praises in the divine liturgy, and to continue to do so many times during the day; to assist at Holy Mass and Holy Communion and meditation and spiritual reading and devotions; to send up one continuous, uninterrupted volume of intercession to the throne of grace for a sinful and stiff-necked generation—this is really the work of enclosed nuns. Practical work to some extent they may do in intervals not occupied with prayer—such as making some vestment or other article for the altar—but their predominating and absorbing occupation is simply to be with God in prayer. They know no other joy, and wish for none. They are like Mary, who, “sitting at the Lord's feet, heard His word.” They are living directly and immediately in His sweet presence every hour of the day. Their whole life, one may say, is made up of meditating upon God and His mysteries and His attributes and His works and His love in Jesus Christ and His Sacred Passion.

The Best Part.

They have chosen the best part, which can never be taken away from them. Certainly, if you do not believe in prayer, and the efficacy of prayer, both for yourself and for others—then, of course, you will not only not understand, but you will be bound to condemn as superstitious, useless, and absurd the lives of thousands of these consecrated virgins; their life would indeed be wasted and their labours without result. But I am supposing you believe in the reasonableness, the power, nay, the necessity of prayer; and I say that, once admit that our Father in heaven wishes our prayers and our adoration—that it is pleasing to our Lord Jesus Christ to be constantly loved and served and adored and spoken to and waited upon by His loving children upon earth—once admit that prayer is the golden chain that binds us to the feet of God, and that it is the means appointed by Him for drawing down untold blessings upon the children of men and for saving a reprobate world from utter destruction—then you will be forced to agree with me that the lives of these holy women—spent without intermission in the divine Presence—praying for those who will not pray for themselves—obtaining graces unthought of for those in danger—even suffering and satisfying for sins and outrages against the majesty of God—these lives in the convents, like the flowers upon the altar, budding, blooming, then fading away—or burning away like the light in the sanctuary lamp before the Blessed Sacrament—lives that are being consumed and used up and dying away as it were through the sheer exhaustion of love lavished upon Jesus—these lives, I say, must be reckoned the most beautiful conceivable; for they most resemble the lives of the blessed in heaven. They will have the highest places at God's right hand, and pleasures for evermore; for they alone can "say the canticle," which none others can say, "they follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, and in their mouth is found no lie, for they are without spot before the throne of God."

But again, take the Nuns and Sisters who belong to the

active orders, who, though living in community under obedience as the others, yet go out into the world to exercise their ministry of mercy to the poor and unfortunate. Here again we behold Christ-like lives, lives lived solely for others, lives like that of their Divine Master, Who "went about doing good," and Who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." It may be educating the young, the children of parents, whether rich or poor, who wish their children instructed, not only how to use this world, but also how to gain the next. And they really *do educate* them in the best and only true sense of the term—fashioning their characters aright—laying a solid foundation of virtue, training them in refinement and culture, in gentleness and modesty, and above all in every good habit of religion, all which is often sadly lacking in those outside the influence of these holy Sisters. Or it may be taking charge of poor orphans and teaching them trades and fitting them for service in life. Visit the Sisters of Nazareth, for example, or the Little Sisters of the Poor, and see how in these noble women "God gives again a mother to the orphan and a protector to the desolate." Or again, go to the homes of the Nuns of the Good Shepherd—that beautiful, Christ-like Order—who have dedicated themselves to reclaim from sin and shame and misery these poor, forlorn outcasts of society, the sad victims of man's beastly passion, from whom a hard, cruel, and unmerciful world turns with contempt and scorn—the Magdalens of the Church.

New Hope, New Life.

Who can tell the more than sisterly, more than motherly, care and tenderness with which these Good Shepherd Nuns bind up the broken hearts of these unfortunates—with how gentle a voice they speak of hope to those who were without hope—with what skill and patience, sympathy and perseverance they win them back to virtue and make them strong again to face the world, and all its perils! The woman whose past is a record of shame, whose heart is corrupt, whose breath is

polluted, the sight of whose very face is sin—she and such as she have new hope inspired in their hearts, new life, new courage, by the appearance and loving ministrations and sweet consoling words of God's devoted servants, who noiselessly, modestly approach them, their calm, pure faces radiant with the love of Jesus, and gently apply healing remedies to both the body and the soul. It is as though Blessed Mary, the sinless, took Mary Magdalen, the sinful, by the hand, and led her from the grip of Satan to the very feet of Christ, from ravenous wolves back to the Good Shepherd. Go to the homes of the Little Sisters, and see how these dear old men and women, of whatever creed or of no creed, and no matter how they have come to their state of destitution—see how they are attended and served in the evening of their days by loving hearts and hands, perhaps by those who were themselves once great and rich and noble. How happy and contented, how tidy and comfortable they are; their last few years on this troubled earth, and their passage to eternity, are made sweet and easy, and they pass hence, calmly and joyously, to the better land, calling down the blessing of God upon their benefactors.

Heroic Courage.

“Father,” said one Little Sister to me one day in Italy, “Father, our work is to prepare them for their last end, and our greatest joy and consolation is to see the happy deaths they die.” Or once more, follow the Sisters of Charity, or the Sisters of Mercy—where will you not find them? In the houses of the poor, in hospitals and infirmaries, in institutes for deaf and dumb—in refuges for the destitute—in asylums, jails, convict prisons and poor houses—or assisting the wounded and the dying upon the field of battle—looking for no reward, but ministering out of love—enduring every fatigue, facing every danger—you see them literally spending their lives for others, with a tenderness and sweetness of manner, with an heroic courage and self-sacrificing devotion which extorts admiration and applause even from those who are most unwilling

to give it! How many a brave soldier in many a land to-day owes his life to the tender and timely ministration of some Catholic Sister. Or lastly—for I could write volumes on their noble work—“go to that Home for Incurables, and note the passing to and fro of the Sisters among the beds of those who are smitten unto death. To those who toss there in pain, the gentle footfall or the rustle of the sombre habit seems as the sound of an angel’s wing. How the pain-drawn face lights up at the cheery word, and the sufferer is left wondering whether it was an echo of his mother’s voice breathed in the days of his childhood, or whether it be a sweet strain of heavenly music escaping through the golden gate.” Whatever others may say, those who know the Sisters and Nuns of the Catholic Church, and behold their work and labour of love, can tell that if ever there were angels in human shape, they are certainly the Religious.

Go Wherever They May Be Sent.

These and a hundred other Orders and Communities of Catholic Sisterhoods, instituted to alleviate every form of human misery, spiritual and bodily—to console the afflicted, to bind up the breaking heart, to lift up the weary and the drooping head—these the Church organizes to go whither they may be sent, and take their place in the infirmary or the orphanage, in the hovels of the poor or on the field of battle or amidst the slums and alleys of our great cities, to minister to the poor, the suffering, and the fallen. They do it, these angels of mercy, not as an act of condescension—not as compassionating or patronizing their less fortunate brothers and sisters—but serving them humbly, on terms of equality, counting it even as a privilege and an honour; for they recognize in the persons of the poor and afflicted and outcast their Lord and Master Jesus Christ Himself, as He has taught us. And yet, my dear non-Catholic friends, will you believe it? It is these holy and heroic sisters of yours—these ladies with the beauty of nature and of grace beaming from their pure countenances—who, with the pros-

pects and pleasures of the world glittering before them, deliberately renounced all for Christ's sake—it is these ladies who do their Christlike services without sounding a trumpet, but silently and humbly, and whose hearts are pure as the driven snow, and who would shrink back from the least sin as you would from a venomous serpent—I say these are the women held up to you as monsters of depravity—cruel, heartless, lazy, self-indulgent, filthy, immoral—as not fit to live, but deserving to be swept off the face of the earth as plagues and nuisances, as pestilential and corrupting, as a shame and disgrace to womanhood. O ye paid hirelings! Paid to calumniate and vilify the purest and best of God's daughters, perhaps the day may come when you yourselves will have need to be ministered to by these very angels whose reputations you are blackening to-day!

Come Ye Blessed.

But yet can we wonder? People saw the life and work of Jesus Christ and they said "He hath a devil," "He is a glutton and a wine-drinker," "the friend of publicans and sinners." Now, the disciple is not above his Master. "If they have called the good man of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of His household"; and "if they have persecuted Me," said our Divine Redeemer, "they will also persecute you." Yes; people speak against them and condemn them and harass them, but their true Spouse Jesus Christ loves them and upholds them. And whatever others may say, Jesus Christ at least—and this is all they care about—will say to them at the last: "Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you. Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above touching article, as our readers will perceive, is from the pen of the newly appointed Auxiliary Bishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. It is interesting to learn that for the first time in the annals of Scottish Catholicity, a son of the manse and a former minister of the Established Church of Scotland, in the person of Rev. Henry Grey Graham, was elevated to episcopal rank and dignity. Exchanges tell us his consecration was in truth an historic function, for it not only marked the providential progress of

the Church in the east of Scotland, but it gave ample evidence of the miraculous manner in which the ordinances of God often operate to recall our long separated Scottish brethren to the One True Fold of Christ in the unity of the Faith. The story of Bishop Graham's conversion is one of the modern romances of the Catholic Church in Scotland. Over twenty years ago it was his duty as a minister to attend the annual meetings of the General Assemblies of the Church of Scotland in Edinburgh. One Sunday evening during the sittings he attended the Catholic Cathedral (St. Mary's in which he was consecrated in November, 1917) and heard the late Canon James Donlevy lecture on "The Futility of the Assemblies as the Mouthpiece of Christ." The lecture made a deep impression on his mind, and in his own words, "sowed the first seeds of conversion to the Faith." The future prelate, son of the Rev. M. H. Graham, was born in 1874, at Maxton Manse, Roxburghshire; was educated at Kelso High School and St. Andrew's University, obtaining his M.A. and B.D.; was assistant Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Languages there from 1896 to 1897; was elected minister of Avondale parish, Lanarkshire, in 1901; was received into the Church at Fort Augustus Abbey, 1903; studied at the Scots College, Rome; was ordained priest in 1906; appointed curate at Motherwell in 1907; was raised to the Episcopacy in 1917; is the author of "Where We Got the Bible," "Hindrances to Conversion," etc. Bishop Graham, recording pleasantly his conversion, says: "I happen to be a brand plucked from the burning of Presbyterianism. Through no fault of my own, I was born of a long line of parish ministers, respectable gentlemen so far as I ever heard or knew of them, and partly, no doubt, through my own fault, I kept up the fun by becoming one myself. As, according to a common Scotch saying, ministers' sons are the worst, I was quite a suitable person for the profession. . . . My period of internal misery and ritualistic capering came to an end, to my intense relief, and the doubtless no less intense relief of the parishioners, when I told off in 1903. I nearly caused my dear old father a paralytic seizure when I went to tell him I was bundling up and making for Rome. He thought he should never see me more. By next morning he had regained his Scotch philosophic composure, and cannily remarked, "You'll be needing some money for this business." (I wasn't, but later he sent me a goodly sum to the Collegio Scozzese, Rome). You never know Protestantism thoroughly till you become a Catholic; I have learnt a whole lot about it since I "turned," and two things I have learned in particular, viz., the quite preternatural ignorance of Protestants about the Catholic Church, and the unprecedentedly unique absence amongst them of all knowledge of supernatural religion. The ignorance, of course, we are prepared for in a country that has groaned under three hundred years of Presbyterian teaching and traditions. But besides that the trouble is that people have sunk into a profound naturalism. The God they adore is the God of nature, and their religion is the religion of nature. The God of Revelation, the God whom their forefathers not many generations back did worship to a great extent, with His divine and indefeasible claims upon them, has largely disappeared from their vision." To bring his countrymen into the light of the Divine Vision is now the Auxiliary Bishop's absorbing life-work. His lectures in St. Mary's Cathedral are attracting crowded congregations. "The Purest and

the Best," which Saint Joseph Lilies is privileged in this issue to publish, "is a production," His Lordship informs the Editor in a most kindly and gracious letter, "of a lecture given some years ago, whilst the Bishop was still a simple priest, to a non-Catholic audience as one of a series of twelve lectures to non-Catholics, on the claims of the Catholic Church." We are grateful to His Lordship for his courtesy in honouring our little magazine, and we re-echo his prayer that Almighty God may guide him and lead him "on the right lines to bring back the wandering sheep to the One Fold and satisfying souls that are hungering and thirsting for the Truth!"

God send the day when Scotland's race once more the truth shall hear.
Set up His altars in their place, Hail Mary, Mother dear.

She moves in tumult; round her lies
The silence of the world of grace;
The twilight of our mysteries
Shines like high noonday on her face;
Our piteous guesses, dim with fears,
She touches, handles, sees and rears.

* * * *

All without is mean and small,
All within is vast and tall;
All without is harsh and shrill,
All within is hushed and still.



To Joyce Kilmer, Soldier and Poet

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

O Friend, if in the days ere ever yet
War her bright standard on our ramparts set,
I wore thy poet-friendship as a plume,
Splendid and white, immutable to doom:
How much more now, when to our country's call
Responding, thou dost leave behind thee all
That most to man the paths of peace endear—
Fair home, dear friends, a laurel-wreathed career.

Yea, crowned with laurel and with Promise brimmed,
Its wide horizon all of clouds undimmed;
Bright days before, stern heights achieved behind,
And, stretching to far spaces unconfined,
From out the Present's full-orbed certainty
The prescience of new triumphs yet to be;
New songs whereof mankind should say in laud,
"Behold in these there lives the truth of God."

Such was, such is the life—so large in scope,
So deed-fulfilled, so burgeoning in Hope—
That thou with patriot-flame that draws its breath
From His, Our Lord of Song and Life and Death,
Hast with unswerving soul and hero-hand
Laid at the feet of thy dear motherland;
Most proudly glad for her to take all chance
Of battle-doom in far-flung fields of France.

And proudly glad are we who loved thee well,
This latest, fairest deed of thine to tell;
This choice that makes thee one in brotherhood
With all the valorous and great and good;
That sends thee forth with that brave Celtic host
Whose truth to God and land's their proudest boast;
That makes thy singing and thyself a part
Forever of Columbia's mighty heart.

Burke as a Man of Letters

BY THE REV. M. J. RYAN, D.D., PH.D.

THE Russian revolution has set all thoughtful men reading Burke again. But so much has been said about Burke as a statesman, and as a political philosopher, that there may be some little novelty in considering his writings from a literary point of view. The life in the series of "English Men of Letters," which was written by Lord Morley, looks more like one of a series of statesmen. No one could be better qualified than Lord Morley to have given us a book on the literary aspect of Burke's mind and life; but he preferred to write a splendid political treatise, containing many lessons of political prudence with some of imprudence, containing also many historical mistakes and many false principles, so that the conclusions, when they are true, are better than the premises. Nor can it be overlooked that several of the mistakes are as unjust to the heart and disposition of Burke as they are calculated to serve the interests of the author's cause.

Burke's style, however much it may vary with the variety of his subjects, is always a natural and manly style. He held that good speaking and good writing are, in general, only the language of good conversation, a little corrected and a little elevated so as to avoid what is mean or familiar. He never aims at elaborate polish or point; and, indeed, his natural style was, as he said himself, "somewhat careless."

What Burke most disliked in literature was such a style as Gibbon's, which he called "falsetto" and "tinsel." When this style was becoming fashionable, in spite of the good example set by Johnson in his "Shakespeare" and "Lives of the Poets," and by Goldsmith, as well as earlier writers, Burke criticized it thus: "The tendency of this mode of writing is to introduce a marked distinction between the English that is written and the English that is spoken, and to

establish two very different idioms among us. It is assumed, I know, in order to give dignity and variety to the style; but whatever success the attempt may sometimes have, it is always obtained at the expense of purity and of the graces that are natural and appropriate to our language. It is true that when common language becomes unequal to the demands of extraordinary thoughts, and the exigence calls for auxiliaries of all sorts, something ought to be conceded to the necessities that 'make ambition virtue.' But the allowance to necessity ought not to grow into practice."

On another occasion he writes thus, not without reference to his own treatise: "I am persuaded that understanding Homer well, especially in his own tongue, would contribute more towards perfecting taste than all the metaphysical treatises upon the arts that ever have or can be written, because such treatises can only tell what true taste is, but Homer everywhere shows it. He shows that the true sublime consists more in the manner than in the subject, and is to be found by a good poet or painter in almost every part of nature, and that it is always natural and always easy" (in its manner). "We have an excellent translation, or rather paraphrase, for those who cannot read him in his own language. . . . When Claudian describes a giant taking a mountain upon his shoulders with a river running down his back there is nothing sublime in it, for there is no great expression, but merely brute strength. But when Homer describes Achilles advancing to the walls of Troy, clad in celestial armour, like the autumnal star that brought fevers, plagues, and death, we see all the terrible qualities of that hero, rendered still more terrible by the venerable figure of Priam standing upon the walls of Troy and rending his gray hairs at the sight of the approaching danger. This is the true sublime, the other is all trick and quackery. . . . If we compare Claudian's battle of the giants with Virgil's battle of the bees, in the former all the objects are vast, but the action and expression extravagant and absurd, and the whole is cold and uninteresting. In Virgil's battle of the bees

the objects are minute, but the action and expression bold and animated, and the whole together warm, clear and spirited. It is with great concern that I have observed of late years this taste for false sublime gaining ground. I attribute it in a great measure to certain compositions which have been extolled by interested prejudices, and admired by credulous ignorance for no other reason than because they were not understood. Few readers take the trouble of judging for themselves; so that when a work is ushered into the world with great pomp and under the sanction of great names, its real merits are examined only by a few, the generality being content to admire because it is the fashion to admire. If the work under these circumstances be pompous and unmeaning, its success is sure, as its pomp dazzles, and its vacancy puzzles—both which are admirable ingredients to procure respect. This, I think, is the true way to account for the applause and admiration that have been given to those miserable rhapsodies published by Macpherson under the name of Ossian.* They were ushered into the world with great pomp as productions of an ancient bard, and recommended by the respectable authority of Dr. Blair, aided by national prejudice. Few, therefore, were willing to admit that they disliked them, and still fewer bold enough to declare their dislike openly. Hence they have been received by many as true standards of taste and sublimity, which their author modestly declared them to be. The consequence of this was the corrupting of all true taste, and the introducing of gigantic and extravagant tinsel for easy dignity and natural sublimity. I attribute this false taste to these poems (for so they are improperly called) because I see so many artists who have been working from them; all of whose works are tainted by it; and indeed it can hardly be otherwise, as the poems themselves are nothing but a confused compilation of tinsel and fustian, such as any one might write

*Critics now distinguish the earlier poems, which may have been translations of Celtic fragments, from the later publications of Macpherson, which were proved by the Highland Society to be forgeries.

who had impudence enough to publish. Fashionable writers have great influence upon the taste of a nation; Seneca and Lucan certainly corrupted that of the Romans; and Homer as certainly formed that of the Greeks. Before his time Sidon was the country of the arts, as he himself frequently mentions. But as soon as that spirit of true taste, elegance and sublimity, which he had breathed into them, began to operate, they infinitely surpassed all other nations Phidias owned that whatever expression of majesty he had been able to give to his Jupiter, was owing to Homer."

It is worthy of notice that Burke judged of Latin literature by the same general principle which he applied to English writing. "Cicero is much nearer to the language of good conversation," said he, "than Tacitus. No author thinks more deeply than Tacitus, or expresses himself more strongly, but he seldom or never expresses himself naturally. It is plain, comparing him with Plautus and Terence, or the beautiful fragments of Publius Syrus, that he did not write the language of good conversation." He indicates the cause of the peculiar mannerism of Tacitus in a suggestion which we should do well to weigh who have seen in the 19th century so many attempts at poetic prose: "Tacitus and the writers of his time have fallen into that vice by aiming at a poetical style. It is true that eloquence in both modes of rhetoric is fundamentally the same; but the manner of the handling is totally different, even where words and phrases may be transferred from one of these departments (poetry) to the other."

Burke's favourite poet from his childhood (though not the one that he most profoundly admired) was Spenser. "Whoever relishes and reads Spenser as he ought to be read," said Burke, "will have a strong hold of the English language."*

*And whoever reads Spenser will also speedily find out that his knight and lady are of such a religious belief that the magician, in order to deceive them and win their confidence, disguises himself as a hermit with breviary and beads, and "Talked of saints and popes, and evermore he strowed an Ave Mary after and before." Burke's tenderness for the Old Religion was nourished by reading Spenser.

The English prose which Burke took for his pattern in the youthful years in which he patterned his style after anyone's was that of Dryden, as we know on the authority of Fox. He might well admire Dryden for his naturalness, his variety and freedom from mannerism, his affluence of thought and language, his spirit, and his inimitable careless grace, the "wanton heed and giddy cunning" of an art that has become second nature. Next to Dryden he admired Addison. But he can have imitated Dryden only in the spirit, not in the letter. Their topics, in all except Burke's early writings, were altogether too different for any similarity of handling; and even in his early works, even when he is writing about the Sublime and the Beautiful, there can be found little trace of formal likeness to his model. He soon found that the best way to follow Dryden was to follow nature, and write from his own mind. Fox, too, took Dryden for his standard of good writing, and, in his book, imitated him, but in a very different manner from Burke. He copied Dryden's language with such mechanical fidelity that he would not admit any word not stamped with the authority of the master. But it is in no such lifeless way that Burke learned to compose from Dryden. The results corresponded to the methods of imitation. As the spirit gives life, so the letter takes life away. Fox, in trying to resemble Dryden, has the hands, but not the voice of Esau; he has the features of the Sibyl without her inspiration. As parliamentary speakers, Fox and Burke are in their different kinds equally great. But when they are considered as writers of literature, Fox is of little importance, except to furnish a contrast to set off Burke, or some one like him, who wrote in a natural manner.

The first qualification for writing or speaking is information; for why should a man be made able to speak until he has something to say? Burke had more to say than most men. "Bring up what subject you will," said Johnson, "he is ready to meet you on it. He is never unwilling to begin to talk, and never in a hurry to leave off. And he never is humdrum."

The productions of Burke may be divided into three periods. In the first, which is literary, the purpose is to instruct, and the style is suited to the purpose. He has something to communicate which he thinks will be useful and interesting, and he communicates it as plainly and directly as he knows how. In any work addressed to the reason, clearness is the first of merits, for if a man cannot make himself understood, any other excellence that his composition may have cannot be perceived. Burke's style in those early years is what is called correct. The care of the writer aims, as it should, more at the avoidance of faults than at the production of any striking beauties. Even in the treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, there is no attempt at fine writing. The author was satisfied with attaining propriety. The language in all these early works is masculine and has that middle degree of dignity which, without ever aiming at the majestic, always keeps above the familiar; it is unadorned and succinct, but animated and equable:

Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage; without o'er-flowing full.

But he had not yet learned to transfer to his writing any of the pleasantry in which his conversation abounded. This period includes so far as style is concerned, the *Thoughts on the Cause of Discontents*.*

The works of the second period begin with his corrected and published speeches, and come down to the period when Indian affairs began to absorb his attention. In his first years in Parliament, after he had won the ear of the house by some carefully prepared speeches, and when he began to learn the trade of debater, Burke spoke very frequently, and, as he was accused, too familiarly. But no trace of this familiarity appears in any of the speeches which he corrected for publication. Philip Francis affirmed that in those speeches Burke patterned himself after Cicero. But Johnson, when he was asked if he

*For the political or historical value of this pamphlet, see Macaulay's *Essay on Hallam*, towards the end.

thought that Burke studied to imitate Cicero, replied: "I don't believe it, Sir. Burke neither speaks like Cicero nor like Demosthenes, nor like anyone else. He speaks as well as he can. He has great information, great promptitude of ideas, and great fluency of words, so that he can speak with great illustration upon any subject that comes up." Knowledge of his subjects is to the orator what durable materials are to the architect. Burke's science in political economy, though he came before Adam Smith, was not surpassed by that of the younger Pitt, who understood the teaching of the *Wealth of Nations*, as Smith confessed, better than its author. His acquaintance with polite literature was not inferior to that of Fox, who was acquainted with nothing else. And his historical learning was equal to that of Gibbon, so that MacIntosh said with more vigor than measure, Gibbon might have been cut out of a corner of Burke's mind.

If the style of any English author was imitated by Burke in these speeches, it was Bolingbroke's, whom he had mimicked to perfection in an ironical vindication of Natural Society. But though we find some traces of that writer's traits in Burke, yet the latter is too much in earnest to have the enthusiasm, the joyous dash, and the polished sarcasm of Bolingbroke. He is, in truth, thinking more of his subject than of the feelings of his audience. The speeches are a little too like lectures or essays. The same qualities both diminished their effect, then, upon the House, and increase their power now to entertain the reader. The severity of the reasoning was cast into the shade then by the very brilliance and abundance of fancy and wit which make them more delightful to us who read. It is a remark of Grattan's that Cicero is better to read than to hear. Fox used to say: "Does it read well? Then it was a bad speech."

The truth about Burke is the reverse of Macaulay's epigram, for he always chose his side like a philosopher though he too often defended it like a fanatic. The philosophic coolness of his judgment and his dispassionate observation of facts were con-

cealed from his hearers by the warmth of his manner and the quickness of his temper; for people did not remember how provoking the very clearness of his intellect and the profundity of his knowledge made the presumptuous nonsense and ignorance to which he had to listen, upon questions momentous enough to have sobered men into sense. Fox (as Flood remarked after hearing them all through the winter session of 1774-75), "by using Burke's speech as a repertory and by stating crabbedly two or three of those ideas which Burke had buried under flowers, is thought almost always to have had more argument." And so men contrasted "Burke's passion" with "Fox's logic," whereas they should have done the reverse. To us, who are not hearing the speaker, but reading the speeches, they are full of light and sweetness, which are the two noblest things in this world, although it was Swift who said so. It seems incredible now that the author of those speeches should have been suspected of having written the Letters of Junius. But it must be remembered that the author of the Letters, in order to make them important, habitually employed every art to spread the belief that they were written by Burke; the silent contempt with which Burke treated the insulting suspicion was made by the simple or the malevolent an argument against him; and many of those who fixed upon Burke confessed that they had no other reason than that Burke was the only man they knew who was able to write them. It does not seem now that such ability as Burke's was required; and we know, in fact, that they were written by a man of much less ability. If people had found out who first was ascribing those letters to Burke they would have found the author.

The works of the second period are concerned with questions of policy, wisdom, and expedience; and, therefore, the style is of an intellectual temper, not passionate, not highly imaginative, but decorated with fancy and pleasantry.

When we are reading these Colonial Speeches, we must remember that there are two sides to every question, and that

Burke pressed one side upon the attention of the British Parliament. But if Burke had been a Colonist, as at one time he intended to become, he would have preached to the Americans conciliation with the mother country as he did privately plead with them. There was no inconsistency in his opposition to the French Revolution, for he never admired the American Secession, and had always censured the principle of the Declaration of Independence as severely as many Americans now do, ever since the South's attempt at Secession. Moreover, it is necessary to inform youthful readers that even the most honest politicians, when engaged in controversy, do not trouble themselves much about the real value of any argument which seems to lead to the right policy. It would be easy to point out very gross falsehoods in the speeches of Bright and Gladstone in support of causes which they sincerely believed to be right and for which they made great sacrifices. And Burke in his speech on Conciliation does not reveal the fact that he had letters in his desk from American leaders, declaring that the Quebec Act* must be repealed or all else would be useless; or how he had in an earlier work confessed that the repeal of the Stamp Act had "increased the insolence of the mutinous faction." The most honest politicians act and speak more or less on the principle that the end justifies the means; young and simple people need to learn that not every statement of a British Liberal is true. Indeed Macaulay confesses in his essay on Milton, which was written when he was young and honest, before he became a politician, that the Whigs were less truthful than the English† Tories.

* An honest and truth-loving Irish-American, the late Martin Griffin of Philadelphia, has the credit of proving that the principal cause of the American Secession was not the tea-duty, but the Quebec Act, which enraged the majority of the Americans of that day. In the first months of 1914 Ulster was warning England to remember that the ring-leaders of the American Secession were Ulstermen. The motive in both cases was the same.

† For those in Ireland who are called Tories are a different kind of people, Scottish Covenanters, Cromwellians, and Revolution Whigs.

The speech on Fox's India Bill, in style, belongs rather to this period, than to the last, which may be said to begin with the "Carnatic" speech—the speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts (1785). In this last period the strain we hear is of a higher mood, for he is not dealing with questions of expedience, but with questions of right and wrong, and is speaking out of the fulness of a heart aflame with volcanic indignation against robbery and cruelty and the violent destruction of the ancient order of society in India and in France. His labours during those years were thus described by himself in a letter to Arthur Murphy: "Since I am publicly placed, I have struggled to the best of my power against two great public evils, growing out of the most sacred of all things, Liberty and Authority. In the writings to which you refer, I have struggled against the tyranny of freedom; in this my longest struggle (the Impeachment of Hastings) I contend against the licentiousness of power." Those two evils we see in operation at the same time at this present day; in Germany, the licentiousness of power; in Russia such a tyranny of freedom as gives new pertinence to Burke's judgments upon the French revolution.

The characteristics of the compositions of these years are strength and depth of passion, prophetic solemnity, and the magnificence of accumulated imagery, the "pomp and prodigality of heaven." Much of the praise that has been bestowed upon some of these productions was two-faced and designed to mislead. It came from those who had applauded him as a prophet while he was denouncing misdeeds committed by their own countrymen,* which their own government was called upon to check and to punish, but who described him as a mischievous maniac, as soon as he began, with no less reason

*It is now known that Burke's zeal for righteousness led him into some unfairness to Hastings. To use the words of Sir William Butler concerning another great man, "He forgot that it is possible to be unjust even to injustice, and that if there were no criminals there need be no mercy." Philip Francis probably poisoned Burke's mind with his own personal hatred of Hastings.

and with no greater vehemence, to warn the country against the criminal example and the aggressiveness of a foreign people. The praises by such men were intended to produce the impression, which the vulgar are apt enough to take in, that what was so extremely eloquent was no more than eloquent. As censure was disguised in the form of praise, so the truest praise ever given to these compositions came to him in the guise of censure. Philip Francis, insanely proud of the Letters of Junius—in which he thought he had outwritten Burke—used very officiously to criticise his style to Burke himself. “It would be a great comfort” to him if Burke would learn—of course, from him—to write with more terseness and point. He waxed indignant that Burke “would not allow himself to be persuaded that polish is material to preservation”; and when he had read a part of the Reflections on the French Revolution, with the description of Marie Antoinette, he wrote hotly: “Once for all I wish you would let me teach you to write English.” A metaphor is not an argument. “Preservation,” here, means being remembered and being read. And I fancy that the Reflections are read somewhat oftener than the most highly wrought of the Letters of Junius, which, in truth, deteriorate in proportion as they grow more elaborately ornamented. Burke’s productions in these years, as a rule, have not the correctness of his former speeches. The style is not equable. “With daring aims irregularly great,” he has splendid beauties accompanied by frequent faults. As he said himself, his way of writing was somewhat careless. Moore, in his life of Sheridan, says that Sheridan’s memoranda showed that he prepared only the purple patches of his speeches, whereas Burke’s concern the facts and arguments—leaving the ornaments to the inspiration of the moment. But Moore thinks that Burke was influenced by Sheridan’s example to aim at poetic prose, and Macaulay pronounces the Letter to a Noble Lord ungracefully gorgeous.

Burke was of opinion that it was impossible that the political orations of Demosthenes could have been, in their present

close, compact form, intelligible to a popular assembly. In those very years, however, we find also some of the finest specimens of the plain, strong, concise, majestic style, the large utterance of the early gods. The report in 1794 upon the Journals of the House of Lords was pronounced by Francis, no indulgent critic, the best of all Burke's writings.

To sum up, and to say no more than has been confessed by the noblest and ablest among the adherents of the party and the cause which he disowned, Burke is the man who, of all political orators, modern and ancient, had the most comprehensive understanding and the richest imagination. He was described by himself when he said that the statesman is the political philosopher in action. His eloquence rose "like a steam of rich distilled perfumes" out of the exuberance of his wisdom and his imagination. His fancy ranged over the whole of creation and of human life and human art in search of illustrations for his reasoning. And because he was a philosopher, and almost was a poet, his speeches still allure those to whom the particular policies discussed are of no more interest than the policies of King Alfred. He seldom, indeed, even when most indignant against cruelty, is melted into pity for the sufferer; the pathos of his account of the fallen estate of the Queen of France is the more affecting in him, perhaps, because he has not accustomed us to passages of such mournful beauty. With all his affluence of pleasantries and wit, he, like his master, Dryden—or like Flood, Francis and Grattan—has not much of genuine native humour. He was not always equal to himself; if he had been, could any other political orator be compared with him? He lapses sometimes into faults such as only his own beauties can cast into the shade. He offends against good taste in one way which is common to his favourite Spenser; he often, in order to show vice and error to be hateful, depicts them by loathsome images, which turn the reader—nowadays at least—against the writer rather than against the objects to be hated. What humour he had was not always refined, and his wit, like that of Shakespeare himself, often sank

into conceits and quibbles. But on a great occasion, his mind always expands with its greatness. In the great productions of his later years, the muse of rhetoric sweeps by in the gorgeous robes and sceptred pall of her tragic sister. And whoever has studied the whole of his writings must say that Burke is in the realm of political thought and oratory what Shakespeare is in the world of poetry and human life. Such are the merits acknowledged by all.

I differ, at last, from all the critics, from those who have praised as well as from those who have uttered censure in the mask of praise. For it is my taste to think that the most beautiful, the tenderest, and the grandest of all his writings is that which is also both the most personal, and the simplest, and the shortest. It is his last Will and Testament in which, "according to the ancient, good, and laudable custom of which his heart and understanding recognize the propriety," he "bequeathes his soul to God, hoping for His mercy only through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Forty-five years before, when in light-hearted and ambitious youth he went up to London, he wrote to a friend at home after his first visit to Westminster Abbey: "Yet, after all, do you know, I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets. I should like, however, that my dust should mingle with kindred dust. The good old expression, 'Family burying-ground,' has something pleasant in it, at least to me." And now when the long day's toil was over, he directs his body to be laid in his parish church "near to the bodies of my dearest brother and my dearest son, in all humility praying that, as we have lived in perfect unity together, we may together have a part in the resurrection of the just." Amen, and Amen.

A Voice of Song

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

A soft rose-flush fills sky and space to-day ;
The langurous breath of June goes floating free
O'er glen and meadow and the turquoise sea.
White-starred, the fields. I rise without delay
And wander forth. On yonder swinging spray
A fiery oriole, poised audaciously,
Flings out his burst of love and joy at me.
I toss him back his challenge. "Well?" I say,
"Why not? Is love alone for nesting birds?
Is it not meant for all? The fitting wine
Of blessed spirits in the realms divine?"
Yea, God Himself is love. What need of words?
His grace o'erflows, precious to have and hold,
Like June rose-petals in a jar of gold.

A Career on the Stage

BY THE REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH, LL.D.

FOR millions of young people in this country, life in a simple town in a simple position has lost the charm which it had for their ancestors. A century back men were content to follow the calling of their fathers in the one town, and to treat the outside and far-off world as an object of interest, with whose doings they might season their daily routine. Now contentment or happiness, or whatever men please to call it, is not to be found save a thousand miles away. The young have become restless in their enjoyments as in their work and aspirations. It is so easy to travel nowadays, that they get the longing to travel forever. They have seen so much in the magic motion-pictures, that the hunger for new worlds is upon them. I said to a lad the other day, who expressed the hope that his turn for the army would soon come: "Are you ambitious to be picking scorpions off yourself by Easter in the border deserts of Mexico?" And he answered with the fire of longing in his eyes: "I want to see the deserts and I want to see France, and I would like to see the whole world." Fifty per cent. of the young men enlisted and drafted into the American army, and perhaps more, went with delight into camp life, glad to be rid of home routine and to see the strange places and things of which they had heard so much. It is likely that the motion-picture will increase the dislike for home and the desire to travel. I believe that stage-fever is caused by the same conditions. There are thousands of young men and young women in the country who long to go upon the stage, who believe it a most delightful and promising career, and who think they own the qualities to win success in the drama, either as actors or as dramatists. It is not talent or liking

which draws them to the stage; it is mere restlessness. For years I have been receiving their letters of appeal and information as to stage life, and have advised them everyone to find his salvation at home, on the ground that the career itself, as actor or as dramatist, is not worth while, under present conditions; that with half the labor and half the pain that fall to the lot of the actor, any man or woman can amass a competence and enjoy life. The more closely I have studied the conditions the more am I satisfied that my advice is worth while. And in this article I wish to describe the conditions which have brought forth the advice.

It is a pleasant thing to act before an audience, and still pleasanter if one is paid for it. It was pleasanter in earlier days, when one might dress in royal robes as a king, or in silks and satins as a courtier, or in armor as a warrior, and thus keep on playing make-believe with the children. The fascination is undoubted. Acting is an art, and until of late it was looked upon as a profession. Some centuries ago it was considered a species of vagabondage. Just now no one is quite sure of it under any classification. Pious people denounce it as dangerous to morals. Cardinal Manning playfully reproached Mary Anderson for her virtuous character, which led innocent girls to the life of the stage. I found actors about the same as other people morally, and the dangers of the nomadic life were rather financial and temperamental than moral. For example a stupendous majority of actors die extremely poor. It is true they are often well paid. Many of them are indeed extravagant. They bear adversity with light hearts and good nerves. But there is no real money in the profession of acting. After forty years of steady labor the average actor is without a cent, and must depend upon his ability to secure engagements each season. As a rule the seasons are short, beginning in November and closing in April, unless the particular play is popular and making money. From April to August the ordinary actor sits on the seat of anxiety while looking for a job. It matters little how able he is, or of what repute. The the-

atrical business is no longer a fair field, like the grocery business, for example. It is absolutely controlled by the most thorough Trusts in the country, as conscienceless and flinty as such aggregations are always. No actor can get anything, no company can get into a theatre, without their consent and taxation. Consequently the ordinary actor, who is no constellation, must bid humbly and persistently for a new position each season. I asked a most distinguished Shaksperian actor once why he had deserted the play for the lecture platform. I knew him to be accomplished in his profession, and his reputation ranked with the stars. Here was his answer:

"It had got to this point that I, who had played with the best companies of the old regime, and never had to ask for a position, under the new style had to go the round of the agencies and describe my past work and present ability to cheap Jews, who knew as much about acting as I did about pork, and to cheaper Americans, who had been selling beer or carpets the previous half of their lives. I might get a sympathetic part in a fine play, or I might be sent out in a farce with a company of hobos: I had no choice. As they knew nothing about fine acting so they knew nothing about the great actors of the past. All they knew was to make money, and that not very well. I saw their stage directors, poor sticks, cringing before the so-called stars and insulting the minor actors in turn. I concluded that the stage was no longer the place for a self-respecting man, and when I left it I resolved that starvation alone would ever drive me back to it. That season I set out on my lecture tours, and before I left three delightful offers came to me from reputable managers. Perhaps I was hasty in my conclusions. However, I stuck to my resolve, I have made good, and I shall never return to the stage."

I have watched the career of men like James O'Neill and of Brandon Tynan, who are usually the heroes of the stage-struck. James O'Neill is a rich man. He made a lucky hit with a play called Monte Cristo, but the little fortune which

it won for him he made great by investments in other ventures. He is not only an actor, but a shrewd business man. Brandon Tynan is a New York boy who fairly represents the type which longs for the stage. He has the gift of good looks, an ardent temperament, fine wit, and a ready pen. He began at the foot of the ladder, played in stock, played on the road, patched up dramas, wrote some of his own, labored for twenty years at least, and now enjoys a reputation in the metropolis and in the country at large; but he has yet to make a fortune. And how few have the capacity to do that even under favorable circumstances.

The ordinary routine of an actor's life is somewhat of this fashion: He gets into a travelling company in a small part, and sees the world; while the spectacle remains a novelty all is well; when the years begin to fly by, and he has sense enough to study his progress, he finds himself doing the same thing every year; pursuing a job among the rude, cheeky, often vulgar agents, who keep him on the seat of anxiety till the last possible moment; travelling over the same territory, which he can smell ten miles off; living in the same hotels with the same odors; and he is getting older all the time and less valuable; and he sees old age not far off; and he tries scheme after scheme to advance, or to hold on, or to become famous; and being only an average man, he never gets anywhere, and dies at fifty or sixty at the expense of his friends and companions. Nine out of ten have this heart-breaking career. I have seen lovely old grandmothers, beautiful middle-aged mothers, noble old fellows and middle-aged men, go through this experience for years, and pass away in poverty. The same energy, the same qualities, the same discipline, exercised in any other branch of labor would have brought them competence and ease in their old age. Actors are usually of fine sensibilities. They feel easily and keenly, like women, and they cultivate a hardiness of nature which enables them to throw off care quickly and with apparent ease. Still I never could reconcile myself to the spectacle of their decay, and I imagine they concealed their sufferings.

The few succeed. At present the motion-picture drama has destroyed the legitimate, and there is little work for actors. Those who can act for the screen, as it is called, have plenty of work and good pay; but not every expert actor is a success in the motion-picture drama. So thousands have turned to what is called the vaudeville stage, and are making some kind of a living out of it. But what a living! The common crowd in vaudeville are undoubtedly a set of freaks. Whether it is the limited nature of their little acts, or their own nature, or the tough experience with life, managers, agents, and the various thieves that infest the business, they impress normal people as queer. Their main business is to be entertaining, and of art they know nothing. Each year the entertainment must of necessity become more curious and novel, until the experts are at their wit's end to do better. It would be impossible to place the blame for the condition, but vaudeville agents must bear much of it, for the grand majority of them are the descendants of South Sea pirates. One hour's chat with this class would drive the soberest minister to drink. They are leeches, of course, and their influence upon the vaudeville actor may account for his oddities. With these, however, the stage aspirant must deal. To conclude, in its present condition the stage offers no career to a clever man or woman. The price which it demands for success is too high. The managers are a merciless clique of fortune-hunters, in league with Wall Street, and know no more of drama than the Street knows of common honesty. Their machine eats up human talent, happiness, life, like the other machines of Capitalism. The exceptions among them only prove the rule. Therefore, merely on the score of profit and loss I advise the young to keep away from the stage. There is no career in it, and no money. The finest talent becomes the prey of the theatrical syndicates, and is displayed to the public only in their fashion, at the highest prices. The fascination of the stage palls in a short time. Even with a good salary, fancy a human being playing one part only for a thousand times. Even Romeo and Juliet would

drive their impersonators insane under such a test. What, then, if the poor actor were condemned to play "cheap guys" for a decade? The other day on Broadway I met an old friend, still in his youthful prime, who in his day had delighted Broadway audiences with portrayals of David Garrick and other distinguished characters. Officially he was living in the country, waiting for better times; actually he was helping his father manage the home farm until the stage had a decent job to offer him.

Turning from acting to play-writing, we find another set of conditions. I am always surprised and amused at the number of people engaged in writing hopeless plays. It would seem that every other member of the human race suffers from the itch of play-writing and of writing verse. Such drama and such verse! The pigeon-holes of Broadway theatrical offices are filled with plays that will never even be read. A grandmother of Omaha sent me her play last summer, with a request to place it in the hands of David Belasco; the theme was the farm and the title was *The Chilly Spooks of Death Farm*; the construction and incidents of the drama had nothing to do with dramatic art; the old lady besought me to keep ten per cent. of the proceeds for my reward. She will never understand how Belasco allowed himself to miss a fortune by declining, on the score of too much work, to produce her play. She belongs to one class of playwrights. A second class consists of the people who really know how to write a modern drama, but who know nothing of the conditions under which a play is staged. Last winter I read a play from a California schoolteacher, which astonished me by the perfection of its technique. It could have been staged without alteration. The writer had become familiar with the modern English and Irish drama, and had studied Ibsen. Her theme was much the same as *Peg o' My Heart*, with an Irish setting and a delightful use of the Irish fairy theme, the leprahaun. The third class is made up of the people who get their plays produced. The three classes have their peculiar adventures.

The first writes plays in the style of 1880 and earlier, or in any fashion which suits their ideas of the stage. This style gave the dramatist of the past little difficulty in attaining the development of his plot through incident and characterization. He could use three acts or five, and as many scenes to an act as needed. Augustin Daly made a great hit fifty years ago with a melodrama called *Under The Gaslight*, at which he himself would laugh to-day. Nearly all Dion Boucicault's plays were written in this fashion. The motion-picture drama is thus written, the scene changing at the will of the playwright. For weighty and quite useless reasons, which critics defend and expound fluently, the modern drama has to be composed in three or four acts, with a single scene for each act. This is supposed to be the very height of simplicity, whereas it is just the opposite. It is in its essence the worst kind of artificiality. However one regards it, there can be no dispute about the trouble which it gives the dramatist. He must bring all his characters, all the threads of his particular destiny, before the one scene; he must make these forced and unnatural appearances seem unforced and natural; he must secure all his effects in this one spot; and he must entertain and beguile his audience all the time into the belief that the play is realistic. For the sake of brevity he must forego the best scenes and characterizations; there must be no soliloquies or asides; whatever of the past must appear has to be set forth by present speech and action; it is like a game, in which he wins who can perform the nearly impossible.

It requires an expertness in the dramatist which no tyro can possess or acquire. What chance, therefore, exists for the backwoods playwright? None whatever. The successful dramatist nowadays is the man trained not merely to the business of writing plays, but to the still more complex business of producing them. He lives in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or New York. His name is Barrie, or Pinero, or Thomas, or Broadhurst, which means a chap who lives in the theatrical world, has an office next to a big manager's, knows all the

editors and critics, the managers and the promoters, dines with the Frohmans and the Bradys and the Klawns and the Erlangers, hobnobs with the theatrical celebrities, and discusses all the points of the game. He submits a scenario, it is discussed, accepted or rejected or modified, tested, tried out, sent through a process beside which the chemical looks like thirty cents. When in shape it is boomed far and wide long before the date of its staging; it is wonderful, lovely, beguiling; when it appears it may succeed and it may not. The star dramatists have written some awful compositions. Imagine a hayseed dramatist getting such attention at any point of such a game. Occasionally his idea gets a hearing, and five capable dramatists are employed to put it into shape. When it is shaped it is no longer the author's play, but he gets a place on the bills and a royalty. In fact it is now the wonder of the inside theatrical world how a play ever gets staged at all, the process of arriving is so complex and so uncertain.

The crucial point in the process springs probably from the universal appeal which a play must make to the American audience. The managers insist that it shall please, financially at least, every audience in the country from Portland to San Diego. This is rank insanity, but it is no secret that the big managers are affected that way. Their plays are built somewhat like a ship which must make the tour of the seven seas. The most expert playwright could not achieve such a wonder except with the cheapest sort of material. Barrie and Forbes Robertson achieved it in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, and such plays as *The Sign of the Cross* and *Quo Vadis* won a universal appeal; but in their essence and structure they were cheap plays, the shrunken and sickly shadows of the great ideas which they did not represent. When a syndicate of theatrical capitalists can own or control all the first-class theatres from New York to San Francisco; when another syndicate can own all the second-class theatres in the same territory; when a third can own all the third-class theatres in the same circle; when they must make returns on the capital invested, which

comes largely from millionaires and wealthy adventurers; it is easy to see why these men look for the play that will make money anywhere, spur on writers to produce it, and turn a corps of writers loose on a single production in order to give it the proper universality.

About the only chance which a hayseed dramatist would have under these conditions would be with a notable dramatic star. For example, Mrs. Fiske often provides an opportunity for the lone playwright, finding in his work the material which famous dramatists cannot give her. The complexity of the modern stage has driven the ambitious writers into all kinds of subterfuges in order to get a hearing. They have their plays tried out in stock companies, or presented by amateurs, in the presence of managers. The little theatres of New York and other large cities, theatres rapidly coming into vogue, often do a playwright this service. A direct siege upon a manager's office is about the most hopeless sort of warfare. He is usually surrounded by clever failures, men and women of merit and talent, who got close to the producers, but never could produce the play he wanted. He depends upon their ability in reading the plays submitted, and they are honest enough, but they are often as deficient in judgment as they are infallible in decisions. The cleverest writers, after studying the managerial machinery for a decade, give up playwriting in despair. No one knows how or why a play ever reaches production, except in the case of Pinero or Barrie, or Maughan, or Thomas. Some of these gentlemen put up their own money in support of their plays. David Belasco has the reputation of always producing successful plays, but David acquired it only by concealing from the public his failures. In fact it would be tiresome to keep on with details which show how profound a riddle the modern stage has become, how hopeless a labyrinth. To get in touch with it one must open an office on Broadway and take up the work like any other professional man.

I know these statements will not discourage the backwoods

dreamer, who sees in himself another Barrie, or Booth. He will answer: But Plays must be written and staged, actors must be trained and must act, the theatres must be kept going; consequently there must be a chance for a certain number. To which I reply: Cotton must be grown and marketed, because the world has need of the goods; but who would care to be the pickers and the packers in the process? To that pass has acting and playwriting come. Actors and playwrights to arrive anywhere must endure such trials and humiliations as pen cannot describe. Nor will the condition change until the mob of dreamers dies out, until the managers have to seek for writers and actors, and beg them to act and write, as Augustin Daly did when he was building up the American stage. With their offices besieged by the dreamers, the ivory-domed autocrats demand what they please, and get it often enough to make a living, but at the expense of the public, the dreamers, and the trained stars. There is at present a big demand for vaudeville sketches and motion-picture scenarios. I have seen advertisements of schools which teach the art of writing for these two departments; also of agencies which ask for sketches and scenarios on a royalty basis. They are all imposters. Their advertisements prove by their expensiveness that they must be collecting fees from all the dreamers in America. They can teach nothing of any value. The agencies will probably steal whatever of value flows into their safe. Of all the forms of writing the cheapest and meanest is that for the vaudeville drama and the motion-picture. A printed story has a chance for influence and life; a sketch and a scenario are like swamp-flowers, born for a fleeting instant and then flung into the mud of oblivion. Clever men and women are writing them for the first-class producers, that is, the producers with a few signs of humanity and decency in their nature, and one and all declare the work unsatisfactory at best and at the worst hateful. The motion-picture business has been in large part seized by the Jew in his most disgusting financial form, something of a monster in fact, though a cheap one.

It is foreseen that the motion-picture craze is no more than a passing fad and will fall with a crash unexpectedly; so these creatures are feverish with anxiety to make their fortunes before the crash comes. No one with self-respect could write for such characters.

What a sad picture I have drawn of the modern stage, and how many dreams will fade before its realistic details! Yet I have told only one-third of the facts. That frightful commercialism, which since 1880 has ravaged the world like a plague, is responsible for the confusion, the cheapness, the uproar, the insanity of the modern theatre, no longer a temple of art, or a place of recreation, but a stock market, where unholy passion is expressed in shrieks and yells and wild gestures and tumult beyond description. This uproar and confusion cannot be heard in the motion-picture drama, but it is translated into pictures with a thousand scenes, repeated in hundreds of theatres, with an insistence of advertising, that gives one the sensation of having been in a modern battle. Of course things so unnatural cannot last. But while they continue let young people keep away from the stage, from playwriting, from the uproar, and let them dream of the things that are for their peace and for the peace of society. .

I know you! Solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours!
I know you, tremulous beliefs,
Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers!

—Lionel Johnson.

A Grave in France

BY F. B. FENTON, 3RD BATTN., C.E.F.

In a great number of cases it is possible to remove the dead from where they fell in the fighting line, to a spot farther back, where they are reverently laid to rest by their comrades, and crosses are invariably placed over their graves.

Night has enveloped the forest;
The leaves that glowed purple and red
When the sun in his grandeur departed
To sink in his low Western bed,
Have assumed the pale tint of the moonlight,
Lisping anthems now stir in the breeze,
That cools the great heart of the midnight
In the home of this forest of trees.

Here and there the lone owl in its vigil
Swoops down on its victim foredoomed;
Now and then the brown fox is seen prowling,
Stealing out from its lair—late entombed;
And, hark! What's this sound long and eerie
That's filling the distance with dread?—
Are a thousand wolves yelping with hunger,
Have the hoary bears stirred from their bed?

No, the guns; those dread signals of warfare
Are waking the echoes to-night,
And, yonder, behold the star-shell flare,
The battlefield's emblem spread bright!
It is flung between foes in their gun duels,
It lights up the dying man's eyes;
'Tis the torch of the Teuton invader
Reflecting itself in the skies.

But here, in the heart of the wildwood,—
So simply but meaningly planned,
Past the hurt of the grim, screeching bomb-shell,—
Lies a grave unmolested, unmanned;
In it lies my heart's object of reverence,
'Neath a cross, one lone tribute, love given—
My comrade sleeps on in the darkness,
Whilst his spirit, please God, reached its Heaven.

The Background of the Oxford Movement

BY "PADRE O'LEARY."

THE history of religious thought during the nineteenth century offers to the student no more fascinating chapter than that dealing with the religious revival commonly known as the Oxford Movement. It is a question, indeed, if the religious world has witnessed any event of parallel significance since the stupendous spiritual upheaval of the 16th century.

Like the Reformation, the Oxford Movement is the story of a spiritual revolt; but whilst the Reformation aimed at pulling down the Church of the ages, the Oxford Movement had in view the opposite purpose of restoring that ancient Church to its primitive integrity and splendor. In was, in fact, a counter-revolution within the Established Church directed towards its reconstruction along the lines of its original architectural design, as pictured forth in the early Fathers of the Church.

To sketch the historical background, to indicate how various political and religious elements contributed towards the starting of this momentous Movement is the purpose of this article. It would, indeed, prove most interesting to watch the unfolding of the movement, so full of dramatic incidents and so instinct with religious significance; but the subject is too vast for the present space.

During the first quarter of the century the Established Church had exercised but little influence in the religious life of the nation. Its position as the hand-maid of the State, whilst assuredly contributing to its material welfare and security, had been mainly responsible for its declining influence in religious matters. The Tory Government in a long tenure of power had treated its offices as a fruitful source of patronage. Its attractive livings, rather than its spiritual needs, had been the inspiration of many aspirants for its offices. And

the inevitable result was seen in the decay of religious fervor and a widespread contempt for its ministers.

On Easter Sunday, 1800, there were not more than six communicants in St. Paul's Cathedral, and there were many churches in London which frequently found themselves without a single individual to form a congregation. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has left us the following graphic picture of conditions:

"Unbelieving bishops and slothful clergy had succeeded in driving from the Church the zeal of Methodism which Wesley had organized within her pale . . . jobbery and corruption long supreme in the State, had triumphed over the Church, the money changers not only entered the temple, but drove out the worshippers; ecclesiastical revenues were monopolized by wealthy pluralists, the name of curate lost its legal meaning, and instead of denoting the incumbent of a living, came to signify the deputy of an absentee."

Of the state of thought within the Established Church Mr. Palmer furnishes an interesting sketch in his *Narrative of Events*:

"We were overwhelmed with pamphlets [on Church] reform. Dr. Arnold of Rugby ventured to propose that all sects should be united by Act of Parliament with the Church of England. Reports apparently well founded were prevalent that some of the prelates were favourable to alterations in the Liturgy. Pamphlets were in wide circulation recommending the abolition of the creeds (at least in public worship), especially urging the expulsion of the Athanasian Creed; the removal of all mention of the Blessed Trinity; of the doctrine of Baptismal regeneration, of the practice of absolution."

So deeply impressed was Dr. Arnold by the condition of the Established Church that he despaired of its preservation. "The Church as it now stands," he wrote in 1832. "no human power can save." (*Life I.*, page 326). And Whately, another stout upholder of the Establishment, felt similar anxie-

ties. "It will be a difficult but great and difficult feat," he wrote to Lord Grey, "to preserve the Establishment from utter overthrow." (Whately's Life, p. 156).

These two men, though hostile to the traditions of the High Church Party, and, later on bitterly opposed to Newman and his followers, nevertheless exercised an immense influence in arousing churchmen to the need of action.

Whately, who afterwards became Anglican Archbishop of Dublin, was one of the pioneers in upholding the divine constitution of the Church and its independence of the State. In the early years of his Oxford career Newman lived on intimate terms of friendship with him and, for a time, was strongly influenced by his teachings. It was indeed from Whately that he learned to regard the Church as a divine religious society distinct from and independent of the State, principles that, as the event showed, embodied the seeds of the Oxford Movement.

Newman's early religious impressions were tinged with Calvinism, due to the instructions of his mother, the descendant of a Huguenot family. Subsequently he felt strongly drawn towards Evangelicalism. His reading of Newton on the Prophecies had thoroughly impressed him with the idea that the Pope was anti-Christ.

His election to a fellowship in Oriel College in 1823 opened the way for an intimate friendship with Pusey, Froude, Keble and other outstanding champions of High Church principles. Keble had been reared in the High Church principles of Andrews and Laud and at this time was the ablest representative of the party. Froude was one of his disciples and thoroughly imbued with the High Church traditions. Of an aggressive and combative disposition, he vehemently defended his principles against Arnold, Whately and the Liberals, who scouted dogma, railed at High Church views and insisted on testing religion on practical grounds. Froude fought for a Church of England such as it was conceived of by the Caroline Divines and the Nonjurors.

His attitude towards Rome was dictated by a sense of justice and his language was friendly—at that time a rare occurrence among Englishmen. According to Newman, “Froude professed openly his admiration for the Church of Rome and his hatred of the Reformers.” (*Apologia*, p. 84). In this respect he differed from Newman, who as late as December, 1832, in a letter from Rome, referred to the Catholic religion as “polytheistic, degrading and idolatrous.”

Froude was, in the beginning, the most dramatic personage in the Movement. He had a great admiration for the Medieval Church and for St. Thomas; and he left to the Tractarians the legacy of the Roman Breviary. Newman acknowledged that Froude taught him to look with admiration towards Rome and in the same degree to dislike the Reformers. Besides he fixed deep in him the idea of devotion to the Mother of God and led him gradually to the belief in the Real Presence.

Froude was the instrument for bringing Keble and Newman together. He thus modestly refers to his share in the Movement: “Do you know the story of the murderer who had done one good deed in his life? If I were asked what good deed I had done I should say I had brought Newman and Keble to understand each other.”

In Newman’s eyes Keble was the “true and primary author of the Movement.” Of Keble’s influence in the formation of his own mind Newman says: “I cannot pretend to analyze in my own instance the effect of religious teachings so deep, so pure, so beautiful.” To Keble, likewise, belonged the chief share in educating the Oxford mind in the principles of the old theology. “As far as I know,” Newman writes, “he who turned the tide and brought the talent of the University around to the side of the old theology and against what was familiarly called the ‘march of mind,’ was Keble. In and from Keble the mental activity of Oxford took a contrary direction which issued in what was called Tractarianism.”

According to Dean Church, “Keble had given the inspiration; Froude had given the impulse; then Newman took up the

work, and the impulse thenceforward and the direction were his."

Newman became tutor at Oriel in 1826, a position which gave him considerable influence in the University. He soon gathered around himself a group of men sincerely interested in religious problems. His appointment in 1828 as Vicar of St. Mary's, the church of the University, opened the way for a further extension of his influence in the realm of religion. Ere long his sermons at St. Mary's obtained for him a recognized leadership in the councils of the church which very soon was to be exercised in meeting the dangers that threatened to engulf it.

It is interesting to note that it was the dread of enemies without the Establishment that finally rallied the champions of the church and led to definite, decisive action. And looking back over the years that divide us from those days, it seems strange to find that the High Church leaders viewed as dangerous to the security of the Establishment, the agitation then being carried on in favor of civil and religious rights for Catholics and for reform in the State. And yet so indeed it was.

For a great many years the Anglican Church had been the spoiled child of the nation by reason of the laws which reserved for its members the offices of trust and the emoluments within the gift of the Crown. Nonconformists and Catholics had long been treated as aliens in their own land and denied equality before the law. A candidate for a public office, for a commission in the army or navy, was subject to disqualifications unless he consented to "receive the sacrament of the "Lord's Supper" as required by the Test and Corporation Acts of Charles II.'s reign. This constituted one of the chief grievances of the Dissenters who numbered at this time one quarter of the population of England. Catholics, with ambitions to serve their country, found it impossible to do so without compromising their faith by taking the obnoxious Declaration against Transubstantiation—that infamous test that only a few years ago disappeared finally from the Statute Book of England.

With the members of the Established Church it was a settled conviction that to the State Church belonged by inalienable and sacred right the emoluments and offices of the State. Hence the agitation that had been going on in the country, and that was annually accumulating strength, in favor of concessions to Catholics and Dissenters, was opposed by the Anglican churchmen as subversive of the sacred interests of the church. In 1828 the Anglican Bishops opposed the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts granting equality before the law to Nonconformists; in the following year sixteen out of twenty-six of their number voted in the House of Lords against the granting of Catholic Emancipation.

In no part of England was this hostility to Nonconformist and Catholic claims more pronounced than in the University of Oxford. The University was then, and for years afterwards, a strictly Anglican institution, subscription to the 39 Articles being demanded at matriculation and non-attendance at chapel punishable by fine. In 1834 a proposal by the Liberals to abolish this subscription was rejected by the University; a similar project was again blocked by the University a few years later; facts which make clear the distinctly Anglican character of the University.

The University of Oxford had presented a petition in Parliament against Catholic Emancipation in 1805, and when in 1829 Catholic Emancipation was passed, the University visited its indignation on Peel for espousing this measure of elementary justice to Catholics. Peel, it will be remembered, had been elected for Oxford some years before in preference to Canning, because of his uncompromising hostility to the removal of Catholic disabilities. Driven by the exigencies of politics, Peel had reversed himself on the question and, with the co-operation of the Duke of Wellington, pressed the passage of the measure. Convocation at Oxford passed a resolution condemning him and branding his action as a betrayal of the Establishment. Peel thereupon resigned his seat, offered himself once more as the candidate, and was ignominiously rejected by the University, Whately and Arnold alone amongst

the leaders espousing his candidature. Oxford evidently saw in Catholic Emancipation a menace to Anglican rights and privileges.

That Churchmen generally were deeply disturbed by these concessions seems clearly borne out from the language of Rev. W. Palmer, whom Keble, writing to Mr. Perceval, describes as the mildest and most unpretending of men. Mr. Palmer writes:

“At the beginning of 1833 the Church in England and Ireland seemed doomed to immediate desolation and ruin. We had seen in 1828 the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts cutting away from the Church one of its ancient bulwarks and evincing dispositions to make concessions to the clamor of the enemies. In the next year—the fatal year 1829—we had seen this principle fully carried out by the concession of what is called Roman Catholic Emancipation, a measure which scattered to the winds the public principles, public confidence and dispersed a party which had it possessed courage to adhere to its old and popular principles, and to act on them with manly courage, would have stemmed the torrent of revolution and averted the awful crisis which was at hand. (Palmer’s Narrative, p. 96).

The overthrow of the Tory party and the advent to power of the Whigs was regarded with the utmost consternation by the leaders of the Anglican Church. During a long tenure of office the Tories had been the unwearrying allies of the Established Church; it had, indeed, been a fixed principle of their policy that to the State church must belong an ascendancy in civil affairs. The Whigs, on the other hand, recognized no such monopoly, and demanded equality before the law for Nonconformists and Catholics.

The distinction between political Liberalism and religious Liberalism had not then been clearly defined; hence the Liberalism of Lord Brougham and his friends was regarded by many churchmen as a secularist movement leading inevitably to infidelity.

The introduction by Lord Stanley of the Irish Temporalities Act which at one stroke suppressed ten, or one-half the Irish Bishoprics, was the event that finally aroused action within the church. To the High Church party this measure appeared as an unwarrantable interference with the church's rights, and the forerunner of more drastic measures. The warning given the Bishops by the chief of the Ministers from his seat in Parliament, to "set their house in order," the burning of the palace of the Bishop of Bristol by the mob, all seemed to confirm the worst apprehensions for the safety of the church.

The Liberals had challenged the Established Church; the church was in danger. This was the cry that aroused the fighting element in the Established Church. The natural leaders, the Bishops, sat by, apparently stunned and helpless, and the duty of the hour fell on other heads.

Newman had just returned from a trip to the Mediterranean when the call to arms was sounded by Keble in a celebrated sermon on National Apostasy, preached July 14th, 1833. In this sermon Keble threw his whole soul into a fervid denunciation of Lord Stanley's bill, then before Parliament, which he characterized as a repudiation of divine governance and the nation which admitted it apostate. He called upon all churchmen to rally to the defence of the Establishment. The sermon created intense excitement at the time. Newman speaks of it as the beginning of the Tractarian Movement. "I have ever kept the day," he writes, "as the start of the religious movement of 1833." (*Apologia*).

Within two weeks after this sermon the first practical step was taken to organize a defence of the Church. In a conference at Hadleigh at the rectory of Rose, editor of the *British Magazine*, proposals were made to form an association with a central committee to fight for "the Apostolic Succession and the integrity of the prayer-book." The adoption of this plan did not commend itself to Newman, who considered that little good could come of committees and meetings. However, the

plan resulted in the preparation of an address to the Archbishop of Canterbury, signed by several thousand clergymen, followed later on by a second signed by two hundred and thirty thousand heads of families. Beyond these two achievements little came of the association. Rose has been styled the "Cambridge Originator of the Oxford Movement."

Newman's idea of the campaign was that it should be undertaken by "sharp-shooters" rather than by "regular troops," and, on his own initiative, put into execution his own idea by starting the Tracts for the Times.

The Tracts were brief pamphlets issued anonymously at irregular intervals from 1833 to 1841. In the beginning they were largely the work of Newman's pen. Their purpose was to force upon men's minds the doctrines of the One, Holy, Catholic Church.

In Newman's theology the Establishment was part of the One, Holy, Catholic Church. It was divinely founded and possessed rights quite independently of State sanction. It enjoyed recognition, true enough, but nevertheless it was not by any means the creature of the State and was exempt from civil jurisdiction. The Bishops derived their authority from Christ, not from Caesar. These views were set forth and emphasized in the Tracts for the Times. They challenged the right of the State to suppress Bishoprics, as it had lately done, or otherwise to interfere in the internal affairs of the Church. They called upon churchmen to resist such actions as unwarrantable invasions of Sacred Rights.

Newman's idea of the church sounded strange at the time, even to the ears of high churchmen. We learn from the *Apologetica* (p. 114) that one of the Bishops on reading an early tract on the Apostolical Succession, could not make up his mind whether he held the doctrine or not. Dr. Pusey tells us, moreover, that a woman in the Isle of Wight, hearing of the successors of the Apostles, thought she would go over to see them.

Newman was convinced that the Anglican Church had

a great work to do; that she needed awakening to the duties she had neglected; that the Catholic principles dormant within her bosom should be brought into activity. He intended to preach a second and better Reformation—a return, not to the Sixteenth Century, but to the Seventeenth—to the theology of Laud. To the accusation that they were innovating, Newman and the Tractarians had but one reply: they were not innovating, but simply restoring Orthodox doctrines to their legitimate place in the Established Church. They pointed out that these doctrines were accepted by the divines of the 17th century and likewise by the Church of the early centuries.

On these principles the Oxford Movement developed to its logical conclusion. In its final analysis it resolved itself into a clash between the principles of the Reformation and the principles of the early Church. Between these two it was found there could be no compromise. And the Anglican Church found herself challenged to make a profession of faith in the Catholicity of the early Church, or in the Protestantism of the Reformers. Her decision to uphold the Reformation finally drove Newman and his many Anglican friends to seek rest and peace in the Church that alone makes good her claim to be the Church of Antiquity.



Ah, how the City of our God is fair!

If, without sea, and starless though it be,

For joy of the majestic beauty there,

Men shall not miss the stars, nor mourn the sea.

—Lionel Johnson.

A Soldier's Letter

29 Gelling St., Dingle, Liverpool, England.

Dear Reverend Mother,

April 21st, 1918.

I take the liberty of sending you this letter, as I cannot resist the temptation of congratulating you on the issue of your beautiful magazine, "Saint Joseph Lilies." I am a British soldier, lately wounded in France, and whilst a guest at the C.W.L. Soldiers' Recreation Hut, Ashley Place, London, S.W.I., came across your June, 1916, number. The articles were truly of a very high standard of excellence, and although I have seen many magazines, I think "Saint Joseph Lilies" by far second to none. The articles on your late chaplain entitled "In Memoriam," and those of Frs. O'Malley, Harris and Dollard were extremely interesting. So fascinated did I become that I sat and read the book from cover to cover.

And now I make a very bold venture. You can well understand how badly off we soldiers are at times for good literature. It is true, there is plenty knocking around, but not the sort that is food for the brain and soul. We get too much literature of the trashy type thrown into our hands, therefore, I would esteem it a favour if you would be kind enough to place this, my appeal, before some of the staff connected with the publishing of "Saint Joseph Lilies."

I would be grateful for any old copies of the "Lilies" that others may have done with and I would pass them on to other Catholic soldiers both British and Canadian. Trusting you will forgive me for such a daring and impertinent letter, I remain, dear Reverend Mother,

Yours very humbly,

LANCE CORP. JOHN H. MILLS, 332171,

7th K.L.R.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above letter speaks for itself. It is needless to state that in answer to the appeal several copies of our magazine have been sent overseas. We would suggest that any of our readers, having unbound copies of the "Lilies," would forward them to the above address. By so doing, they would perform not alone an act of courtesy, but also a spiritual kindness. They would aid in the extension of God's dear Kingdom on earth by helping to circulate good Catholic literature.

The Mediaeval Woman—A Picture of Other Days

BY EDITH R. WILSON, M.A.

IT is a far cry from the varied activities of the modern Woman, of whose claims and aspirations present-day literature is so redolent, to the (under many aspects) more limited sphere of "ye maiden of olden days," whose portrait we would here briefly present. Yet not only would we present her portrait, but we would plead her cause, awhile, before those more ultra of her "advanced" sisters (happily less often to be found among Catholics), who would seem to assert too unreservedly that "the new is better than the old," and who, in their somewhat insistent appeal for new pasture lands of privilege and endeavor, appear quite unconscious of the golden treasure troves of duty and ennobling service, these same far away maidens found ready at hand, awaiting them, in the olden fields. Have we really nothing to glean, or treasure, from the past? Nothing whose lack would spell, even to us moderns, moral loss? Let us see. But first let us say that, in speaking, as we shall do, of the education of the Mediaeval Woman, we would use the term, not of mental culture only, but in that broader sense which includes all factors making for the development of character, the upbuilding alike of both mental and moral faculties. Although the "learned woman" was not unknown, even to the earlier Middle Ages, and perhaps, even, the extent of her attainments, or the number of examples which could be quoted, might surprise her modern critics, yet, had we wished to lay stress, distinctively on intellectual culture, we would have chosen for our theme, the Woman of the Renaissance, when a whole galaxy of brilliantly cultured women could have been adduced to support our claim. Here, we would lay no undue stress upon the Liobás and Hroswithás who, in the shelter of their respective cloisters, read

and composed such classic dramas as a modern college woman would be proud, indeed, to claim as her own, nor yet upon such nature-students as St. Hildegard, or astronomers, like the fair young bride of Du Guesclin, who won his love by reading his victories in the stars. We would accentuate nothing exceptional, our effort being rather to realize the typical, seize the spirit of the age and present its product to modern scrutiny. So we would simply urge that, during those centuries sometimes denominated "Dark," but more accurately, "Feudal Ages," and especially those included between the Crusades and the full dawn of the Renaissance in the 15th Century, an interval preëminently an "Age of Faith," there ran, despite all short-comings and inconsistencies, a golden thread of high ideal and serious moral purpose, through the training of Mediaeval Womanhood, whose result, in beauty and strength of character has often won involuntary homage from those not of "the Faith." Shakespeare, it has been frequently noted, has largely chosen his heroines from Catholic women of the Middle Ages, whose characters, strong, yet tender with the true womanliness of such types, have been cited in contrast with the inspidity of the *good* women of writers like Dickens and Thackeray, who were drawn from examples of a later period. This contrast is more marked by the fact that Scott, so nearly their contemporary, reverting to the mediaeval type invested his heroines with much of the blended strength and sweetness which distinguished those of our greatest dramatist.

The Middle Ages, as we have said, though often stained by violence and bloodshed, were ages of strong religious faith and high ideals—ages of great virtues and great faults. The dominant idea of Feudal Society, that which made it what it was, was one of mutual Service. By ties of reciprocal service and obligation, all classes of society were bound and held together. The peasant owed vassal service and support to his immediate overlord, receiving in return a home and military protection. The petty noble, again, owed fealty to his liege lord, or suzerain, earl or duke, and he in turn to his king or emperor. On each, in an ascending scale, devolved a greater

share of responsibility and obligation, until we reach the climax in the emperor upon his throne, and the Holy Father at Rome, the temporal and spiritual heads of Christendom. As highest of all, the latter meekly signed himself "The Servant of the Servants of God." In this way the word "service" was redeemed from all merely menial and servile association and endowed with a truly noble and Christian meaning, while a very clear and definite range of duty was imposed upon each individual: Supremely expressed by our English Black Prince when he chose the motto, "Ich dien," "I serve," of his noble captive, the blind King of Behomia. While the obligation conferred by rank found recognition in the French paraphrase of the motto: "Noblesse oblige." While we would not represent our era in too roseate hues, and performance did not always follow promise, yet often, too, the sun shone very brightly

"On the gold Ich dien of the Prince's crest,"

as many noble examples show. In this ideal of Service as a debt, owed first and above all to God, and, secondly, and consequently to man, we find the key to the entire system of education of our mediaeval sisters. Not that we would imply such serious thoughts found constant lodging under the golden curls or raven locks of these maidens of long ago. But that they were recognized principles which would have won immediate acknowledgment if proposed to them, so that the fair, young head would have been bowed and the laughing eye have grown thoughtful, as they gave assent.

As the education of the mediaeval woman was to prepare her to fulfil the need of service demanded by her station, it varied with her rank in life. While the peasant girl of the village learned her simple prayers from the village pastor, or the Religious of some neighboring abbey, and her domestic duties at home, the well-to-do burgher maid might be sent to the castle of her feudal lord, to be trained by "my gracious lady" among her bevy of maidens. The daughter of the castle might remain at home to be reared among these same maidens, or she might be early betrothed and sent at a tender age to be

educated at the home of her future bridegroom, as was the young St. Elizabeth of Hungary. Or, perhaps most frequently of all, she might be placed within some convent, of which a distinguished relative, aunt or cousin, was usually Abbess or Prioress. In this latter case, her education would probably include far more of culture in our modern acceptation, than in any other. But wherever conducted, the general outlines would remain the same, and the various branches of her instruction might be summed up under six distinct heads. First in time and importance came Religious Instruction, since incomparably first in importance ranked the service which she, as a Christian maiden, owed to God and His holy Church. By the chaplain of the castle, or the religious of the monastery, she was taught, not only the Pater Noster, Ave, Credo, with the Ten Commandments and chief principles of Christian Doctrine, but she received instruction in Latin and in Church music. Knowledge of Latin involved, naturally, instruction in reading, writing, and grammar. Instances where such instruction was entirely lacking could at times be found. The daughter of some robber baron might, for example, be brought up in complete ignorance of book learning and with only too scanty religious teaching. But we are avoiding the exceptional, on either side, and outlining only the normal. The study of Latin was largely pursued through the psalms. Many ladies of rank possessed beautifully illuminated copies of the Office of the Blessed Virgin, whose "Hours" they were accustomed to recite daily and whose psalms were known by heart. The study of church music involved not only more or less knowledge of the principles of plain chant as set forth in the Mass, but also of many parts of the Divine Office, especially the VII. Gregorian tones and the many Breviary hymns, which were formerly the common heritage of the devout laity as well as of priests and religious. Religious training having been well begun, the next branch of education to claim attention was perhaps the gentle science of needlework, which included not only plain sewing and stitchery of many kinds, but embroidery, both domestic and ecclesiastical. The famous Bayeux tapestry,

and the almost equally famous Sion Cope, now in the Kensington Museum, London, are splendid examples of either kind. Embroidery was not then, as now, a merely mechanical art. Our mediaeval sisters were their own draughtsmen and dispensed with the aid of a stamper. Many recorded on canvas the warlike deeds of husband or father, displaying no little skill and imaginative power in the handling of their subjects. Many wrought cunningly with their hands in the production of rich and beautiful Church Vestments, and it is to be noted that the "Opus Anglicanum," or ecclesiastical work of English ladies, was held in special repute throughout Europe, at this time. The almost sister art of painting was confined among noble ladies of the middle ages, almost exclusively to the illumination of manuscripts, of which many exquisite examples could be cited, wrought by gentle hands, chiefly, however, though not wholly, within the cloister. The Blashfields in their interesting, artistic "Sketches," give examples of painting as applied to a wider field by mediaeval women, and very ably taught by nuns to their pupils. But such painting seems to have been chiefly confined to the women of Italy. Meanwhile, instruction in the culinary art ranked no whit lower than more artistic employment. The true mediaeval woman, even though of royal birth, was early initiated into its mysteries. Besides dishes of spiced meats, she could prepare tarts, pastries, sweets, and confectionery of many kinds. She could mull wine, distil cordials, conserve fruits, tempt the palate of the invalid with savory broths or soothe his fevered thirst with cooling draughts. Next, or perhaps of equal importance with a knowledge of cookery, came skill in the healing art. The Knight of chivalric days was often in sore need of her services, since "leech," or "chirurgeon," was not always to be had at call, his lady then must be prepared to staunch, or dress wounds, skilled to extract a poisoned arrow, or press out venom, to scrape lint or fold bandages. In short, all that we now include under the head of "First aid to the Injured," formed part of the rôle of our maiden of long ago. Add to this a fair knowledge of "simple," or healing herbs,

and balsams (for the cultivation of which every castle ordinarily reserved a small court or garden) and we will gain a tolerably accurate idea of her qualifications as nurse, or pharmacist.

Her education, however, was not yet complete. She must be proficient in the art of pleasing. No banquet of those times was considered complete without its festal song, usually chanted by some minstrel, or bard, yet the fair daughter of the house must be likewise trained to grace the revel with song or ballad, and when the harper's lay had failed to please, or perhaps aroused some discordant strain of past memories 'twixt guest and guest, she, too, could take lute or harp, and draw forth its liquid strains to accompany the witchery of her voice. Her repertoire of ballads included much of local history, and we all know the power of stirring music. The office of the bard was almost a sacred one in those days, and to some extent, the Lady of the Hall shared his functions. The bride sang to her lord, the mother to her sons, ballad tales of king and country, fireside or altar, which moved them to deeds of "high emprise." With this picture of the Feudal Lady as household priestess, we close our brief sketch. Simple and limited was the education of the Mediaeval Woman, but it sufficed to endow her with three high requisites of character. A strong religious faith, a compelling sense of duty, and a clear consciousness of the dignity of her womanhood and its power to move to brave action. It brought forth a "good Queen Maud" of England, a St. Margaret of Scotland, a Constance of Brittany, a Blanche, and an Eleanor of Castile, a Clare of Assisi, the "dear St. Elizabeth" of Hungary, a Matilda of Tuscany, who "championed the Pope against anti-pope and emperor," a Catharine of Siena, who led the exiled pontiff, in triumph, back to Rome, thus ending the "great captivity"; the humble Maid of Domremy, who turned the tide of war and rescued the fair Realm of France from the sword of the invader. These, and many others, it gave us, whose names crowd to our minds, but of whom we have no space to speak.

His Bow in the Clouds

BY THE REV. F. P. DONNELLY, S.J.

Yes, span your sky with the rainbow arch,
And seek where its bases rest;
Nor ever flag in your onward march,
Nor cool in your ardent quest.

What if the clouds should thickly roll
To darken the sky again?
Emblazon the bow on a daring soul
And plunge through the blinding rain.

Ah, aging years—they are wary and cold—
May on youth's fair visions frown,
And doubt of the hues and doubt of the gold
And doubt if the ends come down;

But on! You shall find the golden creak,
All your ships shall sail home to you,
And all your sheep to their fold shall flock,
And all of your dreams come true.

The Weaver who wove that irised zone,
Who gives the heart hopes to hold,
He binds "a rainbow about His throne,"
And "the street of His City is gold."

The Resurrection of Alta

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR KELLEY.

FATHER Broidy rushed down the stone steps and ran toward the Bishop's carriage which had stopped at the curb. He flung open the door before the driver could alight, kissed the ring on the hand extended to him, helped its owner out and with a beaming face led him to the pretty and comfortable rectory.

"Welcome! Welcome to Alta, Bishop," he said as they entered the house, "and sure the whole Deanery is here to back it up."

The Bishop smiled as the clergy trooped down the stairs echoing the greeting. The Bishop knew them all, and he was happy, for well was he aware that every man meant what he said. No one really ever admired the Bishop, but all loved him, and each had a private reason of his own for it that he never had confided to anyone but his nearest crony. They were all here now to witness the Resurrection of Alta—the poor parish in a not too rich Diocese, hopeless three years ago, but now—well, there it is across the lot, that symphony in stone, every line of its chaste Gothic a "Te Deum" that even an agnostic could understand and appreciate; every bit of carving, the paragraph of a sermon that passers-by, perforce, must hear. To-day it is to be consecrated, the cap-stone is to be set on Father Broidy's Arch of Triumph and the real life of Alta parish to begin.

"I thought you had but sixteen families here," said the Bishop, as he watched the crowd stream into the church.

"There were but eighteen, Bishop," the young priest answered, with a happy smile that had considerable satisfaction in it. "There are seventy-five now."

"And how did it come about, my lad?" questioned the Bishop.

"Mostly through my mission bringing back some of the 'ought-to-be's,' but I suppose principally because my friend McDermott opened his factory to Catholics. You know, Bishop, that though he was born one of us he had somehow acquired a bitter hatred of the Church, and he never employed Catholics until I brought him around."

There was a shadow of a smile that had meaning to it on the Bishop's face, as he patted the ardent young pastor on the arm, and said:

"Well, God bless him! God bless him! but I suppose we must begin to vest now. Is it not near ten o'clock?"

Father Broidy turned with a little shade of disappointment on his face to the work of preparation and soon had the procession started toward the church.

Shall I describe the beauty of it all?—the lights and flowers, the swinging censers, with the glory of the chant and the wealth of mystic symbolism which followed the passing of that solemn procession into the sanctuary? That could best be imagined like the feeling in the heart of the young pastor who adored every line of the building. He had watched the laying of each stone, and could almost count the chips that had jumped from every chisel. There had never been such a beautiful day to him, and never such a ceremony but one—three years ago in the seminary chapel. He almost forgot it in the glory of the present. Dear me, how well Kaiser did preach! He always knew it, did Father Broidy, that young Kaiser had it in him. He did not envy him a bit the congratulations. They were a part of Father Broidy's triumph, too. It was small wonder that the Dean whispered to the Bishop on the way back to the rectory:

"You will have to put Broidy at the top of the list now. He has surely won his spurs to-day."

But again the shadow of the meaning smile was on the Bishop's face, and he said nothing; so the Dean looked wise and mysterious as he slapped the young pastor on the back and said:

"Proficiat, God bless you! You have done well, and I am proud of you, but wait and listen." Then his voice dropped to a whisper. "I was talking to the Bishop about you."

The dinner! Well, Anne excelled herself. Is not that enough to say? But perhaps you have never tasted Anne's cooking? Then you surely have heard of it, for the Diocese knows all about it, and everyone said that Broidy was in his usual good luck when Anne left the Dean's and went to keep house for the priest at Alta.

Story followed story, as dish followed dish, and a chance to rub up the wit that had been growing rusty in the country missions for months never passed by unnoticed.

The Dean was toastmaster.

"Right Reverend Bishop and Reverend Fathers," he began, when he had enforced silence with the handle of his fork, "it is my pleasure and pride to be here to-day. Three years ago a young priest was sent to one of the most miserably poor places in the Diocese. What he found you all know. The sorrowful history of the decline of Alta was never a secret record. Eighteen careless families left. Bigotry rampant. Factories closed to Catholics. Church dilapidated. Only the vestry for a dwelling place. That was three years ago, and look around you to-day. See the church, house and school, and built out of what? That is Father Broidy's work and Father Broidy's secret, but we are glad of it. No man has made such a record in our Diocese before. What have we all done by the side of his extraordinary effort? Yet we are not jealous. We know well the good qualities of soul and body in our young friend, and God bless him. We are pleased to be with him, though completely outclassed. We rejoice in the Resurrection of Alta. Let me now call upon our beloved Bishop, whose presence among us is always a joy."

When the applause subsided the Bishop arose, and for an instant stood again with that meaning smile just lighting his face. For that instant he did not utter a word. When he did speak there was a quiver in his voice that age had never planted. and in spite of the jokes which had preceded

and the laughter which he had led, it sounded like a fore-runner of tears. He had never been called eloquent, this kindly-faced and snow-crowned old man, but when he spoke it was always with a gentle dignity, and a depth of sympathy and feeling that compelled attention.

"It is a great satisfaction, my dear Fathers," he began, "to find so many of you here to rejoice with our young friend and his devoted people, and to thus encourage the growth of a priestly life which he has so well begun in Alta. No one more than I glories in his success. No one more warmly than I, his Bishop, tenders congratulations. This is truly a day the Lord has made—this day in Alta. It is a day of joy and gladness for priest and people. Will you pardon an old man if he stems the tide of mirth for an instant? He could not hope to stem it long, for on such an occasion as this it would burst the barriers, leaving what he would show you, once more submerged beneath rippling waters and silver-tipped waves of laughter. It seems wrong even to think of the depths where lie the bodies of the dead and the hulks of the wrecked. But the bottom always has its treasure as well as its tragedy. There is both a tragedy and a treasure in the story I will tell you to-day.

"Do you remember Father Belmond, the first pastor of Alta? Let me tell you, then, a story that your generous, priestly souls will treasure as it deserves."

The table was strangely silent. Not one of the guests had ever before known the depth of sympathy in the old Bishop till now. Every chord in the nature of each man vibrated to the touch of his words.

"It was ten years ago," went on the Bishop,—“ah, how years fly fast to the old!—A friend of college days, a bishop in an Eastern State, wrote me a long letter concerning a young convert he had just ordained. He was a lad of great talents, brilliant and handsome, coming of a wealthy family, who, however, now cast him off, giving him to understand that he would receive nothing from them. The young man was filled with zeal, and he begged the Bishop to give him to some mis-

sionary diocese wherein he could work in obscurity for the greater glory of God. He was so useful and so brilliant a man that the Bishop desired to attach him to his own household and was loath to lose him, but the priest begged hard and was persistent; so the bishop asked me to take him for a few years and give him actual contact with the hardships of life in a pioneer State. Soon, he thought, he would be willing to return to work in his larger field. The Bishop, in other words, wanted to test him. I sadly needed priests, so when he came with the oil still wet on his hands, I gave him a place—the worst I had—I gave him Alta. Some of you older men know what it was then. The story of Alta is full of sorrow. I told it to him but he thanked me and went to his charge. I expected to see him within a week, but I did not see him for a year. Then I sent for him and with his annual report in my hand, I asked him how he lived on the pittance which he had received. He said that it took very little when one was careful and that he lived well enough—but his coat was threadbare and his shoes were sadly patched. There was a brightness in his eyes, too, and a flush on his cheek that I did not quite like. I asked him of his work and he told me that he was hopeful—told me of the little repairs he had made, of a soul won back, but in the conversation I actually stole the sad tale of his poverty from him. Yet he made no complaint and went back cheerfully to Alta.

“Next month he came again, but this time he told me of the dire need of aid, not for himself, but for his church. The people, he said, were poor pioneers, and in the comfortless and ugly old church they were losing their grip on their pride in religion. The young people were falling away. All around were well ordered and beautiful sectarian churches. He could see the effect, not visible to less interested eyes, but very plain to his. He feared that another generation would be lost and he asked me if there was any possibility of securing temporary aid such as the sects had for their building work. I had to tell him that nothing could be done. I told him of the poverty of my own Diocese, and that while his was a poor place, that there were others approaching it. In my heart I knew

there was something sadly lacking in our national work for the Church, but I could do nothing myself. He wrote to his own State for help, but the letters were unanswered. Except for the few intentions I could give him and which he devoted to his work, it was impossible to do anything. He was brave and never faltered though the eyes in him shone brighter and in places his coat was worn through. A few days after I received a letter from his bishop asking how he did and saying that he would appoint him to an excellent parish if he would return home willingly. I sent the letter to Alta with a little note of my own, congratulating him on his changed condition. He returned the letter to me with a few lines, saying: 'I cannot go. If I desert my people here it would be a sin. There are plenty at home for the rich places, but you have no one to send here. Please ask the bishop to let me stay. I think it is God's will.' The day I received that letter I heard one of my priests at the cathedral say:

"How seedy that young Belmond looks! For an Eastern man he is positively sloppy in his dress. He ought to brace up and think of the dignity of his calling. Surely such a man is not calculated to impress himself upon our separated brethren.' And another chimed in: 'I wonder why he left his own diocese?'

I heard no more for two years except for the annual report and now and then a request for a dispensation. I did hear that he was teaching the few children of the parish himself, and every little while I saw an article in some of the papers, unsigned but suspiciously like his style, and I suspected that he was earning a little money with his pen.

One winter night, returning alone from a visitation of Vinta, the fast train was stalled by a blizzard at the Alta station. I went out on the platform to secure a breath of fresh air, but I had scarcely closed the door when a boy rushed up to me and asked if I were a Catholic priest. When I nodded he said: 'We have been trying to get a priest all day, but the wires are down in the storm. Father Belmond is sick and the doctor says he will die. He told me to look through every train that came

in. He was sure I would find some one.' Reaching at once for my grip and coat, I rushed to the home of the Pastor. The home was the lean-to vestry of the old log church. In one corner Father Belmont lived. The other was devoted to the vestments and linens. Everything was spotlessly clean. On a poor bed the priest was tossing, moaning and delirious. Only the boy attended him in his sickness until the noon of that day, when two good old women heard of his condition and came. One of them was at his bedside when I entered. When she saw my collar she lifted her hands in that peculiarly Hibernian gesture that means so much, and said:

" 'Sure, God sent you here this night. He has been waiting since noon to die.'

"The sick priest opened his eyes that now had the brightness of death in them and appeared to look through me. He seemed to be very far away. But slowly the eyes told me that he was coming back—back from the shadows, till at last he spoke.

" 'You, Bishop? Thank God!'

"He made his simple confession. I anointed him and brought him Viaticum from the tabernacle in the church. Then the eyes went wild again, and I saw when they opened and looked at me that he had already turned around and was again walking through the shadows of the Great Valley that ends the Long Road.

"Through the night we three, the old woman, the boy and I, watched him and listened to his wanderings. Then I learned—old priest and bishop as I was—I learned my lesson. The lips that never spoke a complaint were moved, but not by his will, to go over the story of two terrible years. It was a sad story. It began in his great zeal. He wanted to do so much, but the black discouragement of everything slowly killed his hopes. He saw the faith going from his people. He saw that they were ceasing to care. The town was then, as it is to-day, McDermott's town, but McDermott had fallen away when his riches came and some terrible event, a quarrel with a former priest who had attended Alta from a distant point, had left Mc-

Dermott bitter. He practically drove the pastor from his door. He closed his factory to the priest's people and one by one they left. Only eighteen lukewarm families stayed. He counted them over in his dreams, and sobbed as he told of their going away. Then the bigotry that McDermott's faith had kept concealed broke out under the encouragement of McDermott's infidelity. The boys of the town flung insults at the priest as he passed. The people gave little, and that grudgingly. I could almost feel his pain as he told in his delirium how, day after day, he dragged his frail body to church and on the round of duty. But every now and then, as if the words came naturally to bear him up, he would say ::

“ ‘It's for God's sake. I am nothing. It will all come in His own good time.’ ”

“Then I knew the spirit that kept him to his work. He went over his visit to me. How he had hoped, and then how his hopes were dashed to the ground. Oh, dear Lord, had I known what it all meant to that sensitive, saintly nature, I would have sold my ring and cross to give him what he needed. But my words seemed to have broken him and he came home to die. The night of his return he spent before the altar in his log church, and Saints of Heaven, how he prayed! When I heard his poor, dry lips whisper over the prayers once more I bowed my head on the coverlet and cried as only a child can cry—and I was only a child at that minute in spite of my white hair and wrinkles. He had offered a supreme sacrifice—his life. I gleaned from his prayers that his parents had done him the one favor of keeping up his insurance and that he had made it over to his church. So he wanted to die at his post and piteously begged God to take him. For his death he knew would mean that Alta would have a church. He seemed penetrated with the idea that alive he was useless, but his death meant the resurrection of Alta. When I heard that same expression used so often to-day the whole story of that night in the little vestry I lived over again. All this time he had been picking the coverlet, and his hands seemed, during the pauses, to be holding the paten as if he were gathering up the minute

particles from the corporal. At last his hand found mine. He clung to it, and just an instant his eyes looked at me with reason in them. He smiled, and murmured, 'It is all right now, Bishop.' I heard a sob back of me where the boy stood, and the old woman was praying. He was trying to speak again, and I caught the words, 'God's sake—I am nothing—His good time.' Then he was still, just as the morning sun broke through the windows.

"That minute, Reverend Fathers, began the resurrection of Alta. The old woman told me how it happened. He was twenty-five miles away attending one of his missions when the blizzard was at its height. McDermott fell sick and a telegram was sent for the priest—the last message before the wires came down. Father Belmont started to drive through the storm back to Alta. He reached McDermott's bedside and gave him the last Sacraments. He did not break down himself until he returned to the vestry, but for twenty-four hours he tossed in fever before they found him.

"McDermott was better. He sent for me when he heard I was in town. The first question he asked was: 'Is he dead?' I told McDermott the story just as I am telling you. 'God forgive me,' said the sick man, 'that priest died for me. When he came here I ordered him out of my office, yet when they told him I was sick he drove through the storm for my sake. He believed in the worth of a soul, and he himself was the noblest soul that Alta ever had.'

"I said nothing. Somebody better than a mere bishop was talking to McDermott, and I, His minister, was silent in His presence. 'Bishop,' said McDermott, after a long thought, 'I never really believed until now; I'm sorry that it took a man's life to bring back the Faith of my fathers. Send us a priest to Alta—one who can do things. One after the stamp of the saint in the vestry. I'll be his friend and together we will carry on the work he began. I'll see him through if God spares me.'

"Dear Fathers, it is needless to say what I did.

"Father Broidy, on this happy day I have not re-echoed the

praises that have been showered upon you as much as perhaps I might have done, because I reserved for you a praise that is higher than them all. I believed when I sent you here that you were of his stamp. You have done your duty and you have done it well. I am not ungrateful and I shall not forget. But your best praise to-day is, that I firmly believe that you, under his circumstances, would also have willingly given your life for the Resurrection of Alta."

A Sweeter Shore

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

The clouds are drifting over, fleecy-white,
A lovely flock of heavenly shepherding;
The ocean breeze flits in on dainty wing,
A motive force, for them, of pure delight.
And now it flings the sea-bloom wet and bright
In pale shell-pinks and browns bewildering
Down the white beach. It bids the breakers bring
Their curling crests and speeds the seagull's flight.

The clouds, the breeze, the sea's great mystery,
Are strangely ours. They come like our first breath
And at the very doors of Being lie.

Gray sorrow-clouds, the tides of Life and Death,
The Spirit's might, we deal with—brightening more
To re-born shining on a sweeter Shore.

Fools for the Sake of Christ

BY THE VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS, LL.D.

(Continued from March Number.)

"We have become fools for Christ's sake." I. Cor., iv., 10.

FOR six months this lonely Franciscan priest, Father Le Caron, amid the perils and hardships of savage surroundings, studied the Huron language and, with a patience and zeal truly heroic, tried to teach and make known to a stolid and carnal people the savings truths of Christianity.

In the month of February, 1616, he visited, with Champlain, the villages of the Petuns, or Tobacco, tribe, whose hunting grounds covered the territory now within the limits of Collingwood, Nottawasaga and Sunnidale townships. Returning to Carhagouha, he passed the winter instructing the Wyandots and preparing the first dictionary or vocabulary of the Huron language.

On the 20th of May, 1616, Le Caron and Champlain, escorted by a flotilla of canoes, filled with furs and Huron warriors, left for Quebec. The historian, Sagard (*History of Canada* I. 42), adverting to Le Caron's labours among the Hurons, says: "All that he was able to effect during his residence among them was to study the life and habits of the people, to acquire a fairly good knowledge of their language and prepare them to follow a more decent and civilized rule of life, and this was no easy task. To censure and dispute with them was no part of his purpose, but he endeavoured to edify them and win them by gentle means, waiting patiently for the harvest which, before it matures, must be watered by blessings from Heaven and fertilized by holy and pleasant intercourse."

In this year—1616—Fathers Le Caron and Jamay accompanied Champlain to France, leaving Father d'Obleau in charge of the parishes of Quebec and Three Rivers.

For six years—from 1617 to 1623—no missionary resided among the Hurons. In 1622 Father William Poullain, who had barely escaped the honors of martyrdom from the torches

of the Iroquois, visited the Nipissings, enduring while among them severe trials and hardships. His place was taken by Father James de la Foyer. He passed, on the shores of Lake Nipissing, the winter of 1624, catechising the children and visiting and instructing in their cabins the members of the tribe. The winter was exceptionally severe, and the zealous and saintly priest almost succumbed to the intense cold, the filth and smoke of the lodge and the meagre and wretched sustenance. The historians, Father Christien de Clercq and Gabriel Sagard, nowhere mention that either of these self-sacrificing priests visited, at any time, the Hurons of the Georgian Bay regions.

In July, 1617, Father Le Caron returned to Canada, accompanied by another Franciscan, Father Paul Huet. They landed at Tadousac, where Le Caron passed five years as missionary among the Montagnais Indians of the Saguenay forests. "A brutal people," he writes, "staying seldom in one place, wandering in their habits, incapable of Christianity." In 1623 he was joined by Father Nicholas Viel and Brother Gabriel Sagard Theodat, now known as Sagard, the historian. It appears to have been a custom, if not a rule, of the Franciscans, that whenever a missionary priest of the Order left to establish a mission among the Indians, he should take with him, when possible, a lay brother as a companion and catechist. Brother Pacifique du Plessis was the companion of Father Jamay, at Quebec, Brother Bonaventure was with Father Foyer at Lake Nipissing, and Brother Gabriel Sagard now becomes the companion of Le Caron, preparing to re-enter the Huron Country. Many of these lay brothers were men of education and of good families who had renounced the world and entered the Franciscan Order to devote themselves entirely to religion and to foreign missions. They carried the three vows of chastity, poverty and obedience, but unlike the vows of the priests which were binding until death, the vows of the Brothers were renewed every three years. Referring to the services of these lay Brothers, Le Clercq says (I. 245): "As the matter in hand was that of humanizing the savages

and of preparing them for the light of the Gospel, experience had satisfied us that lay Brothers were of great assistance in the apostolic ministry."

In 1623 Fathers Le Caron, Nicholas Viel and Brother Sagard left Three Rivers for the West, with a flotilla of Hurons and Ottawas, returning from bartering their furs at the Fort. With them sailed eleven Frenchmen, who went to protect the mission and to encourage the trade in furs.

Though this paper on the Franciscans is confined to their mission among the Hurons, it may be of interest to students of the early missions of Canada to state that in this year—1623—the Recollet, Father Bernardin, perished of cold and hunger when on his way from Miscou to the mouth of the St. John River, New Brunswick. He was the first missionary to lose his life on the Canadian missions. Though the work of the Franciscan Fathers among the savages of Eastern Canada and the Maritimes is not as well known as it ought to be, their labours were appreciated by the men of their day and particularly by Champlain, who admitted that the Recollet Fathers had obtained great influence over the Acadian savages.

When the two priests and Sagard came to Huronia they found Le Caron's hut occupied by some French traders then residing with the savages. In Sagard's "Grand Voyage aux Pays des Hurons," we find a most interesting narrative of the voyage of the missionaries from the mouth of the Ottawa to Lake Nipissing and down the French River to its union with the waters of the Georgian Bay. He dwells with admiration on the scenery and forest wealth of the lands they passed through, the privations and hardships of the journey and the load he was compelled to carry from the landing place in Douglas Bay to the town of Tequeunonqinaye. "I bore my load," he writes, "with much difficulty, for the heat was great and the bundle heavy, and the trial was most severe, for I was suffering from great weakness and from the condition of my legs, which had troubled me for some time."

Early in October the three met in Carhagouha, where they

restored and enlarged the old lodge of Father Le Caron. After a winter passed in visiting and instructing the members of the tribe, Le Caron and Sagard left for Quebec, leaving Father Viel in care of the Huron mission. With them went Etienne Brutè, bush-ranger and interpreter, from whom Sagard obtained the information, recorded in his history, about Lake Superior and the Falls of St. Mary.

Rochemonteix, in his admirable and scholarly history, "*Les Jesuites et La Nouvelle, France*," says (Vol. I., p. 136), that in this year, 1624, there were in Canada nine Franciscan Fathers and seven lay Brothers, all of whom were engaged in missionary work amongst the tribes. In a foot-note he gives their names and the dates of their arrival in Canada.

After the departure of his two companions Father Veil continued to faithfully discharge his priestly obligations. He visited the Hurons in their lodges, associated on friendly terms of familiarity with them and won their admiration and affection, but he could not break the chains of superstition which bound them, nor stagger their indifference to and contempt for his pious life and instructions. The spectacle of this lonely priest, separated from his companions and from all that ordinary men prize and cherish, fighting alone in the wilderness the battle of his faith, is singularly touching and pathetic. Unfortunately neither Le Tac, nor Le Clercq furnish us any details of the life or experiences of Father Veil after his two companions had left for Quebec.

For nearly two years this heroic priest devoted himself to improving the moral and domestic lives of his savage companions.

Early in 1624 he left for Quebec with the intention, as Charlevoix (I. p. 106) informs us, "of passing some time in retreat." The retreat of the saintly priest was never made on earth. Here is what happened, according to the Recollet historian, Le Clercq, who, after recording the preparations for and sailing of the flotilla from Penetanguishene Bay, tells us:

"There were in the canoes many Hurons who were in a

way, harmless, but among them there were also some vicious men, enemies of the Faith, but who pretended to have a friendly and respectful feeling for the good Father. Stormy weather separated the canoes and it so happened that in the canoe of the Father there were three bad and villainous savages, who threw him into the waters at the last rapids, near Montreal, where the deep waters at once drowned him. All that was saved was his portable altar and a packet of bark manuscripts, a sort of missionary diary. The place where the good missionary was drowned is known, even to this day, as the Sault au Recollet—The Recollet Rapids.”

Some of the manuscripts of Father Viel, written on bark, were saved. Fortunately many of his records and the manuscript of his dictionary were entrusted to a friendly Huron at Carahouga. The ground work of the Huron dictionary was begun by Le Caron and completed by Viel. Le Caron also began the Montagnais dictionary, which was completed by Father Jamay. This is the work which was supposed by many writers to have been done by Father Le Jeune, S.J., but the Jesuit Father did not come to Canada before 1632, years after the completion of the manuscript.

Father Le Caron never again visited the Hurons. He returned to France, revisiting Quebec with Champlain in 1626. After a brief stay in Canada, he sailed again for France, where he died, March 29, 1632, of a contagious disease, contracted while administering the last Sacraments to a dying man.

When among the Hurons this zealous and devout missionary lived in simple reliance on Providence, depending on the labour of his hands for maintenance, trusting his life in the power of stubborn and fickle savages, and showing them by his own utter homelessness that he but lived and laboured for them, seeking not his own glory. Detached from all human ties, representing in his life and conduct that state where they neither marry nor are given in marriage; in his spiritual character greater than all around him, in his temporal condition lower than the lowest, he rose to the supreme heights of

sanctity and died the death of a saint and martyr. Unable by their poverty and numbers, to visit and instruct all the Hurons and wandering Algonquins, the Franciscan Fathers invited the Jesuits to come to their assistance. The historians, Garneau, Bell, Kingsford and others are of the opinion that favoritism and political intrigue conspired to depose the Recollet missionaries and replace them by members of the Society of Jesus—"The Great Order," as McCauley dignified the Jesuit Association.

The Recollet historian, Christien Le Clercq, in the first volume of his history (p. 288), proves conclusively that the request to the Provincial of the Jesuits in France, for aid and assistance on the missions of Canada, came straight from the Recollets or Franciscans themselves. He writes, and he is supported by Sagard: "Considering the great number of the tribes, the vastness of the harvest and the small number of labourers, they (the Recollets) concluded that if a religious community could be found to sacrifice a number of missionaries on behalf of the savages of this New World, some hope of progress might be entertained." After invoking for many days the light of the Holy Spirit, "they unanimously resolved to send one of their members to France to submit the proposition to the Jesuit Fathers, whom they believed to be the most suitable for the work of propagating the Faith in Canada in co-operation with themselves."

To secure the assistance of the Jesuits, Father Irinee Piat and Gabriel Sagard sailed for France, commissioned to bear the request and invitation of the Recollet Fathers on the Canadian missions.

The Provincial of the Jesuits in Paris yielded to the overtures of the Franciscans and on April 24, 1625, Fathers Charles Lalement, Enomond Masse and John de Brebeuf sailed from Dieppe for Canada.

With them went the Recollet Father, Joseph de la Roche Daillen, a descendant of the illustrious and aristocratic family of the de Lude.

(To be continued.)

The Bells of Assisi

I heard the bells of Holy Francis ringing
Across the Umbrian plain;
Their far-off, golden-throated music bringing
A sweetness as of flowers after rain.

I saw the towers rise of that quaint city,
Its rocky streets and walls,
From which that heart of loveliness and pity
Still thro' the centuries so brightly calls.

I wandered where he wandered 'mid the flowers,
And heard his creatures call—
The birds and doves within their leafy bowers,
To him who knew their language mystical

I stood beside the altar, where the angels
Whispered their secrets fair:
The secrets deep of those divine evangels
That tell the weary world of God's sweet care.

I saw the cell where, at last, his spirit
Passed out into the sky,
Leaving a trail of glory we inherit,
To gladden earth with his bright memory.

I knelt beside his grave below the altar
And prayed as he did pray,
For a love like his, and faith that might not falter,
And strength and clearer vision on my way.

For gladness at the heart of every duty,
For gentleness and grace,
For light that crowns all human things with beauty,
And through all darkness finds the Heavenly Face.

O golden-hearted bells of Francis, ringing
Above Assisi's height!
Ring on and on! nor cease forever singing
The rapturous hymn before the Lord of light.

From My Note Book

BY THE REV. ARTHUR T. COUGHLAN, C.S.S.R.

BY request of the pastor of K—I was engaged to say Mass on Christmas Day at two country stations belonging to his parish. I set out the evening before. The train schedule was a very poor one, so that I arrived at the first station near midnight. I was met at the depot by one of the parishioners who drove me in his wagon to the church. After riding a short distance I descried at the top of a hill a large edifice all lighted. I asked my driver what building it might be. “That’s our church,” he replied. “How do you happen to have such a fine church out here in the mountains?” said I. Then he told me with honest pride how the parishioners, all farming people, had done most of the building themselves, how they had hauled the stone in wagons from a nearby quarry, how some of them had done the mason work, others the carpentering, everybody devoting his spare time to labouring at the church until at last the building was completed. Is it any wonder that these poor people take a great pride in their church? And are they not typical of that vast number of our Catholic laity, who, loving the beauty of God’s house, have contributed so generously, not out of their abundance, but out of their little, to the building of our churches in city and country?

When I arrived at the church I found quite a number of people waiting to go to confession, for they desired to receive the Sacraments on Christmas Day. After I had finished hearing their confessions a number of them were still in the church, and these informed me that as they lived quite a distance away they were going to remain there till I should say Mass in the morning.

During the few hours remaining before Mass I rested in a farmer's house nearby. At four o'clock I said Mass and though the solemn ceremony of city churches was lacking, I could not help feeling that this scene was very much like the first Christmas Day in Bethlehem. Almost the entire little congregation received Holy Communion at the first Mass and remained to make thanksgiving during my second Mass.

Shortly after this Mass I climbed aboard a wagon which was waiting and was driven a number of miles over the hills to the second station. As we approached the village I could see quite a gathering of people in front of the church building, expecting my arrival. As soon as they recognized me they set up a cheer, and a flag was hoisted high over the church to inform the Catholics of the neighbourhood that a priest had arrived. The weather was intensely cold, so cold, I remember, that I had to use a candle to thaw out the water and wine frozen in the bottles. And yet I may say I have never celebrated Mass with more joyful devotion, realizing as I did the joy and piety in the hearts of the poor people kneeling near me. The server of my Mass was a venerable old man with flowing white beard, who, if I remember rightly, had once studied for the priesthood in Ireland.

After my thanksgiving I repaired to the village inn to partake of a breakfast. When I arrived at the inn I was requested to step into the reception room where, to my surprise, I found gathered the little congregation. The patriarch who had served my Mass stepped forward, and in the name of the entire congregation, thanked me for affording them the rare privilege of assisting at Holy Mass on Christmas Day. Tears of joy were in the people's eyes, and I must confess in mine also, I felt so happy to be the means of making this a merry and holy Christmas for these good country people.

One Saturday evening during a mission given in a large parish in Canada I had the duty of conducting the beautiful service of consecrating the congregation to the Blessed Mother of God. When I entered the sacristy previous to preaching

the sermon, imagine my surprise to find an aged man lying extended on the floor, his countenance flushed and his breathing very heavy. I was considering what to do when one of the ushers came into the room and informed me that the old man had been seized with an attack of weakness whilst the other missionary was making the announcements to the congregation, and with a sharp cry had fallen to the floor. A few of the ushers had carried him to the sacristy whilst others hastened to summon a physician.

Just then the doctor and the parish priest arrived, and after examining the prostrate man, the physician administered some medicine. In answer to my inquiry the doctor declared that he thought the man had an attack of apoplexy, but that he could not say whether it would prove fatal or not. He advised that the patient's family be notified to bring him home at once in a carriage and have him carefully attended to. Whilst the parish priest was anointing the man with the holy oil of Extreme Unction I had to go to the altar to preach. After the service I learned that the sick man's daughters had hastened to the church and conveyed him home.

The next morning I said the 5.30 o'clock Mass. Whilst distributing Holy Communion I could not help noticing in the first pew an aged man who seemed to be the identical person who had been prostrated in church the night before. After the Mass was finished I went to him and asked: "Are you the man who was taken sick in church last night?"

"Yes, Father, I am," he replied.

I was astonished. "My good man," I said, "you should not have attempted to come to church this morning. Your life was in danger last evening, and you should have remained at home and rested yourself."

"Oh Father," was his noble answer, "I am now seventy years of age, and never in my life have I missed Mass on a Sunday or Holyday, and with God's help, as long as my feet will bear me, I do not intend to miss Mass till I die."

On another mission given in a railroad town in Pennsylvania,

I observed that every morning during Mass a little boy would advance up the aisle to a certain pew and would make a sign to a robust looking man dressed in rough working clothes kneeling in the pew, and at once the latter would leave the church. I wondered to myself what this might mean.

One day I met the man in question and asked him why he left the church every day before the Mass was completed.

"Father," he answered, "I am an engineer on the Reading Railroad, and I do not know at what minute I may be called to take out an engine. Now, I always go to church for Mass, and when word comes for me to report at the engine house my boy hurries over from my house, which is a short distance from the church, and informs me of the summons. I would never miss Mass of my own accord, and by that arrangement if I cannot hear the entire Mass, I hear as much of it as possible."

"How long have you been doing this?" I asked.

"Every Sunday and Holyday since I became an engineer eighteen years ago," he replied.

I was indeed edified. I took hold of his grimy hand, and shaking it, said: "I am indeed proud of you. Keep up your zeal for the holy Sacrifice of the Mass and God will bless you in this life and in the next."

Gentle reader, are not these striking examples for your imitation? Of course I do not mean that you must come to Mass on Sunday morning if you have had a stroke of apoplexy the night before, nor do I mean that you should become an engineer and have some one give you warning when you must leave the church, but I mean—you know what I mean, do you not?

The most perfect act of thanksgiving I know is that in the Gloria, "We give Thee thanks for Thy great glory."

A Letter from France

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

"A delightful country, a delightful people and a delightful war."
(Extract from a letter of Joyce Kilmer, now serving with the 165th Infantry at the battle-front).

O worthy of the land from whence you came!
And worthy that high soul of song and flame
By every ardor of fair impulse stirred,
Whose very essence lives within each word;
For here, as in a mirror silver-bright
Stands clear-revealed the Poet and the Knight,
Whose spirit ranging forth in singing quest
Of all that earth holds truest, bravest, best,
Soars, where earth-freighted others dully plod,
Its vision mounting to the face of God,
Whence flows and falls in largesse limitless,
All joys that lastingly illumine and bless.

So is the wonder of this world made clear,
This bugle-note of blithesome morning cheer,
Sent from that borderland where each new breath
Is but an alms bestowed on Life by Death.

*Whoso trusts all to God therein shall find
All strength of heart, all steadfastness of mind.*

Structure of Dante's Inferno

BY THE REV. J. BAGNASCO, D.D.

(Continued from March Number.)

Circle 8 is subdivided into 10 Malebolge, or evilpits, the description of which takes up 13 Cantos (18-30) of the poem.

The walls and parapets of this place are brown as iron. The 10 pits, or gulfs, form 10 concentric circles around the Void, or central well. From the wall of circle 8 to the central well are reefs of natural rock serving as bridges over the gulfs. These reefs are like the spokes which run from the circumference of a wheel to the axle. Dante compares the pits to the moats that surrounded a mediaeval fortress and the reefs to the draw-bridges which were thrown across the moats when somebody from the fortress wanted to go out into the open land or to return.

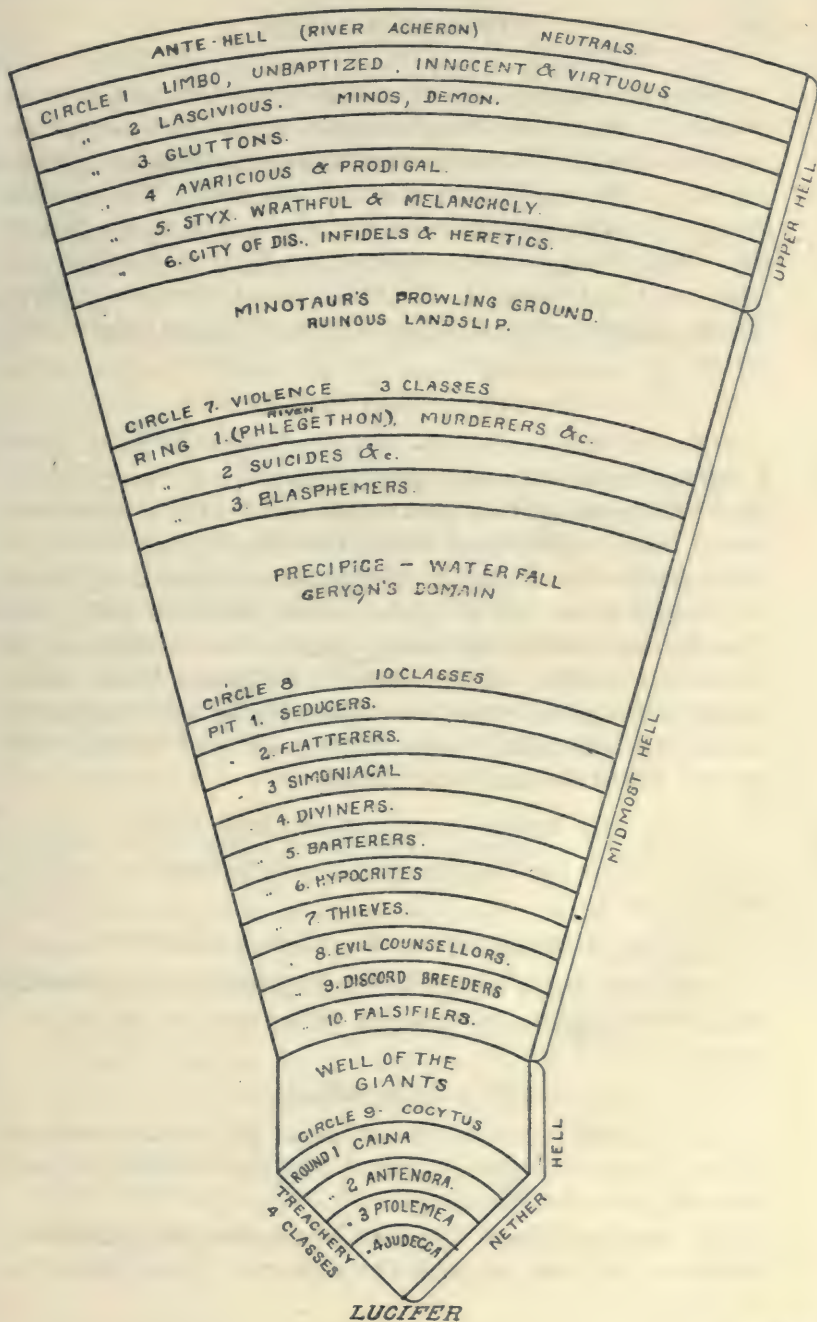
A particular feature of circle 8 is that here the devils are continually tormenting the lost souls contained in it.

PIT 1—SEDUCERS.

This Pit has two streams of spirits; one is running in the opposite direction from the other; as in modern cities, where one side of the street is used by vehicles going, the other side by vehicles coming. On both sides of the pit horned demons are cruelly lashing with whips the sinners' backs. The Bolognese are here in great numbers. Among them is Venedico Caccianimico who, for money, sold his sister Ghisolabella to Obizzo II., Marquis of Este. Dante asks him: Why are you here? and he replies:

Know then 'twas I who led fair Ghisola
To do the Marquis' will.

While the latter was still speaking a devil struck him with



SECTION OF DANTE'S HELL.

a whip, exclaiming: 'Away, corrupter, here women are none for sale.' From here the poets move on to a rock easy of ascent from the pit. It was the reef that spanned the pit. Walking on it to the middle, they stop and look down. They see the stream of spirits moving in the opposite way from the former one. With them is Jason, a son of the King of Thessaly and leader of the Argonauts. He had seduced successively Hypsipyle, daughter of the King of Lemnos, Medea of Colchis, and others.

PIT 2—FLATTERERS.

Going farther on the same reef, they reach the point where it makes a cross with the margin parting the 1st from the 2nd pit. The banks of this pit are encrusted with a scurf condensed from the foul steam arising from the bottom. So hollow is the depth of pit 2 that, to distinguish anything in it, Dante has to walk to the top of the arch of the bridge to look down. Then he sees within the chasm below a crowd immersed in indescribable filth. Of the crowd he recognizes Alessio Interminelli from Lucca, whose head was dripping with the foulest matter. He was Dante's contemporary and still lived in 1295. He tells Dante the cause of his doom,

"Me thus low down my flatteries have sunk."

Virgil points out Thaïs rending herself with her nails defiled with corruption.

"Now crouching down, now risen on her feet."

Thaïs is the harlot represented by Terentius (Eunuch Act 3) as a type of certain women who flatter and deceive the unawares.

PIT 3—SIMONIACAL.

Virgil carries Dante to the bottom of pit 3, which is made of solid stone. The floor is dotted with holes similar to those in the Baptistry of Florence.

The baptismal fount (baptism being given by immersion) was like a large tank, supported by a column. It had four holes,

around which stood the baptizing priests. Those holes built in the marble of the baptistry served to protect the priests from the crowd carrying children. The custom then was to administer solemn baptism only on the Eves of Easter and Pentecost.

In similar apertures, those who had been guilty of Simony, were fixed with head downwards, so that no more of them than the legs and feet appeared out of the ground. Their feet were lighted, like burning torches. The word Simony—derived from the name of Simon (Act 8), who “thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money”—means the sin of making traffic of sacred things.

Two feet burning more brightly than any others attract the attention of the poets. They belonged to Pope Nicholas III. (1277-1280). He mistakes Dante for Boniface VIII., who was supposed to come and take his place. But Boniface was alive at the time of the Vision. He died 1303. Four Pontiffs reigned between Nicholas III. and Boniface VIII. Thus Nicholas the III. had to wait twenty-three years for Boniface to come. Nicholas’ crime seems to have been that of enriching his relations out of the properties of the Church. Boniface VIII. was accused of using fraud in his election to the Holy See.

Clement V. (d. 1314) was to take Boniface’s place, because, according to the historian Giovanni Villani, this Pope was believed to have obtained his tiara through the bought influence of Philip IV., King of France. Nicholas’ mistaking of Dante for Boniface has an intensely dramatic touch:

He shouted: “Ha! already standest there?
Already standest there, O Boniface!
By many a year the writing play’d me false.
So early dost thou surfeit with the wealth,
For which thou fearedst not in guile to take
The lovely lady, and then mangle her?”

The Simoniacal, when delivered from the hole by their suc-

cessors in Hell, were not freed, but dropped down these holes into a subterranean cave, where they lay for ever.

Canto 19 is closed with a terrible invective against simoniacal popes, identifying them with the Scarlet Woman (Ap. 17, 3 ecc.) and deploring the Constantinian donation, by which the See of Rome was made so rich and so worldly.

Before leaving this subject, it is well to note that in speaking of the popes named above, only Dante's thought is given, as set down in the poem; the critical reader who would like to learn the truth about the lives of these popes will consult the history of the Church; unbiased historians disagree with Dante's opinions.

PIT 4—DIVINERS.

Virgil caught Dante in both arms and carried him up to the summit of the rock, for the path, even for a clambering goat, was not easy to mount. From the top of this rock which divided the third from the fourth pit, they could see into pit four,

A tribe that came along the hollow vale,
In silence weeping; such their step as walk
Quires chanting solemn litanies on earth.

Their heads were twisted, so that their faces were turned towards their backs. The tears streaming from their eyes, fell down the hinder parts. They walked along backwards. These are the diviners who, because they in life wanted to see too much ahead, are compelled to look behind after death.

There are Amphiaraus, one of the seven kings at the siege of Thebes; Tiresias, the seer of the Greek army, during the war of Thebes (Ovid. Met. 111); Aruns, soothsayer mentioned in Lucan's *Pharsalia*, who lived in a cave among the Carrara Marbles; Manto, daughter of Tiresias, who fled from Thebes and settled in Lombardy, where she gave name to the city of Mantua, Virgil's native town.

A discourse on the locality and foundation of Mantua follows. Virgil shows Dante Eurypilus and Calchas, ancient

soothsayers. Of the contemporaries of Dante there are: "The astrologer Michael Scott of Balwearie in Scotland, who was in the service of Frederick II. Guido Bonatti, in the service of Guido da Montefeltro, Asdente of Parma, who from a shoemaker became a soothsayer (d. 1284): a number of female fortune-tellers and witches, whose names are not given." The time is ten o'clock Saturday morning.

PIT V.—BARTERERS.

Walking from rock to rock, along the reef, they stopped midway over pit 5, within which boiled a glutinous thick pitch, that smeared the sides of the gap. Dante distinguished nothing therein, save the surge raised by the boiling "in one mighty swell heave and by turns subsiding fall."

Then a black devil brings in on his shoulders one of the "elders," or chief magistrates of Lucca, believed to be Martino Botaio.

His shoulder, proudly eminent and sharp,
 Was with a sinner charged; by either haunch
 He held him, the foot's sinew griping fast.
 "Ye of our bridge!" he cried, "keen-talon'd fiends!
 Lo! one of Santa Zita's elders. Him
 Whelm ye beneath, while I return for more.
 That land hath store of such. All men are there,
 Except Bonturo, barterers; of "no"
 For lucre there an "aye" is quickly made,"
 Him dashing down, o'er the rough rock he turn'd;
 Nor ever after thief a mastiff loosed
 Sped with like eager haste. That other sank,
 And forthwith, writhing, to the surface rose;
 But those dark demons, shrouded by the bridge,
 Cried, "Here the hallow'd visage saves not; here
 Is other swimming than in Serchio's wave;
 Wherefore, if thou desire we rend thee not,
 Take heed thou mount not o'er the pitch." This said

They grappled him with more than hundred hooks,
And shouted: "Cover'd thou must sport thee here;
So, if thou canst, in secret mayst thou filch."

The exception of Bonturo Dati, the leader of the democratic party in Lucca (who was still alive at the date of the vision) is ironical and meant to imply that he was the worst offender of the lot.

Barattieri, or barterers, are those guilty of corrupt practices and speculation in public offices.

The devils found here are false, lawless, disloyal, and cruel, just as the barterers sinned against justice, truth and loyalty.

Malacoda is their spokesman. Wishing to deceive the poets he diabolically mingles truth with falsehood. "You cannot," he tells them, "continue your journey because the sixth arch is broken." This was true. "If you want to continue your journey, go farther along this embankment and you will find a bridge." This was a lie, as all the bridges over pit 6 were broken.

It is natural for the devil to be a liar. In company of ten demons, at an obscene signal given by Barbariccia, the leader of the ten, Virgil and Dante proceed and see more of pit 5. What Dante noticed is told in the following lines:

Still earnest on the pitch I gazed, to mark
All things whate'er the chasm contain'd and those
Who burn'd within. As dolphins that, in sign
To mariners, heave high their arched backs,
That, thence forwarn'd, they may advise to save
Their threaten'd vessel; so, at intervals,
To ease the pain, his back some sinner show'd,
Then hid more nimbly than the lightning glance.
E'en as the frogs, that of a watery moat
Stand at the brink, with the jaws only out,
Their feet and of the trunk all else conceal'd,
Thus on each part the sinners stood; but soon
As Barbariccia was at hand, so they
Drew back under the wave. (Canto 22).

One of the sinners is not too quick to dive under the pitch at the approach of the fiends. A devil suddenly grappling, seized his clotted locks and dragged him, sprawling, up. He is variously punished by the different devils present at the scene. The sinner is said to be Ciampolo, a servant of Thibault, King of Navarre (1253-1270), mentioned by Dante in the "Vulgari Eloquentia." While in service he bartered offices for money.

From Ciampolo the Poets learned that Friar Gomita and Michele Zanche were under the pitch.

The island of Sardinia (1117) was divided into four districts: Cagliari, Logodoro, Gallura and Arborea, each governed separately. Friar Gomita was chancellor of the judge of Gallura, who finally hanged him for conniving at the escape of prisoners under his charge by whom he had been bribed.

Michele Zanche, vicar of Enzo, governor of Logodoro, became governor at the death of his master, through corrupt practices, and was killed by his son-in-law in 1275.

Ciampolo, by a clever ruse, succeeds in hiding himself again under the pitch, before the devils can rend him with their claws, as they had purposed. A fray between the demons ensues. Calcabrina flies after Alichino. Over the lake they join in close grapple, but one proves to be the other's match and both fall into the boiling tar. As soon as they are fallen, they let each other go and each tries to fly up, but cannot, as their wings are glued with the pitch. The other devils descend into the lake and with their hooks, free their companions.

PIT 6—HYPOCRITES.

The poets departed, leaving them so entangled. Virgil caught Dante on his breast and cast himself supine from the margin down that pendant rock into pit 6, as quickly as water runs down the tube to a mill's wheel. Scarcely had his feet reached the bottom than the devils flew over the steep slope to claw them; but God's Providence grants no power to the fiends of the fifth foss to cross over to the sixth. There the Poet sees the hypocrisies and their punishment.

There in the depth we saw a painted tribe,
Who paced with tardy steps around, and wept,
Faint in appearance and o'ercome with toil.
Cloaks had they on, with hoods, that fell low down
Before their eyes, in fashion like to those
Worn by the monks in Cologne. Their outside
Was overlaid with gold, dazzling to view,
But leaden all within.

Their cloaks are so heavy, that cloaks of lead with which Emperor Frederic II. was supposed to have wrapped traitors, compared to these were straw. "O everlasting wearisome attire!" the Poet exclaims.

Two spirits betrayed in their looks an impatient eagerness to overtake Dante and converse with him. They were Catalano and Loteringo, both natives of Bologna. The two men were, they confided to Dante, "jovial friars"; name applied to a military religious Order known as the Cavalieri di S. Maria, which was founded to mediate between rival factions. Catalano was a Guelf and Loteringo a Guibelline, and were summoned from Bologna in 1266 to act together as chief magistrates of Florence and reform the government impartially. They were accused of hypocrisy and corruption and driven from the city.

In this pit is Caiphas, who gave the Pharisees the hypocritical counsel that it were fitting for one man to suffer for the people. He lay supine and naked fixed to a cross with three stakes on the ground, writhing and distorting himself, and with deep sighs ruffling his beard. Every one, passing through the place, was stepping on him. In like tortures are placed along the foss Annas and the rest of the Jewish men of the Council who took part in that session where Christ's death was plotted.

At Virgil's request, Catalano says that close by there is a shattered bridge by whose ruins they may mount and climb out of the pit.

PIT 7—THIEVES.

Canto 24 starts with a beautiful simile taken from pastoral life. The village shepherd, in Central Italy, in arising early one morning in February, looks out of his hut and sees all the country whitened, as he imagines, with snow. Impatient and sad, he turns inside and pacing to and fro, bewails his lot, as he has no fodder in the hayloft with which to feed his flock. Sometime later he looks out again and finds, strange to see, that all the whiteness has disappeared. It was not snow that he had seen, but hoarfrost which had melted away at the mounting of the sun. Delightfully surprised at the discovery, he takes his staff

And forth to pasture drives his little flock.

The same thing happened with Dante. He saw that Virgil's face was sad, for he did not find a safe passage out of pit 6, as Malacoda had told him he would. From Virgil's anxious face Dante argued that perhaps there was no way out of that chasm and was afraid. But when they arrived at the broken bridge, Virgil turned and smiled and his companion was reassured. The sadness of Virgil's face was caused by his finding that Malacoda had told him a lie and that there was no bridge at all over the pit. But when Virgil noticed Dante's fear, he smiled to assure him that he would find the way to get himself and his companion out of the place. As it was impossible for a man in the flesh to ascend the ruins of the broken bridge, Virgil walked behind Dante, and, clasping him to his breast, pushed him up to the summit of the margin which parted the sixth from the seventh pit. Here they found the bridge spanning pit 7. They crossed it to where the bridge joins the margin dividing the 7th from the 8th pit. From this point they descended a few crags down pit 7. There, says the Poet

I saw a crowd within
Of serpents terrible, so strange of shape
And hideous, that remembrance in my veins
Yet shrinks the vital current.

The number and variety of poisonous serpents crammed in this place surpass the number and horribleness of the serpents described in Lucan's narration of the plagues of Libia, Ethiopia and Erythrea. Among them was a throng of naked spirits shaking with fear and horror. These are the spirits of the thieves, endeavoring to dodge the stings of the serpents.

With serpents were their hands behind them bound,
Which through their reins infix'd the tail and head
Twisted in folds before.

An adder darted up a sinner and transpierced him in the neck with its sting. It kindled, burned and reduced him to ashes, which poured on the ground and

When there dissolved he lay, the dust again
Uprolled spontaneous, and the self-same form
Instantly resumed.

The sinner was Vanni Fucci, an illegitimate scion of a noble family of Pistoja and a turbulent black Guelf. He took part in the plundering of the Church of San Zeno in Pistoja in 1293, for which crime several innocent men were tortured, and one hanged.

He felt great humiliation in being found in that place by Dante, who belonged to the rival faction, the White Guelf, and who might find pleasure in his punishment. Therefore, to revenge himself, he tells Dante with great relish that the White Guelf will be expelled from Florence. He ends his prediction by the bitter words:

This I have told that grief may rend thy heart.

This said, the sinner turns his rage against God, making mocking gestures with both hands and accompanying his action with the following challenge:

Take them, O God, I level them at Thee!

Immediately after this sacrilege, a serpent twisted itself

around his neck so tightly as to prevent his speaking, and another, gliding to his arms, tied them so closely as to hinder them from further obscenities. Then he fled and disappeared from view. A monstrous Centaur laden with serpents and breathing vengeance, is seen dashing across towards where the blasphemer had vanished, shouting: Where, where is the caitiff? Of Vanni Fucci Dante remarks that he did not meet

Through all the gloomy circles of the Abyss
Spirit that swelled so proudly against his God,
Not him who headlong fell from Thebes.

The Poet in this last line alludes to Capaneus (Circles 7, ring 3, Canto 14). The following lines of Canto 25 concern five Florentine thieves and the torments to which they are subjected:

Agnello Brunelleschi, Buoso degli Abati and Puccio de Galigai appear in human form; then Cianfa de'Donati in the form of a serpent with six feet fastens upon Agnello and becomes one monstrous shape with him. A fifth thief, Francesco dei Cavalcanti, in the form of an adder, all on fire, robs Buoso of his human shape, while the latter becomes a serpent instead. Puccio alone remains unchanged in Dante's presence.

(To Be Continued.)

"Literature is the power to touch with ease, grace and precision any note in the gamut of human thought or emotion."



My words go up, my thoughts remain below. Words without thoughts never to heaven go.—Shakespeare.

Song

BY THE REV. M. J. WATSON, S.J.

Oh! who will give me wings,
Wings like a dove,
To fly beyond earth's bounds
To those blest regions where shall cease
All storms and stress, and where increase
Of joys abounds
And endless peace!
Oh! who will give me wings!

Oh! who will give me wings,
Wings like a dove!
And I shall speed from night
And death unto the life and day
That never change nor pass away,
Where Thrones in light
Shall shine for aye.
Oh! who will give me wings!

A Canadian Chaplain's Letter

(Captain the Rev. Ivor Daniel, O.M.I.)

Catholic Army Club, O.M.F.C.,

24 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.I.,

10th May, 1918.

Reverend and Dear Sister,

Your kind letter and the welcome numbers of "Saint Joseph Lilies" have safely arrived with all the treasured aroma of our far-off Canadian land. The dainty leaves of the "Lilies" will blossom anew in the Library of our new Canadian Catholic Club for soldiers—and I am sure they will bring back the thought of our home country to many a lonely boy on leave.

After two years' work on this side, of which eight terrible months were spent in France, I have at last been able, with the co-operation of our generous benefactors in Canada, to prepare a "home from home" for our dear Canadian boys in this vast city where so much of their "leave" is spent. Father J. J. O'Gorman of the Blessed Sacrament Parish, Ottawa, has engaged in this important work, and, in company with him, I have secured two beautiful homes in an attractive part of the city. To-morrow we shall open informally, and later on we hope to have Bishop Fallon at a formal opening ceremony. You will readily understand that we have been up to our eyes in work and I hope you will therefore excuse my delay in replying to your kind letter.

I have just learnt this morning that Colonel J. V. O'Donohue of the 87th Battn. has died of wounds. He will be a great loss to us, as an exemplary Catholic and an invaluable officer. What a wonderful showing our Catholics have made. Your good pupils must surely be proud of their dear ones who have come over here and have made such superb sacrifices in the cause of Liberty. It was my privilege to minister to the Catholics of the 75th (Toronto) Battn. in France, and I shall never

forget the noble conduct of those wonderful boys. Continue your earnest prayers for the victory and peace which we all long to see.

Believe me, Reverend and Dear Sister,
Gratefully yours in J.C.,
IVOR DANIEL, O.M.I.,



My Rosary

A soft sweet voice which bids me hope and pray,
A beacon light to charm life's lonely way,
A wandering chord, from Angel songs astray,
"My Rosary."

A fragrant bloom from Eden's sacred bower,
A spotless bud, Our Mother's chosen flower,
A chain of love, grown stronger, hour by hour,
"My Rosary."

A string of pearls, made up of Pilgrim's sighs,
A diamond crown tears from weary eyes,
Of all God's gifts . . . the dearest prize,
"My Rosary."

So, close unto my heart I press,
The cherished beads in mute caress,
Thus, Love's bright wreath, I daily tress,
"My Rosary."

And, when this life draws to its close,
With all its finite cares and woes,
O Gate of Heaven, Mystic Rose,
Stretch out thy arms, Oh! bid me come
From exile here, to Heaven and Home.
"My Rosary."

Written in grateful remembrance of many favors received
through the intercession of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.

'MARIE.'

A Reminiscence

By O. S. B.

THE summits of the Rockies, aglow with the splendours of the setting sun, served as beacons of warning to the weary Franciscan missionary and his faithful guide to turn their horses' heads and seek a homeward path lest night should overshadow them before reaching the neighbouring monastery. The warning met with a ready acceptance on the part of the guide. It was less welcome to the soul of the zealous priest.

He was a Capuchin Father of eminent sanctity. Whilst still comparatively young, his prudence and wisdom were recognized in Rome, where he became a trusted counsellor of His Holiness Pius IX. Obedient to the will of the holy Pontiff, he was frequently called upon to sacrifice the peaceful retirement of his monastic home to act as envoy extraordinary to various parts of the Church's realms. The special purpose of these journeyings was never gathered from his sealed lips by anyone beyond those whom it immediately concerned. But—the incident we are about to relate explains itself. The evening in question was the closing one of a six weeks' missionary tour over some wild tracts of country in North America. The prudence already alluded to of the good Father seemed to have deserted him on this occasion. Contrary to the advice of his companion, he was unwilling to leave the forest for a safer path. "May not some poor families be hidden in that corner that we have not searched?" said the priest. "Not a living soul, Padre," was the reply. Hardly a moment of hesitation ensued, for, as he afterwards related, an irresistible desire to prolong the search prevailed with the lowly Capuchin, who was known to the world later as the illustrious Cardinal Persico.

They had not travelled far when he exclaimed: "Now, there is someone, is there not?" pointing to something like a bundle at the foot of an immense tree. They soon discovered that it was an Indian squaw enjoying a smoke.

With a friendly greeting, the priest enquired if she was alone in these parts. A few grimaces followed whilst she slowly rested the fuming pipe on the edge of a thick lip and with the disengaged hand pointed carelessly towards a distant corner apparently less densely wooded than where they stood. Hastening in that direction, all that our travellers could discover was a miserable hut, seemingly abandoned, no smoke rising from it, no sign of life. But, led on by the Spirit of God, the holy priest entered. There lay a man struck down by sickness, not an Indian, but an Irishman. What followed we give, as nearly as possible, in the words of the Cardinal himself:

“We sought, as best we could, to give comfort to the distressed body. For the needs of the soul, he cared not. It was all so sad. Once he had a happy home. A thoughtless youth, he fled from it. Now he was friendless, his outlook despair. Neither the thought of heaven nor of hell moved him, nothing that I could say consoled him. He thanked me with a pressure of the hand; that was all. I saw that he had not long to live, but I could say no more, and I was so very sad . . . I knelt down and prayed. Then a thought came to me . . . His mother . . . I spoke of her. Did he remember? . . . Ah yes I saw it in his face, his heart had softened—he was a changed man. As I questioned him he turned to listen. He knew not if she still lived. “Have you nothing,” I asked, “that reminds you of her?” Whereupon he drew from his neck a medal of the Immaculate Mother of God. One promise he had kept throughout his wild career. The only prayer that he remembered was the “Hail Mary” he had said daily to please his Irish mother. The heavenly Mother’s intercession with Her Divine Son prevailed. That soul was saved. Before I left the cabin he was reconciled to God and, strengthened with the Sacraments of Holy Church, he gave up his soul, in peace to his Creator. May his dear soul, and the souls of the Faithful Departed rest in peace. Amen.”

This touching incident was related by His Eminence Cardinal Persico, on the occasion of a visit to England in 1890.

Shepherd My Thoughts

Poems by Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.

REVIEWED BY THE REV. J. B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

As Mr. Joyce Kilmer's Catholic Anthology goes to prove, we have a great many excellent poets writing Catholic verse for us to-day. This book of Father Donnelly's is a splendid addition to the list. The author shows fine technique and a genuinely poetic soul. His love for sweet-sounding words is apparent in his song on that river whose richly melodic name captivates the cultured ear—the Susquehanna. His songs are sweet and charming, but we like his sonnets and his shorter lyrics the best. Here is one of the latter that is worthy of Father Tabb at his best:

THE SUN OF JUSTICE.

Christ's love flamed forth the brightest
On Calvary long ago,
And sank in a blood-red sunset
O'er the darkened hill of woe;
But its rays still touch the ages
With a heavenly after-glow.

Father Donnelly did well to title his book from the Sonnet "Shepherd My Thoughts." This is a sonnet that, were it placed among the sonnets of the great masters, would pass for one of their own. In fact we do not see how any poet could write a better sonnet! It is written faultlessly in the Petrarchan style; its rhyming is rich and perfect and its sentiments are full of divine piety and unction:

SHEPHERD MY THOUGHTS.

I wish to pray and from the ceaseless war
Of worry summon forth the sweet delight
Of holy peace. Full easily from sight,
But scarcely from the soul, the world I bar.

My flocks of thoughts, how timorous they are!
They rush where fairer pasture lands invite,
Down easy hollows from the harder height;
And one and ninety-nine are lost afar.

Good Master, they are Thine and know Thy voice;
Send it now sounding down the devious ways
And dark, where they have wandered from Thy care.
Ah, surely they will harken and rejoice,
And thronging flock to meet Thy kindly gaze;
Shepherd my thoughts and fold them into prayer.

There is another sonnet which we wish to quote in conclusion. The beauty of the flowers and the music of spring winds are found therein. In the last lines comes the inevitable breath of sorrow and decay that ever haunts our subnuclear sphere. It is the last touch that completes the perfect picture! The third line of this sonnet is made two "feet," or measures, too short—probably by some printer's error:

BLOOD-ROOT.

The starry blood-roots from the earth have flashed,
Some clustering in snow-white galaxies,
Some in lone splendor 'neath the trees,
Whose bare boughs still by boisterous winds are clashed.
Awhile in modest loveliness abashed
They scarce disclose their beauties to the breeze;
While now and then bedraggled fineries,
Stamens and petals disarrayed are dashed
Downward at every breath. Could they and all
Earth's charms stay ever young and promising,
Ever with budding joys that never pall,
The heart enthralled would there contentedly cling;
But, ah, for us the flowers of promise fall
And never comes again our faded Spring.

"Shepherd My Thoughts" is published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons,
44 Barclay Street, New York. Price 75c.

A Letter from Rome

31 Piazza S. Nicola da Tolentino,
Rome, April 27th, 1918.

Reverend Sister ———,
Editor "St. Joseph Lilies,"
Toronto, Canada,

Dear Rev. Sister ———, I am deeply grateful for your kindness in sending me the March number of "St. Joseph Lilies." The excellent translation of Mgr. Verghetti's dedication poem gave me great pleasure, and Dr. Dollard is to be congratulated upon the possession of no mean poetical talent. I was also pleased to note that he preserved the spirit of the original Latin verses in a wonderful manner.

I read "St. Joseph Lilies" with deep interest. Your magazine is evidently credited with one of the foremost places in Canada's present-day Catholic literature, which I ascribe to your happy combination of the spiritual with the intellectual. Unfortunately, nowadays, these two, instead of going hand in hand, are often set at variance with each other with disastrous result. Hence the need of preserving jealously in our Catholic periodicals and magazines that spirit of true piety which, as the Apostle says, is profitable to all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come. This holds good particularly for a magazine of high standard, and it is to be desired that the example you give should be followed far and wide.

I take the opportunity of sending you a copy of my little book, "The Fairest Flower of Paradise," which please accept as a token of regard and esteem. With every good wish for the success of the "Lilies," I remain, dear Reverend Sister ———,

Yours very sincerely in Jesus and Mary,

FR. ALEXIS MARY LÉPICIER,
Prior-General, Order of Servites.

A Glory of Maryland

A NEW BOOK BY M. S. PINE

It comes in a glory of garnet and gold, this new book by M. S. Pine, the pen name that conceals the identity of the gifted Visatandine of Georgetown Visitation Convent, the oldest Catholic institution for the higher education of women in the United States and the Alma Mater of so many prominent women from all sections of the country. "I wrote," says the author in a charming letter to the Editor of Saint Joseph Lilies, "'A Glory of Maryland' in the hot summer months in the open under a sycamore shade and sparrows and squirrels actively distracting me below." Not every religious community can boast of a poet member who is competent to write its annals in glowing, soulful verse. But the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, enjoys this distinction. "A Glory of Maryland," as exchanges tell us, is a poetic tribute of love and gratitude on the Centenary of the departure from this life of the founder of the Visitation Order in America, namely, the Most Reverend Leonard Neale, D.D., the second Archbishop of Baltimore (1746-1817), who was a pioneer of the Church in the United States, a shining figure during times that tried men's souls. This splendid poem, written in irregular rhymed verse in the form usually chosen for the classical ode, not only celebrates the glories of its hero, but recounts in pleasing narrative the story of his life. The author paints a striking picture of the great Archbishop in his illustrious role of founder of the Visitation Order in the United States, a role heralded even by a heavenly vision in Guiana, where he laboured as a Jesuit missionary. Succeeding chapters portray the trials of the pioneer nuns of the Visitation, ladies of heroic mould, led by Teresa Lalor, the saintly Irish co-foundress. The last chapter records the Church's progress during the century. The verse throughout is musical and graceful and strikes chords of sonorous beauty while presenting the theme with much real power. The book may be procured at the Salesian Press, Don Bosco Institute, Philadelphia, Pa. We trust it will have a large sale and that it will be found in all convents and colleges in the United States and Canada.

Officers of the St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association



1917—1918



Honorary Patron—The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D.

Spiritual Director—The Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B.

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Alumnae Items

Triduum at St. Joseph's

In view of the widespread desire of our Catholic people to unite in prayer to Almighty God that the present awful struggle in which so many of our countrymen are engaged, may be brought to an end, the Alumnae Associations of Loretto and St. Joseph will unite in a Solemn Triduum to be held at St. Joseph's Chapel, St. Alban St., on the 13th, 14th and 15th of May. There will be Mass and a short discourse at 8 a.m. and a sermon and Benediction in the evening at 7.45 p.m. each day. Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B., will conduct the Triduum. All the Catholic women of Toronto are cordially invited to attend and make the Triduum for their own souls, for their soldier boys, and for their country. "While Moses prayed Josue's army was victorious."

On behalf of Loretto Alumnae,

IRENE McLAUGHLIN, President.

On behalf of St. Joseph's Alumnae,

ANNA WARDE, President.

The above invitation, which appeared in the Toronto Daily and Weekly Press and was announced in the parish churches the Sunday preceding the dates specified, met with a splendid response. Spacious as is our chapel, it was quite inadequate to accommodate the throngs of devout women who literally poured into nave and gallery, occupying every available inch of space. The fervor of the congregations assisting at the Adorable Sacrifice, at Benediction and the Rosary was heart-touching and our heroes in the trenches must have been conscious of heavenly graces descending upon them in answer to the united prayers of mothers, wives and sisters. Father McBrady's soul-stirring

appeals were listened to with intensest interest. The congregational singing was devotional and the solos of Miss Evelyn O'Donoghue, Mrs. Fred. Woods, Miss Athens Buckley and Miss Albertine Martin were very beautifully rendered. Those three days of prayer and praise were truly "Mothers' Days" at the foot of God's altar—mother love, pleading for cherished ones at the Front. We read of the celebration of Mother's Day in the trenches and messages of loving tenderness have come from the soldier boys to the little mother at home, watching, waiting, praying. It is of such Miss Rose Ferguson so beautifully writes in her touchingly tender poem:

MOTHERS' DAY.

To-day in Flanders' field the boys are wearing
A little flower to tell of mothers' love;
To-day across the foam her thoughts are faring
Who cares for him all other hearts above,
Their greetings mingle till the day is done—
"Mother o'mine! and "Oh, my son, my son!"

Fitting the May-time, when earth's tender blooming
Carries their thoughts to home and boyhood days—
E'en mid the shriek of shell and cannon booming
They live again the joy of earlier Mays—
And budding maples veil the blue above—
Ah, land of Canada, and mother-love!

Mothers o' men, remember how Another
Yielding His life that mankind might be free,
To John, the well-beloved, commends His Mother—
Think, will He fail in your extremity?
Mother of God, who heard on Calvary's Hill
"Behold Thy Son!" ah, be their Mother still!

* * * *

We are sure that lovers of the Classics will be quite delighted to know that the Very Rev. A. O'Malley, LL.D., has begun the

publication of his translation in verse of Virgil's Aeneid. The First Book, which we have at hand, shows accuracy of translation and beauty of diction, a combination rarely attained by translators of our day. We look forward with pleasure to the appearance of the remaining volumes.

* * * *

A delightful meeting of the Alumnae took place on May 3rd. Mrs. J. D. Warde, the President, presided, and announced the dates of the Triduum above mentioned. Mrs. D. Ryan sang with wonderful charm and expression, and Mrs. Ambrose Small delivered a most illuminating travelogue on Egypt that was listened to with rapt attention. At its conclusion, the versatile speaker was presented with a beautiful bouquet of roses. The vote of thanks was warmly given by Mrs. McDonagh, seconded by Mrs. Griffin.

* * * *

Our Alumnae members will be gratified to read the following:

AWARDED TO A NUN.—Under the auspices of the Missouri Section of the National Defence Council, there was recently conducted an essay contest on the reasons of America's entrance into the war. The judges at Columbia University who examined the papers have awarded the first prize to one of the Sisters of St. Joseph, of Carondelet. The decision must come as somewhat of a revelation to those who assert that the members of our religious communities, living, as they do, aloof from the world, are incapable of keeping in touch with current events, or imparting an up-to-date knowledge of affairs to the pupils for whom they live. The Western Watchman finds in the award an assurance, for those who may need it, "that America's cause is just, since its most able statement is the work of one whose spirit is that of peace, whose consecration is to instruct others unto justice, and whose separation from the world enables her to view and judge its struggles and problems in the pure light of unsullied truth." The Sister thus

avored is obviously a thorough patriot, one of the many thousands of her kind who, day in and day out, are striving "to make the world a decent place to live in."—Catholic Transcript.

* * * *

Among the successful graduates at the Ontario College of Pharmacy were two Sisters from St. Michael's Hospital, one of them winning first-class honours and being fifth in the line of students.

* * * *

On April 18th gloomy weather was forgotten within the Carls-Rite Hotel, when the Sir Henry Pellatt Chapter I.O.D.E. gave a dinner and a life membership in the Order, accompanied by the pin of life membership and an illuminated address expressive of the appreciation of the Chapter for the executive ability and work of the Regent, Mrs. Ambrose Small. A large photograph of Mrs. Small was also unveiled at the proper moment, electric lights revealing the words, "Our Regent." Miss M. L. Hart was toast mistress, and referred, as did all the other speakers, to the Regent's untiring work and the success which has attended it.

* * * *

Miss Florence Meader, M.D., who was graduated from our College a few short years ago, has added to her laurels. She is now a graduate in Medicine and will proceed to Watertown to be physician in charge of a Hospital. All good fortune attend her!

* * * *

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Thompson (Gertrude O'Connor), Toronto, on the birth of a boy (Lawrence O'Connor); to Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Mosteller (Isabel Abbott), New York, on the birth of a girl (Joan West); to Mr. and Mrs. J. Cose (Irene Monkman), Cookstown, on the birth of a little daughter (Jean).

“Something to live for came to the place,
Something to die for maybe,
Something to give even sorrow a grace,
And yet it was only a baby!
Cooing and laughter and gurgles and cries,
Dimples for tenderest kisses;
Chaos of hopes and of raptures and sighs
Chaos of fears and of blisses.
Last year, like all years, the rose and the thorn;
This year a wilderness maybe,
But heaven stopped under the roof on the morn
That it brought there only a baby.”

* * * *

On account of recent bereavement in the family, the marriage of Ross Casserly, Toronto, to Mr. Ralph Crane of Hamilton, Montana, was celebrated quietly in St. Patrick's Church, February 14th, by the Rev. A. T. Coughlan, C.S.S.R. We extend most cordial good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Crane.

* * * *

Our deepest sympathy is offered to Mrs. F. P. Brazil (Annie Kidd), Toronto, on the death of her devoted husband; to Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds (Lily Way), Chicago, on the loss of their eldest daughter, Mona; to the Misses Heck, Toronto, on the death of their beloved mother; to Mrs. M. Kidd and Mrs. W. Way, Toronto, on the death of their brother; to Mrs. G. Griffin on the death of her brother, and to Mrs. Wm. Walsh, Mrs. McCabe, and Miss K. Clark, on the death of their nephew, Frank T. Dissette, whose brother, Flight Lieutenant Arthur Dissette of the Royal Air Force, less than a year ago lost his life in service in France. For all these departed souls we ask the pious suffrages of our readers. R. I. P.

Kind Words for the Lilies

FROM THE "CATHOLIC UNION AND TIMES,"
BUFFALO, N.Y.

The wondrous charm of Dante, whether it lie in his perfect Beatrice or in his daring journey into regions forbidden to mortals, never fails to bring readers under its marvelous spell, hence any aid to a greater appreciation of the poet's peerless poem is always welcomed. In the current number of the "Lilies" of St. Joseph's College, Toronto, is an article by Rev. Dr. Bagnaseo, entitled "Structure of Dante's Inferno," which must prove of great assistance to students of the "Divina Commedia." Accompanying the illuminating exposition of that fell place over which is inscribed the despairing injunction, "All hope abandon ye who enter here," is a diagram of a section of Dante's hell, from upper hell to the bottomless pit where Lucifer reigns in horrible sovereignty. And as if planned for a companion article, is one written by Bishop MacDonald of Victoria on "The Dream of Gerontius; a Psychological Study." While treated in a keenly analytical manner the scholarly Bishop has such a graceful, sympathetic literary touch that the article is anything but dry-as-dust. Indeed, it affords the reader real enjoyment as well as furnishing him food for quiet thought about that mysterious state when the soul is freed from the body, but has not yet passed into the presence of the Beatific Vision. The remaining articles and bits of choice poetry are in harmony with the two just referred to.

* * * *

FROM THE "CANADIAN FREEMAN," KINGSTON, ONT.

The current issue of "Saint Joseph Lilies" (St. Joseph's College, Toronto, \$1 per year) contains the usual budget of the good things we expect to find between the covers of this excellent quarterly. It is always a pleasure to review the "Lilies." A dollar mailed to the editor is a dollar well spent.

FROM THE "CATHOLIC FORESTER'S COMPANION,
TORONTO.

The March issue of "Saint Joseph Lilies" has just reached us. We have been a subscriber since its first number, through the ladies of our household, and we always look forward to its arrival. This number is very attractive, and its articles are all that can be desired for the Catholic family. Every Catholic household should be on the mailing list of the "Lilies."

* * * *

FROM THE "MEMORARE," MOUNT ST. BERNARD COL-
LEGE, ANTIGONISH, N.S.

"Saint Joseph Lilies" contains delights as usual. Bishop MacDonald, in a pleasing way, adequately interprets the ever beautiful "Dream of Gerontius." Doctor Treacy's "The Musical Culture of the Celts," connotes intimacy with the Celtic traditions and history in general. We were glad to find Hilaire Belloc, written up by Henry Somerville—his essays are always so illuminating. Dr. Bagnasco's "Structure of Dante's Inferno" is an ambitious study of a great masterpiece. We shall look forward to its continuation.

* * * *

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM FRIENDLY LETTERS.

Many thanks for the March number of the "Lilies." The reading matter was splendid. I read it from cover to cover. Your quarterly is always good, but this March number was exceptionally so. And it was fitting that it should be so, since March is St. Joseph's month. I have not forgotten your request, and my promise to send you something. My time for writing is so limited that I almost despair of preparing anything for the publications that ask me to write for them. "Saint Joseph Lilies," however, will have the first claim.

* * * *

I trust you will excuse my tardiness in acknowledging your kindness in sending me "Saint Joseph Lilies." When I received the magazine I was in the midst of five dramatic productions

and was not able to attend to any correspondence. Is not Rev. Dr. Dollard's poem, "The Silver Anvils," exquisite in its suggestive rhythm and its onomatapoetic beauty? Another poem of his I enjoyed very much is "Meelin Mountain." In fact I hope to include these two lyrics in my repertoire. May I add that I found every article in your magazine most interesting?

* * * *

I hope you will forgive me for not writing before, to acknowledge and thank you for the March copy of the "Saint Joseph Lilies." I kept it until Easter time to look at, for the "Lilies" is a magazine that it is a pure joy to give one's whole heart, mind and attention to, and one which does not bear being skimmed over in a careless, clumsy fashion. I have enjoyed reading Mr. J. B. Kennedy's article on "Myles Muredach," and am reading Dr. Treacy's "Musical Culture of the Celts," which is both interesting and elevating.

* * * *

Allow me to congratulate you upon the excellent standard of "Saint Joseph Lilies." I must say I read the copy you sent me with greatest pleasure.

* * * *

The March "Lilies" arrived in due time and has been read and enjoyed from cover to cover. My father is always most enthusiastic in his praise of the magazine. I am enclosing a cheque for a renewal of subscription.

* * * *

The March "Lilies" certainly preserves its high prestige. Doubtless due to St. Joseph's special benediction in his own month.

* * * *

Your magazine is most delightfully well done—and I shall be delighted to be represented in its pages.

* * * *

I would not want to miss a copy of the "Lilies" for the world, so do not be backward, please, in letting me know when my subscription runs out.

I am enclosing my subscription fee for the delightful magazine whose visits are all too rare.

* * * *

I enclose money order as renewal of my subscription for "Saint Joseph Lilies." I enjoy the magazine and look forward with pleasure to every issue.

* * * *

I received the copy of "Saint Joseph Lilies" and I thank you very much for your kindness in remembering me. It is full of splendid articles and I intend to become a regular subscriber.

* * * *

The "Lilies" is here, fascinating me with beauty, thrilling me with fragrance and bright with a heart of gold—which all means in Rooseveltese—"Bully"—"De-lighted!"

A book is a treasure more precious than gold,
 An heirloom bequeathed to mankind,
 A casket of wisdom in which we behold
 The kingliest gems of the mind.
 My heart is at peace as through book-world I roam,
 The fair realms of fancy are mine
 And Love's holy spirit now rests in my home
 My book is the Volume Divine.

* * * * *

Books play an important part in the training of our lives; our interests temporal and eternal are at stake; for books may be for us, as they were for an Augustine or an Ignatius, the first step to sainthood, just as they may be, and have been probably, for hundreds, the first step in the path of perdition.—
 Rev. E. J. Devinee, S.J.



Enclosed in its really artistic cover, the "St. Michael's College Year Book" for 1918 reflects much credit on its student editors and on the students of St. Michael's in general. It is dedicated to the memory of Reverend Lawrence Brennan, C.S.B., who was for many years a prime mover in every work for the advancement of the College and to whom it owes much as regards the high standard it has attained. Perhaps the most notable feature of the little volume is the paper read by Rev. Father Carr, Superior of the College, at a conference on education held some weeks ago. The subject of the paper is "Higher Education—Our Needs and Opportunities," and it shows that the Catholics of Ontario, both men and women, have as far as higher education is concerned, greater advantages than their co-religionists in almost any other part of the world. The truth of this statement is evident if we bear in mind that Toronto has the largest University in the British Empire, and that St. Michael's College, which is a Federated College of this University and the affiliated Colleges of St. Joseph and Loretto have a share in all its privileges and rights, with the additional advantage of bringing the students into contact with nothing detrimental to their faith. Thus,

while receiving precisely the same training in secular branches as the non-Catholic student, the Catholic young man or woman is assured of the benefit of being in an atmosphere entirely Catholic, and in addition is given lectures on religious subjects by a clergyman of his own faith. Catholic parents should not be slow to take advantage of the educational facilities which these institutions offer them. The Year Book also includes the Honour Roll of students on Active Service; it is a list, although an incomplete one, of the students and graduates of the College who responded to the call to the colours. This Honour Roll covers many pages, and is undeniable evidence that St. Michael's sons are not lacking in the spirit of patriotism and courage which is the mark of Catholic manhood. The list does not include American recruits.

A May Song

BY THE REV. H. F. BLUNT.

O little apple blossoms, see, your Queen is coming.
Royally she comes adown the verdant hills of May;
Birds are piping, bees and brooks a festal hymn are humming;
Little blossoms, come ye too, and greet her on her way.

O little apple blossoms, is there need of sadness,
Just because your glory has lasted but a day?
Little innocents of spring, in death, too, may be gladness,
To die of loving at the feet of Mary, Queen of May.

O little apple blossoms, fall in plenteous showers;
She will touch you every one along her royal way.
Ah, my heart, be thou as glad, and spread thy fairest flowers!
Mayhap the very Queen of Heaven will make thy life her May.

St. Joseph's College Department Editorial Staff

Editor of the College Department—Miss Madeleine Murphy.

Assistant Editors—The Misses Frances Whelan, Ruth Agnew,
Marion Allan, Helen Duggan.

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Music Editors—The Misses Lucia Ashbrook, Albertine Martin,
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Art Editors—The Misses Marie Baechler, Bessie Devine, Vio-
let Connolly, Lillian Desroches, Jean McCabe.



Waste No Opportunity

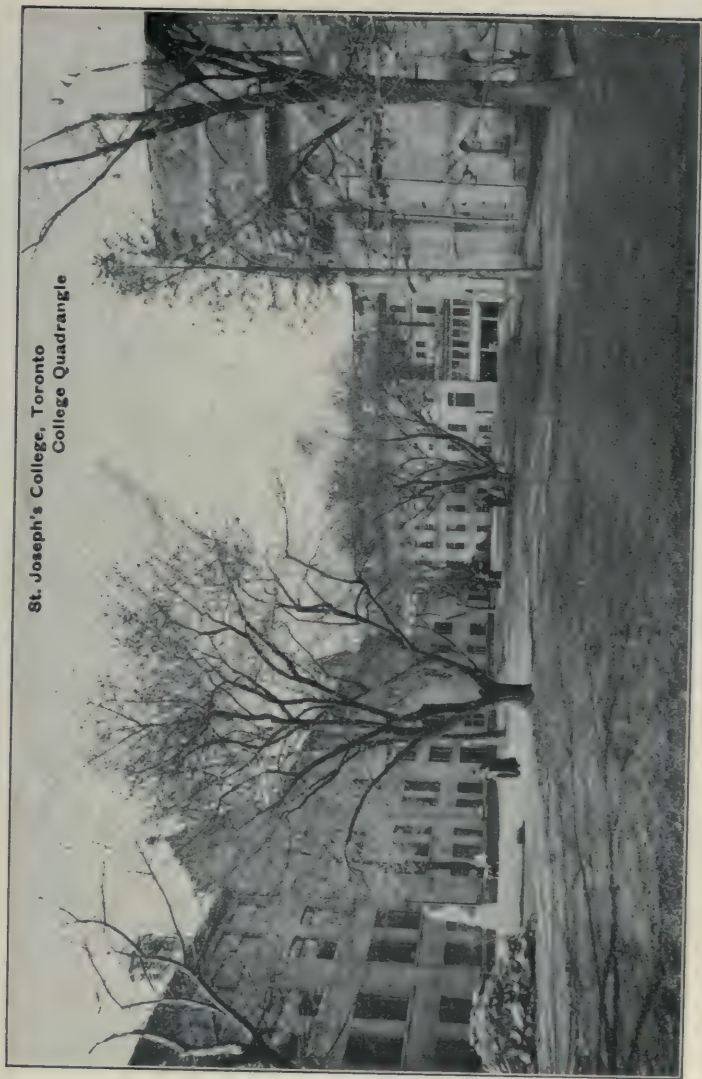
A word unsaid seems a little thing,
But alas! I may never know
If the coming days to a soul may bring
The truth that I fail to show.
A song unsung seems a little thing,
But the heart that I left to-day
May pine for the songs that I did not sing,
As it goes on its cheerless way.
A deed undone seems a little thing,
But the burden I might have shared
Has left a heart with a bitter sting,
Of the thought that "nobody cared."
So the little things that we leave undone
Are the things that men hold dear;
Life's battles are reckoned lost or won
By a smile, or a falling tear.
'Tis the little things that the burdened heart
In the time of trials heeds;
Then let us light life's ache and smart
With the sunshine of little deeds.

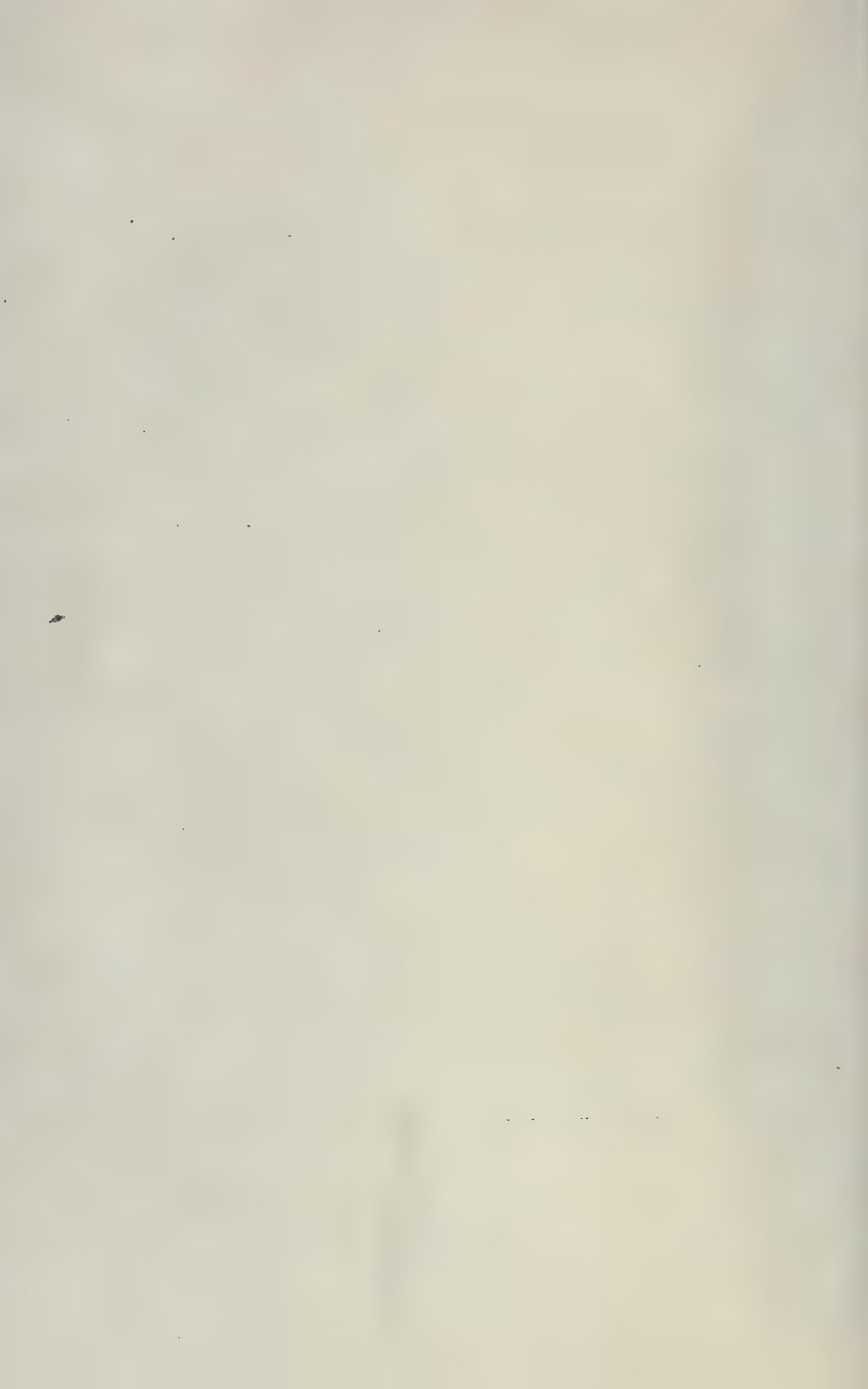
Convocation at St. Joseph's College

IN spite of the war and the way it has monopolized public attention, there seems to be not only an interest, but even a growing interest, in the higher education of Catholic young women, who are obviously to take the places of their capable and valiant brothers whose promising careers in the learned professions and in responsible positions have been cut short. The interest aroused, the encouragement given and the appreciation shown by the speakers and by those present at the graduation function of the students in Arts of St. Michael's College and the affiliated ladies' Colleges of Loretto and St. Joseph, gave undoubted evidence of the growing popularity of these institutions of learning and of the excellence of the courses which they afford. The audience was large, unusually so perhaps, on account of the general invitation extended all those who had so numerous and devoutly attended the triduum of prayer for victory and peace which was held in St. Joseph's College chapel and which closed on the evening of convocation, Wednesday, May 15th, at an earlier hour. The ordeal of sitting out two fairly lengthy sessions such as these had in itself something of the heroic about it, and if one can judge of the refinement of an audience by the quiet dignity of its composure, that great assembly at St. Joseph's on May 15th may be characterized as a highly cultured one.

The nature of the graduation function was unprecedented. The graduates of St. Michael's, Loretto and St. Joseph's were presented together on the platform for the first time. The colours, pennants and scrolls of the respective schools all found place in the stage decoration, which, if not exactly what the artist's eye might approve in a scheme of harmonious design, was at least emphatically symbolic of the united and combined efforts of all towards one end,—of that beautiful spirit of unity which should animate and sustain every great work under-

St. Joseph's College, Toronto
College Quadrangle





taken for the glory of God. This unmistakable evidence of unity throughout the whole conduct of the function was noted and laudably commented upon in turn by the speakers, whose words of explanation and appreciation follow. Rev. J. Muckle, M.A., C.S.B., was chairman of the evening and opened the programme with the following brief explanatory setting forth of the work accomplished by the colleges and of their working relations with one another and with the University of Toronto:

“You are assembled here this evening to do honour to the graduating classes of Saint Joseph’s Convent and Loretto Abbey. After many years of hard labour which they have gone through, it is fitting that we should meet here to rejoice. They are going forth to take up life’s burdens with an education which will carry them safely through life if they live up to the principles on which that education is grounded. They are going out into life with an education recognized the world over. Wherever the University of Toronto is known, there they will be recognized as educated women. It is needless for me to say that we would expect for them a brilliant future. We all rejoice with them and congratulate them upon their success and hope that God will bless them in whatever work in life they undertake. You are here in such great numbers, and especially as members of the Alumnae Association, you must represent the leading Catholic women of this city. Might I presume on your patience to say a few words about the work which these two colleges are undertaking in connection with Saint Michael’s. It is a subject of which we all know quite a deal. It is of interest to us all. It is a subject, too, which many do not exactly understand.

The Department of letters in the University of Toronto comprises four Colleges: University College, Victoria College, Trinity College and St. Michael’s College. The staffs of these four colleges regulate the curriculum of studies and they also regulate the standard of the examinations. Their committees and boards conduct the examinations. In other words these

four staffs combined, regulate the course of studies and conduct the examinations, while each college is a separate unit. The students register in their own college. Each student depends on his own college for lectures and tutorial direction. Each looks to his own college for religious instruction. It amounts, then, to this, that the staffs of the four colleges as a body, through committees, regulate and control the curriculum and examinations. The staff of each college controls the classroom work. By that I mean the choice of instruction and the discipline and religious training.

Now what is the position of Saint Joseph's College and Loretto Abbey in this plan? Affiliated to Saint Michael's, which is one of the four colleges of the University, are these two colleges. By affiliation is meant this: The students of these two colleges register in Saint Michael's; they remain under the discipline and general rule of the college in which they reside, whether it is Saint Joseph's or Loretto Abbey, and they depend in great measure, on the Sisters in charge for their instruction—in some cases on the priests for religious instruction and philosophy. Practically speaking, apart from that, the work is carried on by the Sisters in charge of the college. This arrangement is, of course, new. It has not been in force many years. What it will bring forth in a period of twenty-five or fifty years, we do not know. At any rate, the results so far have been most satisfactory. I think one point should be borne in mind, namely, that those who have been responsible for making this arrangement have been guided first of all by the principles which underlie all Catholic education. There has been in no case the sacrifice of any of these principles. The education given is thoroughly permeated by a Catholic spirit. The young man or woman going out from either of these two colleges or from St. Michael's, is just as well grounded in his faith as a graduate of any other Catholic college. There is no doubt that Catholic education gives something which the public school or college cannot give; not that those in charge of other colleges endeavour to be unfair, but they are not ex-

pected to give what the Catholic colleges try to give—education based on Catholic principles, i.e., whether it be in history or any other department, Catholic principles rule. More than that, there is a Catholic atmosphere which it has been the effort of all concerned to preserve, and results have more than proved that it has been preserved. For example, among the graduates of St. Michael's since this arrangement has been in force, over sixty per cent. have become priests. I have had an opportunity of inquiring from the heads of many colleges, and I find that this is the highest percentage of any college that I know of. Holy Cross has given twenty-one per cent. Notre Dame is not quite so high as Holy Cross, and any colleges from which I have been able to get statistics, are lower in percentage than St. Michael's.

Now, I crave pardon for presuming on your patience thus long, but I think that you are interested in this work sufficiently to understand what I have said."

Here the chairman introduced Reverend Dr. O'Reilly, saying: "He is one whom I know very well, and whom you know very well is a great student of the College, and one of whom we are proud." Dr. O'Reilly-spoke as follows:

"I will say in the beginning that it is not my intention to make a lengthy speech. I simply wish to express the pleasure it gives me to be present here on this auspicious occasion, and also in the light of the information that Father Muckle has given us to say a few words of appreciation concerning the educational advantages to both men and women of Saint Michael's College. These are the advantages of which, when I was a student of St. Michael's, we only could see the beginning. I remember when there were many who feared that the introduction of the University course into the college would tend to dissipate that religious atmosphere which had always pervaded that institution. But since the University course is now of over ten years' standing, and if we are to judge from what Father Muckle has said concerning the young men who have entered the priesthood, we see at once that this religious

atmosphere still pervades the Collège. It is still a fact that boys come to St. Michael's College without having any definite intentions concerning the priesthood, and after one or two years' study they find themselves attracted to that holy and noble calling.

St. Michael's College, then, offers to young men all the advantages of the highest educational institution in the country and at the same time through her discipline and the daily religious exercises which form part of the student life, they preserve that religious atmosphere which tends to foster vocations and gives to the world men of character thoroughly grounded in Catholic principles and Catholic ideas. With regard to the young women students, the University course for them is of later institution. It was found to be a demand of the present time and has become established as a matter of course. That the women of to-day are taking a prominent part in public life, is an undeniable fact. Now Catholic women would be at a great disadvantage if they were not able to qualify with the best in the land. Here we have a Saint Joseph's College and Loretto Abbey, educational institutions which are not surpassed on the Continent of America. Remember, dear friends, though this University work is of recent institution, I do not mean that it is still in the experimental stage; it is an accomplished fact. You will notice from St. Michael's College Year Book that women are holding leading positions in social and other activities. You see, then, what a wonderful opportunity is offered to the ladies in these two institutions where the system of training is the result of years of experience. And we need not fear that the continuation of this University work will ever diminish the Catholic ideal of the young women. Our ideal of the perfect woman has always been the Virgin who for love of Jesus Christ consecrates herself to the service of God and her fellow-men, but none the less, in spite of this, do we revere the Christian mother who is well qualified for all the duties of her state in life—to guide her children along the path of virtue. Such are the wonderful advantages that are pre-

sented to young ladies in these two great institutions through their connection with St. Michael's.

I remember in the old days that a great banner of St. Michael used to be displayed on holidays; it bore the motto "Quis ut Deus," encouraging us to go forth to fight life's battle for the greater glory of God. But to-night it seems that a new banner should take our attention; on the top of that banner I would place St. Michael in a blaze of glory, on either side I would place Our Lady of Loretto and St. Joseph; I would place in the centre the Divine Child, the special object of their devotion and the personification of all that is high and noble in every walk of life, and the whole would symbolize the unity of these great convent institutions having but one mind, one heart, one intention—to impart to our Catholic young men and women all that is best in higher education and to cherish the high ideals of Catholic manhood, of Catholic womanhood and of Catholic family life."

Doctor McDonagh, being called upon to address the audience, said briefly:

"I really feel embarrassed. I am not used to speaking to so many people at once. It is rather out of my line. I think this is the most imposing audience I have ever addressed. I am flattered, however, to know that the Reverend Chairman has considered me one of the pillars of Saint Basil's Church.

As I sat here and listened to the other speakers regarding the higher education for women, I wondered what our grandmothers would think of this higher education. I am inclined to think they would be rather scandalized. But now we must think of the positions that women are filling to-day—it is a fact that women are taking any place you want them to fill in excepting on a street car deal. Speaking of higher education we must realize (whether we like it or not), that higher education is here and it is here to stay. Higher education for women is a fact in the life of to-day and it is a potent fact that not only for to-day, but for the future. And if it is a fact in the life of to-day, if we have to consider higher education for the women of the country, there is no one bold enough

to say that Catholic women should not be in the forefront of that higher education, and it is Catholic women who should guide and direct, as far as possible, the higher education for Catholic women.

The previous speakers, mentioning the holiness of some students of the Toronto University, gave us courage and perhaps inspiration. I wish to say that my associations with some of those who have had education in Universities are certainly not of the kind that we would consider fit for the priesthood. That being true of those who are graduates from other Universities, it shows the necessity that those coming from a Catholic University should have Catholic ideas. Here we have what is desirable in a simple and grand form combined, in St. Michael's—we have Loretto students and we have Saint Joseph's students working in their own way, following out their own bent, combining with the students of St. Michael's and forming one College in the University—one grand College in the University.

When Dr. Walsh was talking here a short time ago, he spoke of the education of Catholic women. He said that certain periods in the world's history were epochs in which women took the lead in educational matters. To-day in the fields of Flanders and other parts of the old countries where this horrible war is being carried on, our young men are being killed by the million. What is going to happen? It is going to be absolutely necessary that the women of to-day take the places of these men. Many colleges are closed. If the war continues much longer, women will have to take the place of men in education. At present men are looking for assistance in that work, and the first "fellow" we can find, will be a woman. Some women are real "good-fellows," too. I was talking to Dr. Gies in New York the other day, and he said: "Our best assistants and really our only assistants at the present time, are the women graduates in some department of science. They have already had recourse to this assistance in the Columbia University.

I am glad I have been asked to speak as a layman to the graduating class—to the students of St. Joseph's and of Loretto,

—that I may tell them the opinion that a layman would have of what they are doing. Now that is a large order—it would fill a great many volumes. I shall say simply this: that you, young ladies, are graduating from two different schools which have each different ideals and you have thought of them up to the present time as entirely separate organizations, perhaps you have regarded them even as competitive schools. However, you are graduating with the young men of St. Michael's as a college of the University and as such the Catholic layman expects you to uphold the dignity of Catholic womanhood, to show that educated Catholic womanhood is beyond anything that is outside of the Catholic Church and to be forces in the world for the good of humanity and for Catholicity in general. If you are going to be a force in the Community there is one thing that is absolutely necessary—it is unity. There is no such thing when you graduate as competitive schools. Each school must pull with the other, each individual of the graduating class certainly should help her who is graduating at the same time and in that way help all the community. If you want to understand that, look back at the last election. You know it is absolutely necessary to have a fraternal feeling and to work for one another. I wish to congratulate the young ladies and I want to tell them that I wish them God-speed and hope that they will be a glory to their College and to their Church."

The evening was begun by the singing of the hymn, "Hail Virgin Flower," in two-part chorus, by the pupils of St. Joseph's, and in the interval between the addresses a piano solo, "Polonaise," by Chopin, was artistically rendered by Miss Martin. Rev. Father Muckle then read the names of the graduates who were to receive their degrees on the day following at the University of Toronto:

Miss Florence Quinlan, M.A., in Mathematics and Physics; N. M. Anderson, B.A., M. B. Flannery, B.A., C. J. McDougall, B.A., J. H. O'Leane, B.A., W. J. O'Shaughnessy, B.A., of St. Michael's.

Genevieve Twomey, B.A. (II. Mod.) Frances Galligan, B.A., Aileen Kelly, B.A., Alice McClelland, B.A., Kathleen McCauley, B.A., of Loretto.

Madeline Murphy, B.A. (II. Mod.), Mary Hodgins, B.A., Geraldine Kormann, B.A., Kathleen Gilmour, B.A., Edna Madden, B.A., of St. Joseph's.

Miss Mary Power, B.A., President of the St. Michael's College Alumnae, added congratulations and made brief complimentary reference to the St. Michael's College Year Book. A closing hymn to St. Joseph was then sung, followed by "God Save the King."

A Night in June

The red rose sleeps; a red star shines;
One red gleam lingers far adown the west;
A red moon hangs o'er the dark hill's crest,
And a red lamp gleams through a darkened pane
Between the tangle of briar vines.
A red lamp gleams as a symbol bright,
Flashing out on the fragrant night.
Not a breath of wind in the tall, dark pines,
And even the aspens rest.

O Heart of Love, in the stilly night
I hear Thy beating; the casement shines
Red, glowing, warm, and the red rose shakes
A shower of dew as from sleep she wakes;
And the red star deep in the zenith burns.
O Heart of Love, in the red June night
I feel Thy pulsing, and life's unrest
Is stilled like the night, and my heart relearns
Its lesson. Thou knowest best.

—Selected.

College Notes

This year the procession in honour of St. Joseph was held in the beginning of March. It was most edifying to note the devotion shown by all who took part therein.

The procession was followed by a short, practical sermon in which our Reverend Chaplain recalled to our minds the virtues of St. Joseph and showed us how in our daily tasks we could imitate the great Master of the interior life. He exhorted us to confidence, for are we not St. Joseph's own—taught to the full with his spirit and sense of duty. As the days and years go by, may we remain filled with this spirit and when the great roll call is sounded may we be found faithful to trust and to duty! The dear Saint and patron of our Alma Mater will surely guard and protect his children as long as they preserve their confidence in him who was chosen to be the protector of God's dearest treasures—Jesus and Mary.

* * * *

An interesting entertainment was given by the students in the College Auditorium March 17th. The programme consisted of songs, recitations, readings and musical numbers appropriate for the occasion.

The spirit of St. Patrick's Day was manifest in the student body, and when the Irish songs with their faint, sweet melody, were sung, the applause of the audience evidenced the feeling which filled their hearts.

The convent stage was a scene of beauty, the young ladies seated in tiers and attired in picturesque costumes of green and white. "A little bit of heaven" was the descriptive epithet of the general effect, given by one of the guests. Miss Albertine Martin charmed the audience by her delightful rendering of "Danny Boy," while her encore, "Nora," brought much pleasure. The Minims showed much grace and training

in their pretty drill. The Rev. C. C. Kehoe, O.C.C., presided and at the close of the programme congratulated the students on the entertainment, which showed so much variety in talent, and had proved a source of enjoyment to others.

* * * *

In the Art Competition for March Miss Eileen O'Brien won the Second Prize. Her little illustration in water colours of "A white tent pitched near a glassy lake well under a shady tree," shows considerable talent. A number of other pupils obtained Honourable Mention.

* * * *

On the evening of April 10th an orchestra recital was held in the College Auditorium. Among the numbers especially enjoyed were the violin solos of Mr. P. Tevensky, and the harp solos of Mr. J. Romanelli. Little Master Silverstone showed considerable talent in his two cornet selections.

* * * *

The Great War still continues and at all times is an interesting topic. Dr. R. J. Dwyer whose lectures last year were much enjoyed, again favoured us this spring. He gave us the views of the leading men of to-day and by his patriotism aroused us to be up and doing our best to help on in the great fight for freedom and Christianity, for such indeed it is. As the speaker said—the Prussians are not Europeans, but Tartars—their aim is to wipe out Christianity and introduce a new morality, a slave morality—to establish a morality of valour. This is evident from facts, for where the Hun has established himself Christianity's work has been destroyed. We extend a hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer and assure him we appreciate his "War Talks" for two reasons—the giving of his valuable time to us and the knowledge and pleasure we have derived from the evenings he has spent with us in St. Joseph's.

* * * *

The students of the Matriculation Class, who this year are making an extensive study of "The Merchant of Venice,"

had an opportunity to see it played. The Misses Quinlan and Madden were the chaperones.

* * *

Miss Amy Meraw has the heartfelt sympathy of her teachers and companions at St. Joseph's on the sudden death of her beloved father.

* * *

A useful and compact cabinet now occupies the corner of the cloister in the College wing. Colonel Alexander Fraser, Litt.D., Provincial Archivist, most generously donated the same with its complete specimens of the minerals found in Canada. This will be of much help to the students of minerology, and the donation is much appreciated by the Faculty and the students.

* * *

To make a garden this spring and summer is truly a stern necessity, as well as a patriotic duty and privilege. The efforts of the small gardener, the home gardener, are going to be of still greater importance than they were last year. We are face to face with a situation that stirs every instinct of self-preservation as well as the nobler impulses of patriotism and humanity. We realize this and so Dr. Sinclair's illustrated lecture on "Home Gardens" proved to be one of great interest. We heard the lecturer last year and found many of his suggestions very helpful in our amateur gardening. This year War Gardens will be more numerous and extensive and we hope to go ahead in our usual optimistic way, feeling that Dr. Sinclair's timely hints will prove a real help in our garden problems.

* * *

On Saturday, May 4th, the Young Ladies of Form II. and III. held an afternoon tea. The Misses E. Ashbrook and R. Ivory were the hostesses, and they were assisted by the Misses Bessie Devine and Jean Quinn.

* * *

One of the many advantages of our College is that its location makes it convenient for students to visit places of inter-

est where they may supplement work done in class and improve general culture.

The Parliament Buildings and the Royal Ontario Museum were the scenes chosen of last month's visits. Those interested in civics, woman suffrage, etc., viewed with interest everything connected with Ontario's Seat of Government, the Parliament Buildings.

The Royal Ontario Museum offers such a wide range of exhibits that once inside the building the interests of the pupils divided.

Groups followed the Archaeology division and studied out the evolution of the crafts, whilst others more intent on Art, viewed with special interest, wonderful Eastern and Western embroideries, rugs, tapestries, laces, enamel work, wood carvings and a great Della Robbia figure. Perhaps the majority of the students were most interested in the Palaeontological and Zoological exhibits, which, being representative rather than extensive, serve a special purpose when examinations loom ahead in the near future.

* * * *

On the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the Rev. J. B. Dutton of St. Mary's gave a delightful talk on Dr. Drummond. The speaker said that although classic authors are studied in College, oftentimes the students are not familiar with writers of their own day. Dr. Drummond did not take up literature as a profession; his writings are almost all in verse, and that verse in a strange dialect of a particular class, not known to us except by reputation. Although his works are in the ante-chamber of the literary tribunal, awaiting judgment, it is safe to say that he is a pioneer among Canadians, and what Burns did for the Scotch, Cable for Louisiana, Riley for Missouri, Dr. Drummond has done for the French Canadians.

Verse in dialect has its difficulties; the niceties of speech are not easy of comprehension and many accuse the poet of caricature.

His friend, Dr. Louis Frechette, Poet Laureate, interprets Dr. Drummond's aim as an effort to further friendly relations between two widely different peoples. Throughout the lecture, readings from "The Habitant" and "The Voyageur" were given and the Reverend Father by his clever interpretation of the various selections, enabled us to catch the spirit which actuated Dr. Drummond in writing his dialect verse, and to understand better this simple, gay, lovable type—the French Canadian. Truly, Dr. Drummond deserves the title of "The Pathfinder of a New Land of Song," and our thanks are due to the Reverend Lecturer for the very enjoyable evening we spent. Seldom have we listened to a more beautiful, instructive or interesting a presentation of an author and his works.

* * * *

On Friday evening, May 11th, an exceptionally artistic programme was given by the music pupils of Grades E (junior and senior) and F. This being the final recital of the year, invitations were issued with the result that the Auditorium was well filled with a select and appreciative audience. Trios, duets and solos made the numbers delightfully entertaining. The following is the programme:

- Trio—Funeral March of a MarionetteGounod
M. McDonnell, B. Crowley, E. McGuane.
- Warriors' Song (Study in Chords)Heller
B. Devine
- La SireneThomé
M. Carrier
- Duet—Chant Du Braconnier Ritter
A. Shannon, V. Henderson.
- Polish DanceScharwenka
M. McDonnell.
- (a)—Valse in A FlatChopin
- (b)—Doll's DanceMercadente
E. Egan.

- Polonaise J. Slunicko
Y. Didier.
- Duet—Serenade Pierné
M. McTague, M. Baechler.

GRADE F. SECOND DIVISION.

- Finale from Sonate Pathétique Beethoven
Y. Carrier.
- Song Without Words (No. 6) The Return G. Bizet
E. Carroll.
- Novelette in E Major Schumann
B. Hermann.
- Trio—Overture of the Magic Flute Mozart
G. Goodyear, A. Perry, M. Tossy.

GRADE F. FIRST DIVISION.

- 2nd Mazurka St. Saens
L. Ashbrook.
- Arabesque (No. 2) Debussy
M. Cairo.
- Impromptu, A Flat Schubert
G. Goodyear.
- Allegro From Sonata in D Minor Weber
U. Christopher.
- Allegro Appassionata St. Saens
A. Wigham.
- (a)—Impromptu in F Sharp Chopin
- (b)—Polonaise in A Flat Chopin
A. Martin.

The Junior Recital was held May 18th, at 3 p.m., and gave unbounded satisfaction to the auditors.

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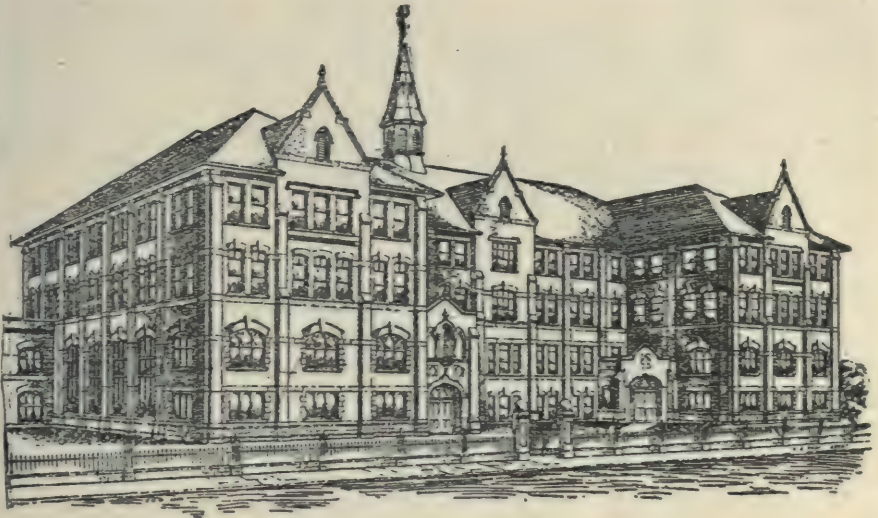
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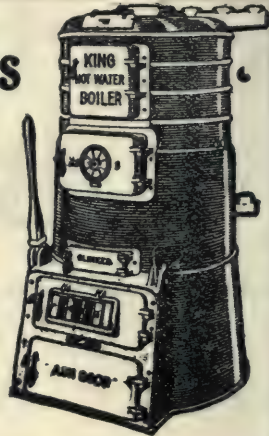
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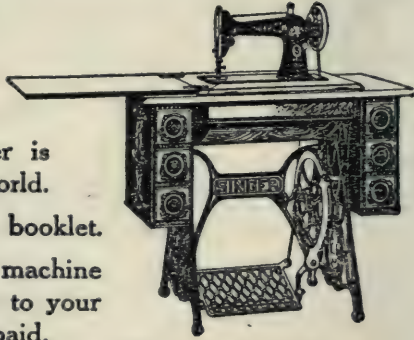
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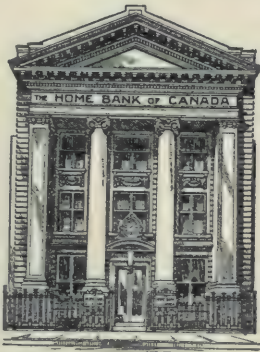
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CONTENTS

Mater Dolorosa (Portrait)	4
Mater Dolorosa and Poem—Rev. D. Fitzgibbon.....	5
Fools for the Sake of Christ—Very Rev. Dean Harris....	6
The Lord—Rev. Julian Johnstone	14
Singing Fires of Erin (Review)—Rev. Dr. Dollard.....	16
A Chosen Few—Rev. P. J. Cormican	23
From Scepticism to Faith—A. McClure Sholl.....	24
The Land of Dreams—Dr. Wm. J. Fischer	36
King Coal—Rev. Lucian Johnston	37
John Asycough's Mother (Portrait)	44
Fairy Tales—M. B. Brent	45
Portrait of An Old Lady—Aline Kilmer	53
Parody—Rev. Dr. Ryan	54
Our Lady's Birthday—Rev. H. F. Blunt	64
Catholic Footsteps in Old London—E. R. Wilson.....	65
The Heart Cry of a Polish Exile—J. Slowski	75
Touring in Jamaica—E. C. Ryan	77
The Call of Autumn—C. D. Swan	83
Structure of Dante's Inferno—Rev. Dr. Bagnasco.....	84
Section of Dante's Hell (Line Cut)	91
St. Joseph's College Museum	99

At the Cross Roads—Rev. J. J. McCarthy	106
St. Joseph's in Denmark—M. M. J.	111
A Grateful Soldier's Letters	117
The Officials of St. Joseph's College Alumnae	118
Alumnae Items	119
Exchanges	125
St. Joseph's College Department	127
Graduates of 1918	128
Graduates (Portrait)	129
St. Joseph's Closing	133
The Examination Results	136



MATER DOLOROSA ORA PRO NOBIS

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. VII. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1918. NO. 2.

Mater Dolorosa

BY THE REV. D. FITZGIBBON, S.J.

This is the picture—dearest to my heart!
And dear to all who play a lowly part
On this world's stage. Blest be the hand that drew
The sweet sad face, with art so great and true.
Rare Carlo Dolei! Infinitely sad!
It shames our souls from all that's base and bad,
Asking, "Was ever sorrow like to mine?"
Yet loving and hope-giving. All divine
In the calm patience of that pure, pale brow;
But gently human, weakly woman, thou!
In those warm tear-drops welling to thine eyes,
Those quivering lips, that tell of agonies,
Hid in a heart by love and sorrow riven,
Preaching the shame of sin, the cost of Heaven.
Yet breathes it too a blessing—since that day
Thy glory and our hope—when one bright ray
Pierced the crime-tainted gloom of Calvary.
The dying words He spake to us and thee
In last bequest: "Mother, behold thy Son!
Behold thy mother, child!" And thus we won
Our sonship, signed in tears and sealed in blood;
And thou, thy God-appointed Motherhood.

Fools for the Sake of Christ

BY THE VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS, LL.D.

(Continued from June Number).

"We have become fools for Christ's sake." I. Cor., iv., 10.

Joseph de la Roche Daillon.

THE three missionaries—Daillon, Brebeuf and de Noue—arrived in Huronia toward the end of August, 1626. From Toanche, Father Daillon, acting on instructions received from the Procurator, Father Le Caron, set out on a mission to the Attiwandarons, of the Niagara Peninsula. It was Etienne Brulè, Champlain's interpreter, who informed Le Caron of the equitable climate, the fertile lands and the number and influence of the Neutral Nation—the Attiwandarons. The eminent and observant Jesuit, Francis Joseph Bressani in his history, "Breve Relatione," written in 1653, after describing the boundaries of the hunting grounds of the Hurons, writes: "To the south, on the shores of this great lake (Huron), dwelt the people whom we call the Nation of the Petuns, so named from the great quantity of tobacco which they raise and to which they gave the name of petun. To the south, but leaning towards the east, dwelt the Neutral Nations. Their nearest villages to us, who lived at Ossossane of the Hurons, were distant about one hundred miles. Their territory is about one hundred and fifty miles in length." These hundred and fifty miles would include all the land extending from thirty miles east of the Niagara River to the St. Clair flats. It was a rich and productive region covered with a magnificent forest growth and filled with forest life. How long the Neutrals were in possession of this splendid heritage, no one knows. The first authentic reference to this sedentary tribe was made by Champlain in his "Journal" (Ed., 1619). He tells us that at the time of his visit to the Hurons (1615) the Neutrals were in friendly alliance with

the Ottawas and Andastes, but were then at war with the Nation of Fire, whose tribal lands stretched eastward as far as the Detroit Narrows. Champlain did not enter the land of the Neutrals, so that his estimate of their numbers and fighting strength was simply hearsay. The Franciscan priest, De la Roche Daillon, who tramped the Neutral territory (1626), tells us that in his time the Neutrals numbered 12,000 souls, and were able to throw 4,000 warriors against the enemy. In his letter, given by Le Clercq, he speaks of the climate with appreciation, notes the incredible number of deer, moose, panthers, bears, wild cats and smaller animals in the woods. "The rivers furnish excellent fish, and the earth yields abundant crops. They have squashes, tobacco, corn, beans and vegetables. Their real business is hunting and war. Their lives, like those of the Hurons, are very impure, and their manners and customs just the same." He adds that there were twenty-eight villages in the country.

Daillon, when he left Huronia for the Neutral villages, was accompanied, according to Sagard (III. Hist., p. 800), by one or two Huron guides and two French traders, La Vallée and Grenolle. This was the Grenolle who sailed with Brulé on his north-western expedition. From Daillon's letter to a relative in Paris, France (Le Clercq, "Le Premier Etablissement de la Foy dans Nouvelle, France) we learn that, after crossing the Huron frontier, he entered the lands of the Tobacco nation, or Petuns, known to the early English and American settlers as Tionnontates or Dinnindadies.

His path now carried him southward through the counties of Grey and Wellington, till he struck the Grand River, and, following its flow, entered the hunting lands of the Attiwan-darons. Now let us take a few extracts from his letter:

Passing through the Tobacco nation, he informs us that he made the acquaintance of and formed a friendship with a Petun Chief, a man of importance," who promised to guide us to the Neutral country. He fulfilled his promise; we slept in the woods only five nights, and on the sixth day (Oct. 24, 1626)

arrived at the first town, where we were well received. We then visited four other towns, in every one of which the people vied with each other in bringing us food—some venison, others squash, neinthaony (Indian corn roasted) and the best they had.”

The Recollet then called a council of the chiefs, and, after distributing gifts among them, requested that he might be permitted to remain and “instruct them in the laws of God and the means by which they might go to heaven.”

He rejoiced their hearts with more presents and in the exuberance of their appreciation of his generosity, they made him a member of the tribe and placed him under the protection of their valiant chief, Thoshassin. So far everything was pleasant for the good priest. Soon the skies darkened and clouds portending a storm began to appear above the horizon of his expectations.

While the Father was congratulating himself on his hospitable reception, a rumor was passing among the Huron villages that the priest was in league with the Neutrals to divert their commerce from the Hurons to the “Place of Trade.” This place of trade was at Lake St. Peter’s, on the St. Lawrence River, fifty miles below Montreal. It was also called Cape Victory, for it was here that Champlain and the braves of the Petite tribe of the Algonquins defeated the Iroquois warriors. This was where Fort Richelieu was afterwards built. Directly opposite the mouth of the Richelieu, facing the fort, was the “Place of Trade,” described by Sagard, alluded to by Father Daillon and possibly by the heroic Brebeuf in 1640.

The Iroquois closed the St. Lawrence to the Hurons, with whom they were at war, forcing them to take a circuitous Ottawa route to reach the Place of Trade and exchange their furs and peltries with the French. Now, if under the direction and by the advice of the “black gown” the trade of the Neutrals was diverted from the Hurons to the French, the Huron nation would be hard hit. The wise men of Huronia assembled in council and, two weeks after the meeting, Huron

messengers—ambassadors from the Kinsmen of the Neutrals—arrived in their villages and it was all over with the mission of the brave and pious Recollet. Huron runners went from village to village, denouncing the French, declaring “they were a sad, melancholy people, who lived on snakes and poison; that we eat thunder, which they imagine to be an unparalleled chimera, relating a thousand strange stories about us; that we all had tails like animals; that our women had but one nipple, and that in the centre of the breast; that they gave birth to five or six children at a time, adding a thousand other absurdities to make us hated by them and prevent them trading with us, so that they might have the trade with the French all to themselves, which is very profitable to them.”

They also asserted that the priest was a malignant sorcerer and that before leaving the Hurons he had brought upon them a plague which had destroyed hundreds. By his sorcery, they contended, he would poison their streams, drive away the game and blight their crops.

The Neutral women and children trembled with fear. A sorcerer was, of living men, the most treacherous, the most powerful for evil and the most dreaded. Sorcerers, even on suspicion, were remorselessly slain. If the accusation had been brought against one of their own he would have perished by a blow of the tomahawk that night. They hesitated to slay the missionary, for they feared the vengeance of the French. But from the hour the charge was brought against him, he became a victim of insult, abuse, scorn and contumely. His mission was a failure, his hopes dead and his expectations buried.

Father Daillon returned to the Huron country, and there, on July 18, 1627, in the Indian town of Toanche, wrote the edifying and very interesting letter recording his experience and residence with the Attiwandarons. In this letter he gives, in all simplicity and humility, his observations of the land and people, tells of what he saw and heard, expresses hopes for the conversion of the tribe and declares himself to be: “The most humble servant of our Lord Jesus Christ.” He left

Huronian in the summer of 1628 and sailed for France September 9, 1629. In the "Liste Chronologique" of the Abbe Noisieux, the date of his death is recorded as occurring on July 16, 1656.

With the departure of Father Daillon, the Recollet Missions in Ontario ended. For ten years—1615 to 1625—they ploughed and harrowed the mission fields of Canada and they reaped, particularly in the Gaspé and maritime lands, a harvest of golden grain. We may say of them what the Psalmist said of the Zionites of his time: "Going on their way, they wept, scattering the seed. But they returned with joyfulness, bringing their sheaves with them. They sowed in tears and reaped in joy."

The Recollet priests who sailed with Champlain in 1615 were the pioneer missionaries of our Province, and led the way into those fastnesses of paganism and idolatry where the great Jesuit Fathers, who followed them, laboured with such heroic abandonment and self-effacement.

If the crucifixion of the flesh with its appetite desires and demands; if great suffering voluntarily assumed and patiently borne; if fatigue, hunger, thirst and exposure endured uncomplainingly for God and a perishing people, and if surrendering freely life itself and inviting the horrors of death by burning and prolonged agony for the redemption of the outcast and the salvation of souls, be marks of heroic sanctity and heroic fortitude, then we may truthfully say of these early missionaries, Recollets and Jesuits, what Saint Paul said of himself: "We bear in our body the marks of the Lord."

When on the 22nd July, 1629, the arms of France were taken down by the English admiral, Louis Kirke, to whom Quebec surrendered, and replaced by those of Great Britain, the Recollet and Jesuit missionaries went back to France.

The Recollets returned to Canada in 1670, but they never again visited Huronia or the Nipissing regions. They confined their missionary labours to Quebec City, Montreal and the Gaspé territory.

When Canada was ceded to Great Britain in 1763, a Royal Edict permitted the Jesuits and Recollets then in Canada to remain and "die where they are, but they must not add to their numbers." In 1784 Mgr. Briand, Bishop of Quebec, by "authority vested in the episcopal office," secularized the few then living Recollets and dispensed them from the observance of conventual rule. The last of the old guard, Father Louis DERNERS, died in Montreal, 1813, at the advanced age of 81 years.

Sagard, Le Clercq, Hennepin and Le Tac, Franciscan missionaries to the tribes, have bequeathed to us valuable writings which constitute a treasury of information. The letters of Father Dionisius Jamay give us an interesting description of the first Recollet monastery on the St. Charles River, Quebec, and explain very clearly the state and condition of the Canadian Colony at the beginning of the seventeenth century. We are indebted to Sagard for valuable and exact reports on the Huron and Algonquin tribes. He studied them carefully and patiently, and with great exactness describes their customs, habits and manners. The writings of Sagard cover a period of about fifteen years and they furnish very valuable information on the condition and life of the Algonquins and Hurons, when first visited by Europeans.

Brief Review of the Lives and Writings of the Early Recollets —Sagard, Hennepin, Le Clercq, and Le Tac

GABRIEL SAGARD THEODAT

Sagard laboured in converting the Huron Indians to Christianity during the early years of the 17th century. His principal writings are: "Travels to the Huron Country, towards the Fresh Water Sea and the uttermost limits of New France, called Canada; wherein is treated of all matters touch-

ing the country; the manners and character of the savages; their government and their ways, as well in their own country as when roaming; of their faith and belief; with a dictionary of the Huron language (1632); also "History of Canada and the Journey Made by the Friars, Minors, Recollets Thither for the Conversion of Unbelievers."

A modern edition of Sagard's works was published at Paris.*

LOUIS HENNEPIN

Father Hennepin arrived in Canada in 1675. On August 7, 1679, he accompanied La Salle on his famous but unfortunate expedition to the Illinois country. When La salle returned to Fort Frontenac, the priest continued his explorations. On April 30, 1680, he discovered and named the Falls of St. Anthony, Minnesota. He descended the Mississippi to the Wisconsin, and by the Fox river went on to Green Bay, and by the Lake Michigan route reached Quebec. From Quebec he sailed for France, where, in 1683, he published his "New Discovery of a Great Country in America," containing an account of La Salle's two expeditions and a description of the Upper Mississippi. In 1698 he published his "New Voyage to a Country Greater than Europe."**

CHRETIEN LECLERCQ

Father Leclercq came to Canada in 1650 and for six years was a missionary to the Algonquin tribes of the Gaspé region. He built the Franciscan monastery in Montreal with money he collected in France. His writings form a valuable addition to the early missionary history of Canada. His published works

* "Histoire du Canada et voyages que les Frères Mineurs Recollets y ont faects," par le Frère Gabriel Sagard, 4 Vols., Paris, 1886.

** "Description de la Louisiane Nouvellement Decouverte, etc." Amsterdam, 1683.

Nouvelle Decouverte d'un tres grand Pays, etc., par le R. P. Louis Hennepin." Amsterdam, 1698.

are "A New Account of the Gaspé Mission," and "The Establishment of the Faith in New France."†

SIXTE LE TAC

Father Le Tac, who was born at Rouen in 1650, came to Canada in 1670. He did missionary work at Three Rivers from 1678 to 1683, returning to Quebec in the latter year, where he acted as director of the Recollet novitiate. In 1689 he went with Father Denys to Newfoundland to build a residence for members of his Order. He returned to France and died, 1718, in the Recollet monastery, at Rouen.

Mr. Eugene Réveiland, who edited the "Chronological History of New France," contends the book was written by Sixte Le Tac, but the Reverend Odoric M. Jouve, a distinguished Franciscan writer, now residing at Quebec, takes issue with M. Reveiland, and is not entirely satisfied that Le Tac compiled the "Chronology." Rochemonteix, in the third volume of his "Les Jesuites et la Nouvelle France," assumes Le Tac to have been the writer of the Chronology. ‡

When God destines a great man for a great mission He makes and moulds that character so that it shall be fitted to achieve that end.—The Rev. R. Kane, S.J.

† "Nouvelle Relation de la Gaspésie, etc." Paris, 1691.

"Etablissement de la Foy dans le Nouvelle France, etc." Paris, 1671.

There is an excellent English translation of the "Etablissement" by John Gilmary Shea, enriched with valuable notes. 2 Vols. New York, 1881.

‡ "Histoire Chronologique de la Nouvelle France en Canada depuis sa decouverte (1504) jusques en l'an 1632, Par le Père Sixte Le Tac. Publiée par la première fois d'après le manuscrit original de 1689, Paris, 1888. Ed. par Eng. Reveillaud.

The Lord

BY THE REV. JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

I can see Him in the sunlight
In His beauty and His Splendor,
And the garments of His Glory
On the morning float and flow;
I can hear Him in the whisper
Of the willows young and tender,
I can hear Him in the murmur
Of the river singing low.

I can see His footsteps shining,
In the glory of the flowers
In the purple of the poppy
And the crimson of the rose.
I can feel His Sunny Presence
Filling all the golden hours,
Making music on the mountain
Where the morning-bugle blows.

And the trees their banners flutter
In the beauty of His Splendor,
And the river offers incense
In its smoke of silver mist.
All the birds with rapture singing
Hail the Maker, kind and tender
Like a thousand bells a-ringing
In His dome of amethyst.

Every violescent aster
Every shell beside the ocean,
Every breeze that like a robin
Whistles on its silver flute,
Sweetly murmurs of the Master
In the music of devotion
Till my heart is like the singing
Of a silver-ringing lute.

O, the summer is a casket
Rich with every jewel splendid
Gladly offered to the Glory
Of the Lord of Love and Light.
And the night a silver basket,
Full of brilliants gaily tendered
To the Lord, whose Golden Beauty
Makes the brow of morning bright!

O it's sweet to know that Heaven
Is beside, and not above us;
That the Lord of life and glory
Makes His tent upon the hills;
That in all the summer sunshine
We can find the Looks that love us,
Hear the rustle of His garments
In the music of the rills!

As of old He spake to Moses
In the bush upon the mountain,
So He speaks to every spirit,
In the balsam-laden breeze;
In the blooming of the roses,
In the flashing of the fountain—
For His rubrics are the flowers,
And the stars, His Litanies.

“Singing Fires of Erin”

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

REVIEWED BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

THIS book of beautiful lyrics is a brave and noble effort to bring back some of the lost glamour and glory of a time and of a people long passed under the pall of partial oblivion. The heroes and heroines of the Red Branch cycle, of the Fianna, and of the Cuchulain and Ossianic sagas, are now dim wraiths indeed, to the eyes of the practical historian. But to the scholarly dreamer, and the peasant, alike, their great names are crowned with an imperishable lustre, and they themselves are powerful and living realities who still haunt the scenes of their former exploits, at Teamhair and Almuin and Brugh-na-Boinne! It was no light task that the writer of this book of poems set before herself, to compose a whole volume of lyrics on the vague and shadowy legends which have come down to us from those primeval days; and her love for Ancient Erin and its glories is fully shown in the manner in which she has breathed life from her own soul into personages who have been so long lying in the dust and darkness of the tomb. She makes a great and grand procession of warriors and “splendid queens” pass again before our eyes. Cuchulain, and Finn, and Conchubar, and Ossian, and Lugh, and Diarmuid, and Aengus, and Emer, and Deirdre, and Findabair, and Maeve—all these “Shining Ones” live for us again and fade away in deathless music from our wistful gaze! They come to us in the “Singing Fires” of Erin, the “hero-light” a-shimmer round their heads, and the golden-armoured hosts of the Shee accompany them, clashing their shields and spears in thunders of acclaim!

How splendidly our poet sings the glory of that unsurpassed fighter and champion, Cuchulain, “the Torch of Valour of the Gael,” the incomparable “Hound of Ulster”:

"And his name a knightly pennon on the ramparts of the world,

And his fame a fire unfailing on Time's utmost purple height,
Erin's peerless gage of courage to the vaunting ages hurled—
Sunward evermore Cuchulain holds his flight!"

In "Dectera's Cradle-Song to Cuchulain" he is called:

"A laughter in the edge of swords,
A war-song chanted at the fords,
A death-bolt launched 'mid hostile hordes!"

And in the "Song of Emer":

"Where the red of his chariot gleams
There are songs in the lips of women,
There is praise on the tongues of Queens,
There is fear on the faces of foemen!"

Cuchulain died, as was fitting, with his face to the foe, his terrible sword in his hand, and his body self-bound to a pillar-stone, so that "he should not lie prostrate before his enemies":

"And radiant round his brow yet, the hero-flame is gleaming,
And firm yet his footsteps upon the reddened sod,
As with sword uplifted towards the day's last beaming
Forth goes the spirit of Cuchulain unto God!

Leaving to his land, and the Celtic race forever

That which shall not fail them throughout fading years,
Heritage of faith unchanged, of fear-undimmed endeavour,
And a quenchless laughter ringing down the edge of hostile
spears!"

The author of these poems resided in New York while she was studying, and writing of these dim and far-away times. In a beautiful lyric she tells us of her strange feelings as she emerged from one age into the other—from the Grianan of Aileach, as it were, to the clang of Broadway's cars:

Dreaming of Cities Dead.

Dreaming of cities dead,
 Of bright Queens vanishèd,
 Of kings whose names were but as seed wind-blown
 E'en when white Patrick's voice shook Tara's throne,
 My way along the great world-street I tread,
 And keep the rites of Beauty lost, alone!

Cairns level with the dust—
 Names dim with Time's dull rust—
 Afar they sleep on many a wind-swept hill,
 The beautiful, the strong of heart and will—
 On whose pale dreams no sunrise joy shall burst,
 No harper's song shall pierce with battle-thrill.

Long from their purpled heights,
 Their reign of high delights,
 The Queens have wended down Death's mildewed stair,
 Leaving a scent of lilies on the air,
 To gladden Earth through all her days and nights,
 That once she cherished anything so fair.

This singer of Erin's ancient glories has Irish blood in her veins and the love of Erin in her heart, and so she gives us the following splendid hymn in praise of Ireland's champions, alluding clearly in the second stanza to the great names of Cuchulain and Parnell:—

A Hosting of Heroes

Lord God to Thee, a song of praise
 For these, Thy paladins, we raise;
 Each name of whom a flag unfurled
 Athwart the ramparts of the world
 Remains a living word and sign
 Of all that made or makes divine
 The race wherefrom they drew their breath,
 The land they loved and served till death.

From him who 'midst his foes alone,
Self-bound unto the Pillar-stone,
To Doom's grey face and darkling skies
Turned yet unconquered, sun-glad eyes,
To him, that later chief, whose name
Gleams yet a torch of unquenched flame,
A beacon flung against the dark,
To light our feet to Freedom's ark.

For all who kept their sword-bright trust,
Their sword-bright faith undimmed of rust;
From whose dead lips unto our own
The sacred word of Duty borne,
Shall yet from Night uplift our land,
And work the glory that they planned—
For those we praise, for those we laud
Thy everlasting name, Lord God.

The following little lyric is a unique effort of pure inspiration. Its beauty is stark and unadorned, like that of tall and leafless poplars on a wintry sunset height:

An Earth Spirit.

A flame that dances down the wind,
A swallow-wing against the sky,
An autumn leaf to brush your cheek,
And whirl away, no more am I!

Friends fall, dreams fade, the gods are dead.
My daylight suffers no eclipse—
Across eternal abyssms
I kiss to Fate my finger-tips.

For one am I in brain and heart
And breath with her who gave me breath,
Who keeps her green way singingly
Athwart the cairns where slumbereth

Alike high valor and fair Love;
Where dust the mouth of Deirdre is,
And on the lips of Cuchulain
Forgotten all is Emer's kiss.

We are told that all these lyrics were written in prosaic New York. It is hardly possible, however, that the writer never saw the scenes of the dramas into whose spirit she enters so well. She surely must have seen the low, melancholy outlines of "High Almuin of Leinster" (the Hill of Allen), and watched them disappear and reappear under the trailing and ghostly "Druid mists."

She must have seen the sun go down behind purple Slieve-na-mon, and, in the mystic night-time, under a moon huge and broad as the brazen shield of Finn, she must have listened for the Dord Fiann—Finn's hunting horn—and the cries of the Finian heroes urging on the chase! If it be true that she has never seen the hills of Ireland, then, in this little poem, she has proved that it is not the native of Ireland living there, but the exile and the stranger who can seize on the magic and the mystery of that ancient and enchanted land.

An Irish Enchantment.

There's a ripple and shower of song-drops shaken,
A brown wing whirrs through the white-thorn spray—
O soul of mine from your dreams awaken!
Sweet, green Erin is far away.

Here is no highway of singing thrushes—
Onward with thunderous roar and din
The great life-stream of the city rushes,
Avid to draw me in.

Yet over it all, the wild, faint laughter
Of grasses astir beneath the moon,
Cries, "Come!" "Come!" "Come!" and I follow after
The whispering, elfin tune.

And my feet are winged with a blind desire
For brackened hills where the starbeams rest,
And dead as the ash of a last year's fire
Is the spirit within my breast.

Is it not true to cease your dreaming,
Lost and wandering heart o' me say?
O fairy eyes through the thickets gleaming
You've stolen my heart away!

The writer of this book of lyrics is too genuine an artist not to be swayed and stirred as with a mighty wind, by the spell and appeal of ancient Pagan Eire, but she is too good a Christian to lose her soul completely to this Pagan spell and to follow forever the "wandering fires," as some great lovers of Ireland have done, and so she comes back at the end of her book to sing with a whole and a joyful heart of the sweet Catholic Faith that has saved Ireland, and whose lightest-breathed prayer is more powerful and more salutary than all the craft and magic of the Druids!

We give the first and last stanzas of this poem entitled:—

O, Radiant Faith of Ireland

O, radiant Faith of Ireland! thou light of many lands;
Thou flame that goest our feet before, thou torch within our
hands.
Thou golden span across the gulf of sundering ages cast,
Thou glory shining yet undimmed from out our splendid past.

And blest and proud forever be the word that o'er the earth
Joins "Irish" and "Catholic" in one instinctive breath;
That said, perchance not all in praise, becomes our two-edged
blade,
Wherewith to win in Truth's defense, God's knightly accolade.

The "Singing Fires of Erin," then, is a brave and tender and beautiful book. It is brave with the recital of the matchless valour of Cuchulain and Finn; tender with the love and sacrifice of Deirdre; and beautiful with the grace and glory of Maeve and Emer and Findabair! The man of Irish blood who can read its pages unmoved and unthrilled, is truly recreant to his name and race, an unworthy heir to the incomparably noble heritage of Celtic tradition and folk-love and romance.

(Published by John Lane Company, New York City.
Price \$1.00 net).

Year by year the Gaelic heart turns thither (to Lough Derg) as the magnet to the North. Pilgrims come across the division of the seas. The sighs of dead generations are heavy in the air and the very stones are steeped with their prayers . . . Above the multitudes of the pilgrims the greater multitude of the Saints tread the storm-ridden skies. From the watchers below a great cry still reaches to the Lady of Heaven—to Mary, the Joy of the Gael, whose feet rest in Iona; Mary clothed with the bright treasure of the Northern Seas; Mary, whose girdle is the love of Ireland; whose hair is bound with the stars that shine upon the holy lakes of Ireland.—Shane Leslie.

A Chosen Few

BY THE REV. P. J. CORMICAN, S.J.

Though Pleasure whispers miles away,
Her voice is clear, her pleading stirs;
Though Duty shouteth night and day,
Some cannot hear a word of hers.

She pleads with them incessantly,
Her pleading is most eloquent,
Her reasons strong as strong can be,
She names reward and punishment.

And yet her earnest pleading falls
On careless, heedless, listless ears;
And ever and anon she calls,
But calls in vain, for no one hears.

The man who shuts his eye or ear,
And shirks his duty wilfully,
With ears to hear he will not hear,
With eyes to see he will not see.

Thank God, there are a chosen few,
Whose eyes are open day and night,
Who see the thing they ought to do,
And do it still with all their might.

They've found in life their proper place,
They seem predestined from their birth,
They are the saviours of their race,
The light of men, the salt of earth.

The world would be a sorry place
Without such noble souls and true;
They are the triumph of God's grace:
What they have done, that I can do.

From Scepticism to Faith

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL.

HOW difficult it is to trace the events or processes that led to the important acts of one's life! After all clues are unearthed and recorded, there still remains an element of the inexplicable, as in the old Greek story of the man who was asked why he knew Hercules was a god, and who replied, "Because I was content the moment my eyes rested upon him." The answer is quite satisfactory and wholly illogical.

Yet logic rarely draws anyone into a conviction or a covenant; it is rather those experiences that shine from the encircling gloom like Newman's angel-faces and lead on by intermittent gleams to a goal not at first in the perspective. We follow our sympathies, our casual illuminations, our hopes, "blind and sweet," with unconscious divagation and retracing of the road like lost children in an enchanted wood, until one day we discover that we are under the very walls of the City of God, and must entreat entrance or turn back.

There is pain in that hour—the hurt of surprise which wayfarers feel when the goal is not to their mind or according to the map of their preconceptions; something sudden, inexplicable, and violent is in this crisis, as of one taken unfairly or unawares—with all his little equipment in disarray. Even platitudes are wanting, nor does the tongue find them easily in the astonishment of the heart.

I never desired to be a Catholic. Even to the very hour of my reception I was reluctant, not to say resentful, and half hoping a rescue from my own rather depressed conviction that I had found a master. But no rescue occurred and in I went, wondering what would be the landscape on the other side of the cloud; and if I should find peace there—or further insoluble problems.

This was quite in accord with my habit of mind as an

Episcopalian, for I had drifted into that kind of modernism which though continually haunted by the supernatural, yields reluctantly to its influence. The whole Gospel story had become for me as far-off and dream-like as De Quincey's visions of Palestine, full of a pale and solemn glory, yet conveying the impression of a mirage. I was fond of the beauty of ritual, but I never went through the High Church period, partly by reason of my sceptical temper of mind, partly because I suspected imitation. I turned from the doors of St. Ignatius and St. Mary the Virgin, because I felt a certain reflected quality in the spirit of their ceremonial, as if they were children copying their elders and immensely diverted by their game. I did not care to join in it.

I was happiest in my church relations when I was in England, for Anglicanism on its own soil has naturally its most gracious aspect. I think of the Church of England always in the form of some tender and wistful woman who treads softly in a twilight from which she will never emerge. Her beautiful hymns, the matchless English of her Book of Common Prayer, her churches where, it seems, people sigh rather than pray, all her wonderful aesthetic appeal like the novel of John Inglesant done into stone and stained glass—these aspects held magic for me. I loved her and in a sense I love her yet. Aesthetically she has a place all her own. Yet by that path of beauty I was to take my first steps away from her to the Church Catholic—for if there is England, there is also Italy!

When I was a child someone made me acquainted with an engraving of the Chair Madonna. Then began a love for pictures of the Madonna, especially in later years for those of the old masters, which may or may not have had its springs in religious instinct, but which influenced me for years and made my short Italian sojourn a veritable seeking of old loves. I sometimes wonder if it was in Florence that the journey to the Church was really begun—in that sharp March month full of flying snow alternating with sudden brilliant sunshine that cut deep shadows in the Della Robbia bas-reliefs and filled the Du-

omo with lovely light. Annunciation Day I was at the Annunziata and knelt for hours with a throng of worshippers close to the rail of the sanctuary; in a thick incense-laden air through which the folds of scarlet satin draping all the walls gave out brilliant lustre. The young American with me was "High Church," and he was half resentful of this service and its adornments—of the ruddy satin and the smooth music and the heavy incense, but there seemed to me power in it.

Then from that half-barbaric richness I passed to the chill white sweet Church of San Miniato. I used to look at the dead Cardinal on his marble tomb until it seemed as if I had to waken him and ask him of what he was dreaming, and if it was his Church that had made him so beautiful. Like another ray of light across my path was Perugino's Crucifixion in the ruined refectory—so full of stillness and hope.

These things at the time appealed only to my sense of beauty as far as I know, yet beauty may beacon the soul. I like to think that the Lily-City was one of my guides—and that in its ancient streets I encountered more than ghosts of the past. Dante's splendour had already beacons me to expore his starry heaven; and to tremble within the spirals of his Inferno. Whether I knew it or not I must have felt beating through the writings of this great son of Florence the powerful pulse of an historie Christianity; must have heard through his voice the voice of his Mother.

Another recognisable clue in my progress was the *Adeste Fideles* heard on a dark Christmas Day in Notre Dame—and my haunting of that cathedral and dim St. Severin. I went much to the Madeleine, and I used rather awkwardly to make my genuflections and to bless myself for courtesy's sake.

I seem to be travelling backward, for before the Paris period were two or three hours spent in Granville en route for Paris. As usual I sought out the church—one so ancient as to appear part of the gaunt rock from which it looked seaward. A peasant woman and I went in together, and she offered me holy water.

After that continental experience there followed many years in my own country, when not the outer but the inner life must be searched for the gleams that led me on. I was always seeking, sometimes doubtfully, sometimes with the hope that in the end I should encounter a truth from which there could be no turning. Meanwhile within the dignified shelter of the Episcopal church I could cull what I wanted from many teachers, but give allegiance to none. When my friends joined the Theosophical society or became Christian Scientists, I felt that I, for my part, could never label myself. I was a member of a religious body—that couldn't be helped—but never would I change organizations. I told myself they were all alike inimical to the universal spirit and to the spontaneity which should flow from it. Imprison truth in dogma, cage life in organization, and in your hand you would hold a dead bird.

Yet a certain persistent curiosity in my nature concerning the unseen drew me to a road which equally with the road of beauty was to lead me to my true home. I had always been fond of occult books, of the whole fabric of ghostly conjecture; and during the impressionable years of my life I had had access to a large occult library. These studies, aside from my religious training, predisposed me to believe in those forces of good and evil, of white and black magic which play beneath the most seemingly commonplace events.

Despite my interest in these subjects I had a healthy aversion to them in unregulated and unsanctioned forms. I wanted the devil chained, so to speak, and one of the aspects of the Catholic Church which strongly appealed to me was its understanding and command of those secondary forces of the supernatural—if one may so term them—of which Protestantism either denied the existence, or admitting them, found them only an embarrassment, too "unscientific" for proper classification.

Long before I was drawn to the Church by its highest claims, I felt interested in an institution which practised exorcism, believed in good and evil spirits and taught the control of the imagination and of the will.

On the other hand, it was apparent that Protestantism was not only not authoritative in matters of theology, but it had no adequate understanding of the supernatural, of the mysteries of the very Book which served as its foundation-stone. When the story of the demoniacal man out of whom Jesus cast the evil spirits, was read in church, it seemed that the congregation remained placid only because the whole matter was over and done with nineteen hundred years ago; and that they would call such a tale in modern setting "perfect nonsense." I used to observe that people who accepted the apparition of Samuel to Saul as true "because it is in the Bible," would scoff at the mention of ghosts or of a haunted house.

This contradiction—the worship of a Book none of whose recorded signs and wonders had survived the death of St. John the Divine—had puzzled me even as a child. Very early I had felt that the biblical record was either eternally, fundamentally true and that Protestantism had lost the key to its interpretation, or that the Sacred Books belonged to the childhood of the race, to the anthropomorphic conceptions of undeveloped peoples.

I used to wonder why the miraculous had ceased automatically in a certain year of grace; why Protestants could accept the restoring power of Jesus and His saints within the Bible but deny it outside of the Bible. People who listened without demur to the story of Peter healing the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple would yet smile incredulously over the miracles at Lourdes. I could not understand why a Power once in the world should be mysteriously and arbitrarily withdrawn, as if its workings were in the nature of an episode.

The Catholic Church seemed the only one that actually continued the Bible—kept alive the miracles, the dreams, the visions, the holy intuitions, and thus keeping it alive, established its Truth pragmatically as Protestantism never could.

Granting so much, I was ready to grant more. About four years before my conversion, a chance remark of a friend made a deep impression on me. We were at the time in London,

and over our fire one evening talking of the supernatural, my friend said casually, "Of course, the Church of Rome is the only one that has preserved the mysteries."

This observation coming from a member of the Theosophical Society, interested me exceedingly. I did not question it, nor comment upon it at the time, but I felt that what my friend meant was just the contradistinction between a Bible-embalmed Christianity and something intensely present, intensely "aware" and active, a Life somehow controlling forces now in operation, which was not at the mercy of French scepticism or German scholarship.

Whether I liked the Catholic Church or not—and on her objective side I was not always drawn to her—the fact remained that she not only accepted the Incarnation and all that flowed from it, but she was mistress of a realm for an explanation of whose laws Protestantism since the era of the Higher Criticism was forced to appeal to the Society for Psychical Research. And this increasing helplessness of Protestantism in the face of the supernatural was only being emphasized by the whole drift of modern thought towards the Invisible Reality, until the paradox had been created of religious bodies turning to science to be assured of the existence of God.

But the Church having preceded science in that region, had nothing to fear. Instead of being retrogressive—this question would sometimes obtrude itself—was not the Catholic Church the most modern of all institutions holding within its arcana a wisdom towards which the scientific world toiled painfully.

This operant Reality of the Church, this command of spiritual forces actually at work, as opposed to the written documents of Protestantism, made strong appeal to my conviction that Christianity to be effectual must be less a theology than a living mystery; less a worshipped record than a supernaturalized will; less an intellectual assent to the dogmas of a book, than an encounter with Christ in the Way. For the full effects of the Incarnation could not be found in the letter, but in the

Living Word. Did not the Catholic Church show forth the Word? Did she not in the words of the Book of Common Prayer, "both prevent and follow" the generations of mankind, preserving to them the Christian Mysteries?

To my questions I was soon to have fuller answers. During the summer of 1914 I made the acquaintance of a woman, herself a convert, who in a perfectly quiet, unobtrusive way, did more to open my mind to the truth than anyone, except the priest who instructed me. In November I had put my first direct question to her concerning her Church—and I distinctly remember the occasion. It was not after some impressive religious ceremony, but seated at the base of a lighthouse on the edge of the ocean, on a day when a great wind was blowing and the sun was bright. The exterior circumstances may or may not have symbolized what was happening, but I always like to think of my surroundings on the day I asked the crucial question concerning the effect of Catholicism on a believer—the lighthouse and the sea stretching away to infinity, and the heavy wind with glory through it.

My friend put remarkable books in my way, not only the writings of Benson and Père Caussade, but some of the works of the greatest Catholic mystics; and on the tide of those "mysteries" I was to be carried away from the familiar landmarks.

It was like language learned in another world and forgotten amid the phenomena of Time. I do not know just how I groped back to it, but I had hours of hearing the message when scepticism was laid asleep and I felt myself for awhile in the presence of universal forces. Even in my most determined efforts to get at the truth through the intellect, I had still the underlying conviction that I must touch Life to know the thrill of life and that the heart of the mystery was not logic only, but passion.

Emotion or intuition had always guided me more surely than thought. Much had reached me that way through my life, whether from feelings aroused by sunlight sweeping up a

hill, or by music, or the beauties of ancient shrines, and I feared that in the end this Church would call in the same way—like the flutes of a dream. For after all what we have wished for and forgotten may form our destiny, and the will is strengthened for good or evil by unsuspected desire.

Meanwhile I continued to be much in the perilous company of the mystics, the band of those who have become transparent to the divine light. I used to wonder in reading them to what creation they belonged and if the Church had really fostered them to such a state of heavenly vigor. If She had, where was the Heart of the Mystery? Surely in some throbbing Love that could impart light to the beloved.

So I came to feel the power of the Church—through the medium of her children. St. John of the Cross was the figure through which most clearly the majestic universality of the Church was made known to me. I had accused her of narrowness, yet here was a canonized son of her heart shining from “an ampler ether, a diviner air” than any of which rumor had reached me. The intense loneliness of this saint in depth beyond depth of the Infinite Dark haunted my imagination—as well as his exquisite perception of human needs, like a glance back at conditions from which he himself must have been long released.

St. Theresa’s life revealed to me another aspect of the matter. I began to see what persistent self-discipline and self-devotion led to the clarified perceptions of this mystic; and gradually I knew that in this Church the approach to God was no explorer’s chance, but that a map existed and every detail of the traveller’s equipment had been known for centuries.

There dawned on me about this time the fact that prayer exterior and interior, concentration, meditation, fasting, the whole exercise which releases the divinity in man was in the hands of this Church entirely safe guarded and seasoned to the needs of the humblest. I had seen in more than one instance the deleterious effects of unguided asceticism outside the

Church, but it was evident that the Christian guided by the Church Catholic could not, except by his own wilfulness fall into morbidity or extravagance.

The wonderful sanity of St. Theresa—the combination of bread-baking, of humble kitchen service, with a piercing vision that rested not short of the heart of God—this threw a light on the Church that henceforth I could not evade.

Much in the same way did the life of St. Catherine of Siena draw me to behold how close a saint can be to the strong currents of the world and yet control them.

As I read her writings, there came as with those of St. John of the Cross, a sense of one fed supernaturally, carried on by rapture and pain into the vastness of God's love—and again I had to look at the Church Catholic for the clue.

Another figure guided me—the one saint so beloved by Protestants, gentle Francis of Assisi. Why he is so dear to Protestants it is hard to determine, except as a certain writer points out, that they see in him a figure as elemental as the trees and flowers with which he communed. There is a hint of Pan in St. Francis—Pan who has met Christ in the woods.

I loved him and the animals that walked behind him docilely. Even the wolf of Gubbio seemed to say to me that this Church had, indeed, "preserved the Mysteries," including the mystery of love.

And now long-ago experiences shone out more brightly and with a different meaning. After reading St. John of the Cross, I understood better the mystery of holy rest in the face of the recumbent Cardinal in San Miniato; and a paragraph of St. Catherine's would sometimes bring to my vision the Umbrian hills and against the broad arch of peaceful sky Christ on His Cross with the adoring saints about Him, as in Perugino's picture.

All this was leading me gradually to the central Mystery, to the Mass; but again through winding ways and by lights glimpsed for a moment and lost again. My road was strewn with incredulities, prejudices, fears—and only the ever-recurrent gleams kept me to it.

The mystics had shown me that their secret was a secret of life supernaturalized and bound up with the deepest purposes of God—and soon I had to turn my eyes to the Altar where was the Source of this life.

I am deeply thankful that the Central Mystery of the Church was to me even then essentially beautiful and reasonable, and I believed it while I was still dealing with my doubts in other matters. The Incarnation if a fact was an eternal fact and God was with His people.

The Mass meant first to me just that assurance of immanence and Ever-Present Power; which soon broadened to a sense of the ever-living, ever dying Christ as the food of a great family. Only through the Mass could the supernatural life be nourished. The great saints had lived by that sustenance as well as thousands of obscure believers.

But despite my feelings in regard to the Mass I still shrank from the conditions of my access to this sacrament. The haunting sense rarely left me that the dogmatic absolute represented by the doctrine of Papal Infallibility might result in despotism. My old dread of organizations as fundamentally opposed to the love of humanity, in the sense, that a too fervent patriotism is to the world-spirit—this dread held me for a long time prisoner. I had to learn that the fact did not depend on the expressed doctrine—but that the doctrine flowed naturally from the fact.

Meanwhile I was constantly reading. Some books helped me, others did not. In the former class I place the writings of Robert Hugh Benson, particularly "Christ in His Church" and "The Friendship of Christ"; St. Teresa's "The Way of Perfection"; "A Sister's Story" by Mrs. Craven; "Spiritual Life and Prayer," by the Benedictines of Stanbrook, and Père Caussade's "Holy Abandonment." Through them I was introduced to the vocabulary of the interior life; and often I loved the very sound of the words before I quite knew what they meant.

In March, 1915, my very faithful friend took me to a priest of the Paulist congregation—and the event was fortunate.

Then began a period of argument—that weary, hopeless method of trying to arrive at the truth by talking. Let me say here that the person who cuts straight across his desire to argue will get that much the quicker into the desired haven.

I sometimes wonder even now at the endless patience of my guide in answering my hazy, interminable series of questions with such clarity, wisdom and forbearance. He was himself witnessing for his Church, and did much unconsciously to illustrate his own arguments.

But I wore out my own patience at last by these meticulous methods favourable only as revealing what weapons were in the hands of the Church, what logic, what sweet reasonableness, what knowledge of the springs of action. It was like approaching one “older than the rocks among which she sits”—and there were hours when I had the sensation of having gazed into the face of the Sphinx.

For after all it was the inexplicable in this Church that both lured me on and presented a barrier over which with my little fancies and objections I could not pass. Sometimes I would go from my conferences with a deep resentment in my heart. All history, as Protestants know it, proved this Church and her claims wrong, but she still smiled and lived on.

That ineffable, unfathomable smile of the Church—I know no better simile for her cryptic graciousness—used to affect me like the Madonnas of Leonardo da Vinci, mysterious within their mysterious landscapes, alone with an incommunicable secret.

That secret I longed to share, but I still hesitated to pay the price of participation.

Gradually argument palled upon me, since through it I drew no nearer to the truth. I used to wonder if, once within the fold of the Church, I should understand her better, or whether she would remain the Virgin of the Desert no nearer my comprehension or my love.

I did not go to her services—and those old days in Florence and Paris were now far enough away to dim even my conception of what those services might be. Sometimes I would kneel for a while in the Paulist Church and wonder and dream and see the great pageant of the Latin Church like a procession of kings move through time. She appealed powerfully to my imagination.

I used to think of her, of her secular prowess and centuries of diplomacy, but no less of her pure glories, her immortal craftsmanship.

Gregory, Augustine, Mary of Egypt, Joan of Arc, Fénelon, Dante, Dominic, Blessed Angela—I beheld her saints, her scholars and her poets as a cloud of witnesses to her glory—and with these visions of lives supremely lived came the old sense of the inexplicable, the old consciousness of being shut out from the aristocracy of the spiritual realm “whose faces averted from me would be more than I could bear.”

The tug of the tide was now very strong. I began to feel that helplessness which is the beginning of submission. I longed “to live dangerously” as Nietzsche puts it; to share this great and perilous undertaking within the Church of God.

In September, 1915, I attended a retreat conducted by my instructor, the Paulist priest, at the Convent of Marymount; and here I made my decision to become a Catholic—made it reluctantly, with little happiness and feeling much like a person in a fog.

A month later I was received.

Of the landscape on the other side of the cloud into which I stooped how shall I write? I can only say that “in all that broad expanse of tranquil light I saw no shadow of parting.”



The Land of Dreams

DR. WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

In drowsy night, long after the lone day
Has folded glad its silent, crimson wings
In seas of gold, I hear low whisperings
Of some sweet voice that lures my thoughts away
Into a land, blushing with rose of May,
Where Joy, enthroned, tunes her harp's silver strings
To rhapsodies which far and wide she flings
While sad-faced mem'ry kneels a-down to pray.
Dear land of Dreams! 'tis God that lights thy face
With the pure sunshine of the fears gone by,
And in thy smile a radiance fairly beams,
While to Sleep's pris'ner, in thy fond embrace,
Youth's voices mellow and Love's tender sigh
Recall how bright Life's morning's faded gleams.

King Coal

BY THE REV. LUCIAN JOHNSTON.

THE three or four men or things, whose presence in the world do not impress me as an unmixed blessing, are coal, chemistry, the biologist, and the "reformer," because each typifies to my mind the several greatest evils afflicting modern civilization, in spite of the much good otherwise done by them.

Let us take the coal first. Now, understand me. Coal is here and Coal is king, and I am so thin-blooded that I am its willing slave. But, it is a pity that it ever came, because its advent signalized the passing of that more natural and healthy life which God and nature meant man to lead—I mean the life in the country where each man would live normally on land owned by him.

It is a far cry from coal to Martin Luther and yet there is a fatal historic connection. Odd, by the way, that Luther's father was a miner. Now, we all have read of "Merrie England." When was England merry?—it surely is not merry now and has not been for some centuries. It was merry away back in the Middle Ages. Why was England then so merry? It was precisely because people generally lived in the country and owned the land they lived on and were content with the simple pleasures of home, and were not forever gadding about on the trains (drawn by steam from *coal*); because they fought like humans when they did fight and not with the diabolical inventions of modern *chemistry* and allied sciences; because they had a fine Catholic faith which taught them that their souls came from God and not from some anthropoidal Ape, as taught by the modern *biologist*; because that same Catholic faith and normal living bred in them temperance in drinking or eating whereby they avoided the excesses which partly justify

the meddling of the pestiferous present-day *reformer*. That is why England was "merry."

In the fifteenth century the great mass of Englishmen lived in the country and owned the land they lived on and all other means of production. Through the Wars of the Roses much of this good old stock was killed off, with the result that the land began to be concentrated in the hands of a fewer number. Now, here comes in the son of that Saxon coal-miner, Luther. The "Reformation," begun by him, spread to England where there occurred the greatest economic disaster that ever hit the land, namely, the suppression of the monasteries. This meant that an immense portion of the land was taken from the Church and her contented tenants, and given over to a group of new and greedy and unscrupulous nobles who had arisen on the graves of the fine, old Medieval nobility and yeomanry.

Here comes in King "Coal." Just when the medieval English agriculturist found himself dispossessed of his land and impoverished, coal and iron and the wonderful potentialities of the same through the discovery of steam, came to the front. The landless and impoverished man could not use them. But this new batch of nobles, grown rich on the suppression of the monasteries, could and did use them. The only refuge left the robbed people was to go and work for these few. And right there you have the kernel of the modern industrial and social system. Gathering together in such large numbers meant the rapid multiplication of immense cities with their factories and restless life. The railroads and trolleys created another restlessness. And so on and on, until the old simple life in the country became a thing of the past. Life became what it is now, a deliberately balanced system of artificialities, which needed only that assassin's bullet at Sarajevo to shake it as if it were a house of cards. In such a system Coal is King; for without coal our great cities would melt away in a week. Our steamships rust at their anchors. Our whole manner of life would have to be changed radically back to where it started—the country.

This is why I say I do not consider as unmixed blessings coal or any other such thing that lies at the bottom of this hopelessly unnatural and artificial thing we call modern civilization. Now, I'm not such a fool as to think that we should or could do without it or that we could all troop back to the farm. I am rather indulging in an historic retrospect on general principles in the hope that we might stumble on light to guide us now when the modern civilization seems to be in such grave peril. I beg you to bear one or two big facts in mind. The first is that England was merry when most people lived on the land. The second is that they were merry when they *owned the land and all other means of production*. Now, if people cannot go back to the land, and if the main means of production depends so much upon coal, why—I leave all to your own logic, one needs no great amount of intelligence to grasp the situation nor need to be a socialist to see the obvious remedy for it. So much for coal.

Just a passing reference to the others. The chemist is, perhaps, the most *physically* dangerous of all. It is his skill that invents these horrible explosives and gasses now brutalizing mankind at war. If one would let his fancy run free, he might see in the further advancement of chemical warfare the possibility of the utter destruction of the human race by a sort of world suicide.

The biologist is the most spiritually dangerous, because he corrupts the soul. Say what you will, this whole war was generated by the doctrine of "evolution," that is, by a doctrine according to which men are only animals of whom only the strongest survive in the struggle for existence. Darwin and Nietzsche are the real ones who have made this war so unspeakable in its shuddering horrors. So much for the biologist. More about him later on, for he is the most dangerous of all.

Now, lastly, the professional "reformer"—that dangerous *lunatic*. He is the by-product of the restlessness caused by the supremacy of coal and he is right in so far as he looks with horror upon the materialism in life caused by the mechani-

cal philosophy of your biologist and chemist. But he is a *lunatic* and thereby dangerous. He quite rightly wants to cure evil, but he has not enough brains wherewith to do it. He lets his *feelings* guide him, and hence he becomes intemperate. He is the most intemperate man living. His danger lies in the fact that, not satisfied with regulating your drink (or taking it away), he is *logically bound to become a religious persecutor*. He can't help it. He must keep on and on meddling until only religion is left to meddle with. And that logical step is not as far off here in the United States as you fondly imagine. A few months ago priests in Oklahoma, *using wine to say Mass, broke the law*. Now, put that in your pipe and smoke it.

All of us have read, I repeat, of Merry England. And now how strange the word "merry" sounds. People indeed were merry in those simple Catholic times. And so they could well troll the classic ditty:

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl
And he called for his fiddlers three."

Our very inability to grasp the profound truth in these (to us) absurd lines, is a startling confession of the tragic change wrought in the human soul during the past four centuries.

For, we are no longer "merry." The laugh began to die out in men's hearts first when the Reformation, begun by the son of that gloomy Saxon miner, swept over England and drove the happy peasantry out of possession of their land; it has since completely died out when King Coal, in the hands of a greedy minority, drove them to huddle in the ugly cities where pleasure's object is not to enjoy pleasure, but to forget pain; when the careful and soulless chemist has brutalized all chivalry and manly honor out of even warfare; when a cruel

biology shuts out heaven and bids these industrial slaves look back for ancestry to the brute and forward to only a higher type of brute—the superman — the “Blond Beast” of Nietzsche; when, to crown it all, the well-meaning but none the less lunatic—the Puritan reformer—is busy taking from them the few pleasures yet left their dreary life.

Verily, neither England nor America is any longer “merry.” If I may pun on the merry old King *Cole*’s name, I should suggest the following as the proper modern rendition of the old rhyme:

“Young King Coal is a mirthless soul
And a dull young soul is he;
His pipe’s gone out,
There’s nought in his bowl,
For he cries for efficiency.”

Efficiency! alas! The last word wherewith to sum up a soulless and inhuman civilization now being corrupted in its very soul by that very same efficiency.

Now, finally, lest you put all this down to my own pessimism, I beg the thoughtful to read “The Subsistence of Gothic,” by Ralph A. Cram. Much of it is too technical to be understood. But much also is easily grasped. The author candidly expresses the solemn convictions that the Modern Age (that lasting the past four or five centuries) has reached its close in this awful war, that it is bankrupt industrially, politically, above all spiritually, that revolution may be at hand. Then he adds that that old Catholic Medieval civilization “the best man ever created . . . contains within itself the solution of our manifold and tragical difficulties, and is, in fact, *the model whereon we must rebuild the fabric of a destroyed culture and civilization,*” not that we should or could go back and live exactly as people did in the days of Richard the Lion-hearted or St. Thomas Aquinas, but that we can and must renew the Catholic-Christian *spirit* of those days, if we ever hope to emerge from the chaos brought

about these four or five centuries by an essentially Pagan spirit.

The author is not a Catholic. Let me, then, as a Catholic push his conclusion to its logical next step and say that our only salvation lies in a turning away from the disguised Paganism known as Protestantism and a return to the splendid, world unity of the Catholic Church. Protestantism has had exactly four centuries in which to run its course. The result is material and spiritual chaos. The only road to safety is the old, old, old road to Rome.

Mother of God, Protect Thy Men-at-Arms

Mother of God, as evening falls
Upon the silent sea,
And shadows veil the mountain walls,
We lift our souls to thee:
From lurking perils of the night,
The desert's hidden harms,
From plagues that waste, from blasts that smite,
Defend thy men-at-arms.

Aye! Heaven keep them; and ye Angel-hosts
That wait with fluttering plumes around the great
White Throne of God, guard them from scath and harm.

Mother of God, the evening fades
On wave and hill and lea,
And in the twilight's deepening shades
We lift our souls to thee:
In passion's stress—the battle's strife,
The desert's lurking harms—
Maid-Mother of the Lord of Life,
Protect thy men-at-arms.

—Selected.



JOHN AYSCOUGH'S MOTHER

Fairy Tales

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH'S MOTHER.

THE FAIRIES' ROCK.

"I'm a little fairy thing, I am always on the wing
Thro' the soft summer nights, to the dawn of the day,
I shun the busy town but I love the mountain brown
In the gentian bells I hide all the day—all the day."

SO sang Wynn timer as she peered into the depths of a beautiful blue gentian that had been gathered on the mountain side. "Come out, pretty fairy, come out," she cried; but there was no fairy in the bell, and the hum of the wild bees, and the chirping of a cricket in the grass answered to her call. Wynn timer had gone out with her father who was sketching a bit of the mountain scenery, and so absorbed was he in his work that he did not miss the child, who after a while wandered away into the pine wood close by. There she found plenty to amuse her, now she was chasing a butterfly; now she was after a cricket; and so she strayed farther and farther until she had gone quite a long way; then, tired out, she sat on a bank to rest her weary little limbs. The spot she had chosen was close to a riding path which, if followed for an hour, would lead up to the great glacier. All around her were tall pine trees, which to the child's imagination, seemed to carry their dark points up to the bright sky. A distant mountain showed in dim blue mistiness through an opening in the forest, and in front of Wynn timer's resting place was a huge rock, in shape something like a monster egg, chipped in various places. This rock stood all by itself. Its bare sides were too smooth to form a resting place for either fern or moss, but here and there a patch of yellow or brown lichen gave a bit of colour to the grey stone.

Wynn timer sat gazing in a dreary, dozy manner at the rock, wondering if her brother Willie could climb to where the yel-

low lichen grew, when she saw the funniest little mannikin, sitting on the top, blowing with all his might through the trumpet of a honeysuckle. He blew, and blew, making a shrill, sweet sound, and presently several little people even smaller than himself, answered his call, hurrying to him from all points of the compass. Some rode on spiders' webs that stretched from bough to bough of the pine trees. Fair ladies came, riding upon dragon-flies. One merry little fairy passed by on the back of a bumble bee, another was mounted on a blue butterfly, while a third had chosen a heavy looking brown cockchafer for her steed. So they came at the trumpet's call, until the rock and the bushes near it were covered with the fairy company, all in a great fuss to know why they had been aroused in such a hurry from their noonday slumbers. The herald blew a prolonged blast upon the trumpet, and then the King arose up and said: "You all mourned with me upon the death of my beloved Queen, but much as she is lamented it is necessary that I should choose her successor. I have chosen—she is a beautiful creature, with hair like spun gold, lovely blue eyes and a delicate rose-leaf complexion. My only difficulty is that she is large; in fact very large. Her beautiful nose is longer than my whole body, and altogether she is so big I want you to put your heads together and think of some spell by which we can reduce her to our own fairy-like proportions."

Now among the King's subjects was a fair lady who had hoped to take the place of her friend, the late Queen. When she heard the King's words she was very angry, she bit her lips, and her eyes flashed, but she did not dare to say anything, only in her heart she determined that no rival should stand in her way. When the others were talking and proposing various spells, she slipped away and summoned some wicked little spirits to her aid. "Do you see that creature on the bank?" said she. "Go plunge your poisoned spears all over her face, hurt her as much as you can, the uglier you make her the better pleased I shall be." The wicked little crew were only

too glad to obey the orders given to them. Away they flew, and so well did they do their work that when the King brought his court to admire his choice they all exclaimed in wonder: "Truly, her hair is like spun gold, her eyes we cannot see, for they are closed, but her rose-leaf complexion, where is it? We only see a face covered with blotches that look like little red mountains." Alas, it was true! Her brow and nose and dimply chin "a dismal sight presented." The little King gazed in horror at the change, then turned away with a sigh. "My friends," said he, "I shan't trouble you, we must choose a Queen elsewhere." I am happy to say he did not select the cruel fairy for his bride. His choice was one not nearly so pretty, but sweet-tempered and good, who would not willingly hurt a fly.

The fairies had hardly gone when Wynn timer was found by a party returning from the "Mer de Glace"; they took her home to her father's great delight, for he had been looking for her, and was rejoiced to see her safe and sound, though the gnats or mosquitos had raised red lumps all over her face. Wynn timer is a big girl now, but when she looks at a picture hanging on the wall in her own room, she thinks of the day when she was lost in the pine wood and sleeping, wove pretty dreams round her Fairies' Rock.

THREE BELLES AND THREE WHITE CATS.

Once upon a time there was a young prince, brave and good, and so beautiful in feature and manner that he was known everywhere as "the enchanting prince." Though he knew his power he was not vain, his only fault was a certain fickleness of disposition which prevented him from long remaining true to either friendship or love. His father, the good King Egnalus, was very anxious that his son should marry and settle down to a share in the management of the Kingdom, but Urban, though admiring many ladies, could not make up his mind as to which he admired the most. One day, as he was riding through a part

of the forest where he had never been before, he came to an open clearing in the centre of which was a house. In front of this house was a long, low gallery, and seated there were three of the most beautiful ladies that he had ever seen, and coming nearer he noticed that they all had golden hair that sparkled in the sunshine, large blue eyes, and lovely pink and white complexions. He determined to make their acquaintance.

"Fair ladies," said he, "can you tell me the nearest road out of the forest? I seem to have lost my way." Now these young ladies, because of their names, and perhaps because of their beauty too, were known as "the three belles." They were called Isabelle, Christabelle, and Claribelle. Isabelle and Christabelle were twins, and were three years elder than their sister, of whom they were very jealous, for though her features were not more perfect than theirs, the sweetness of her disposition gave such a peculiar charm to her countenance that she was always admired the most.

As for the prince, while looking from one to another, he could not make up his mind as to which was the loveliest. He only knew that one of these fair ladies should be his future bride. Unfortunately, Claribelle was shy with strangers, so she did not show to advantage; she held down her head, and hardly spoke, while her sisters talked with a wit and vivacity that quite delighted the prince. Having hinted that he was thirsty, they sent Claribelle to the spring to fetch him a drink of water, and as she handed the cup with a shy grace, her blue eyes shaded by their long, dark lashes, seemed far to excel those of her sisters, which had a cold, rather hard expression. At last the prince reluctantly tore himself away from his new acquaintances, and he had no sooner gone than Isabelle and Christabelle began to quarrel about him, each contending that his attentions were directed to herself. From words they almost came to blows, scratching like cats, and pulling each other's hair, while Claribelle, greatly distressed, tried to separate them, but only succeeded in drawing down their wrath upon herself.

Now, there was a beautiful lady who was herself very much in love with "the enchanting prince." She was a fairy, and could make herself invisible, and in that way she often followed him in his rides. He had at one time paid her great attention, but her ill temper and jealousy had driven him away and now she knew that he no longer cared for her. She had followed him that day into the forest, and was enraged when she saw how much he admired the three sisters, and she determined to cast such a spell over them as would separate them from him forever. Remaining after the prince had gone, she saw how the elder sisters fought and scratched. "They are just like cats," said she, "and into cats I will change them." She knew that Claribelle had been only trying to make peace, but she was more jealous of her than the others, because the prince's eyes looked with such a soft expression into hers when he thanked her for his refreshing draught. So Claribelle shared the same fate as her sisters.

Time went on. Very often the King said to his son, "When are you going to bring home a wife? I am getting old, and I want to see you settled before I die."

"You are not really old," said the son; "however, I will try to please you. I have seen three ladies, sisters, all lovely, but I cannot make up my mind as to which I like the best. The eldest has the finest figure, the second is full of wit and fun, but the youngest has the most charming expression in her lovely blue eyes."

"Well," said the King, "I think you had better take me with you next time you go to see them, and perhaps I may help you to make your choice."

It was on a beautiful morning that the King and his son set out on their way to the forest. Banks of flowers lined the roadside; the air was laden with the sweet scent of new-mown hay, the songs of many birds greeted the ear and when they reached the forest they enjoyed the fragrance of the pines, and the cool shade of the tall trees around them. At last they came to the clearing. The prince, in his excitement,

rode on before his father, and when he reached the house, he stopped. No fair ladies were to be seen, no merry voices were heard, but seated on the gallery, all in a row, were three white cats. Dismounting, he walked towards them, but they never moved. He bent down to stroke their soft, white fur, but one spat at him, another scratched his finger, but the third rubbed her head against his hand and mewed softly; but not understanding cat language, he did not know what she meant. He took her up gently and carried her to his father. Her eyes were a beautiful blue, and had an almost human expression, and when he mounted his horse she did not try to get away, but purred and cuddled up against him.

"Well," said the King, "where are the ladies?"

"I know not," answered the prince. "I could not see a human being anywhere about the house, but on the gallery just where the sisters were seated when last I saw them, were three pure white Persian cats. One scratched me, another spat at me, but this dear little thing was so sweet and gentle I shall take her home."

They turned their horses, and as they rode along the road they met a fair lady riding on a white palfrey. She stopped and bowed, but seeing the white cat coiled up on the saddle before the prince, she started and turned pale.

"So you have made your choice at last," said she. "Fortunately for you I am as fickle as yourself. I love you no longer, so there is no reason why I should spoil your happiness. If you had chosen one of the other sisters I should have left her as she is, but from this one I willingly remove the spell."

Then she touched the white cat gently on the head and lo! the cat disappeared, and a lovely girl took her place! It was Claribelle; and covered with confusion at finding herself in the prince's arms, she slid gently to the ground. Then the prince dismounted, and presented her to his father as his future bride, and placing her on his horse, he walked beside her until they reached the nearest town. There, in an old

chateau, lived the King's only sister, a very kind old lady, who was very pleased to take charge of Claribelle, while preparations were being made for her marriage. A few days later there was a merry wedding in the old Chateau and the King was made happy when his son brought home his bride. If you go to the forest clearing you may still see two white cats on the gallery. Their fur is old and shabby now, for when they are not hunting lizards or mice, they spend their time fighting and scratching each other.

EDITOR'S NOTE: "I came across some MSS. of my dear mother, and you shall have them for use in the Lilies if you care for them," are the gracious words of Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew in a most kind letter recently received. The MSS. consist of a trio of delightful Fairy Tales and a charming Italian story. Two years ago in our June, 1916, issue, we published the fascinating "Memories of the Kingdom of Kerry," from the pen of Monsignor's mother. It was the last article the venerable lady contributed to any magazine. Almighty God called her to her eternal reward a month later, July 13th, in her eighty-seventh year. As some of our present-day readers may not have seen the volume containing the brief biographical sketch we appended, we here reproduce it in part: "John Ayscough's mother, Elizabeth Mona Brougham, was herself an author of repute, a distinguished naturalist and the recipient of the gold cross of Leo XIII., pro Ecclesia et Pont. It is somewhat singular that she, the widow of a Church of England clergyman, the Rev. Harry Lloyd Bickerstaffe, and daughter of an Irish Anglican rector, the Rev. Pierce Drew, of Heathfield Towers, of the younger branch of the Drews of Drewscourt, County Cork—should have had no prejudices against Catholicity. According to the account given by her distinguished son in "Fernando," her attitude towards the Church had always been respectful and free from the slightest desire to see or imagine faults in it. Born of parents who were as hostile to Catholicity as Irish Protestants know how to be, she herself was incapable of any such hostility. She seemed to be a Protestant only that she might have the privilege of becoming a Catholic. As she always spoke with respect of our Holy Church, so did she speak of its ministers, explaining to her young sons that Catholicity was the religion of the greatest number of Christians, and had been England's religion for a thousand years, telling her boys of the old monks who had built the glorious abbeys, of what had brought these holy men into the wilderness, what their life was, how they served God night and day, and lived only for Him and His poor, out of sight of the selfish, greedy world. "It was from my Mother," Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew says, "I learned about religion, and if she could not teach me Catholicity she certainly never taught me Protestantism. Her own gentle and sincere, sweet and lovely religion was like a Catholic lamp, ready trimmed and waiting to be lighted." The light of Faith was vouchsafed her in the year 1880 or thereabouts, two years after her son's reception. Like the late Monsignor Benson, as soon as Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew had resolved to embrace the

Faith, he at once spoke of his resolution to his mother, feeling assured of her sympathy. She only wanted him to do whatever he thought right; she did not dread that the change would cause any division between him and her, but she must feel how deeply it would divide him from his other friends. Friends and relatives would take offence, though she should take none; and she grieved at the prospect of his friendless opening of life. He was but a twenty-year-old Oxford undergraduate. His becoming a Catholic would shut up every visible avenue of success. Nevertheless, she did not say one word to deter her son from becoming a Catholic if that were what his conscience bade him do. Is it to be wondered at that her generous unworldliness received its reward, and that she soon knelt at the same altar with her boy, to whom it seemed that it was his mother herself who had set him in the path that had brought him to that other Mother's arms! And his joy was made full, and his happiness rendered complete, that she also received the prize which was his, although every external obstacle had stood in her way. It had seemed, humanly, an impossible thing to ask. "But it is the business of Omnipotence to do what we cannot see the way to do. Let Jesus Christ do it," was her son's prayer. And He did. Not alone in "Fernando" and "Gracechurch" does John Ayseough lovingly and touchingly make mention of his mother, but also in "French Windows," that most splendid of war books, which in England has already gone through eight editions and bids fair to achieve a like success in America. In that hauntingly beautiful narration of the war, which nothing finer, more enthralling nor more soulfully tender has appeared in the whole avalanche of war literature, we read the following lines written after his revered mother's death: "Very soon these loosely strung leaves will be clipped together in a book, and no book of the writer's ever took so long in the making as this one will have done; so that much more has happened during the writing of its pages than ever was the case in the instance of any other book of his—and one thing in especial, a thing dreaded through all his life, a thing that must make whatever may remain to him of life wholly different from the long years before. For his first remembered impression of life was the realization that he was his mother's son, and almost the next his realization of the terror lest he should lose her. The dread of that loss remained ever afterwards the only real dread of his life; no sorrow, no misfortune, threatened or fallen seemed to affect the substance of happiness so long as that supreme calamity was spared. For fifty-eight years it was spared, and for that immense reprieve he can but cry his thanks to Divine patience. That the calamity fell upon his life during the writing of these pages must make this, to him, a different sort of book from any that he has written, must make of the whole book a lingering farewell."



Portrait of an Old Lady

BY ALINE KILMER.

Early one morning as I went a-walking
 I met an old lady so stately and tall,
The red of her cheeks gave a quiver of pleasure
 Like the sight of red hollyhocks by a gray wall.

Fragrance of lavender clung to her, telling
 Of linen piled high on immaculate shelves,
You could fancy her tending her garden or strolling
 Among the proud roses that grow by themselves.

When I am sorrowful, dreading the future,
 Thinking of days when my hair will be gray,
It cheers me to think of that lovely old lady,
 Lavender-haunted and hollyhock-gay.

Parody

BY THE REV. M. J. RYAN, D.D., PH.D.

PARODY, Matthew Arnold said, is a "vile art," and no doubt most parodies are vile things; and yet there may be good and useful parody, though it is rarely to be found. But the best way to set ourselves against the bad, in this as in any other kind, is to select and admire the good, and keep it before us.

Most of the parodists have been able to do nothing better than take some well-known or beautiful poem, and make a coarse comic imitation of it; and such a thing as this is generally the work of someone who is not able to write verse upon his own account at all. But the true parodist is a man who is a good writer of verse himself, and who is able to seize and mimic the peculiarity, or manner, of someone else. It is not required of other critics that they should be able to do what they criticize, but it is required of the parodist. No man can parody a poet unless he is something of a poet himself. You cannot make a parody of a poem if you merely want to be funny and do not quite know how to do it. A mocking-bird must be at least a singing-bird. The end of parody is to ridicule someone for his peculiarity, to make the peculiarity look absurd; the end is not to humiliate and degrade the poet, but as it were to correct him by making him laugh at himself. It should be benevolent, good-natured, good-humoured and loving, affectionate amusement. And the parodist should be like an actor who forgets himself in his part. Nay, he should seem like as if he were the parodied poet lovingly ridiculing himself, so that he may possibly even teach his victim to laugh at his own peculiarity.

Thus in the "Rejected Addresses" (by James and Horace Smith) the imitation of Scott (an account of the burning of

Drury Lane Theatre) will give pleasure to the most devoted of his admirers; as, indeed, it tickled the poet himself:

So London's sons in nightcap woke,
In bed-gown woke her dames;
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke
And twice two hundred voices spoke—
"The playhouse is in flames!"
And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tail its lustre lends
To every window pane;
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent-Garden kennels sport
A bright, ensanguined drain.

The summoned firemen woke at call
And hied them to their stations all;
Starting from short and broken snooze
Each sought his ponderous hob-nailed shoes,
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,
His nether bulk embraced.

The engines thundered through the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete;
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced.

With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
Robins from Hockly in the Hole,
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,
Crump, from St. Giles's Pound;
Whitford and Mitford joined the train,
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
Before the plug was found.

The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow
For fear the roof should fall.
"Back Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof!"
For lo, the blazing, rocking roof
Down, down, in thunder falls!

When lo! amid the wreck upreared,
Gradual a moving head appeared,
And Eagle* firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe;
"A Muggins!—To the rescue, ho!"
And poured the hissing tide.
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For rallying but to fall again,
He tottered, sank and died.

Doesn't it seem a regular chip of the old block? Scott himself said when he read it, "I certainly must have written this myself, though I cannot remember when or where I did it."

But their imitation of Wordsworth, "The Baby's Debut," cannot give any pleasure to anyone who feels the real greatness of the poet though it might have amused those who learned from the Edinburgh critics that he was a fool. You can scarcely find a line in it all that the poet might have written:

Jack's in the pouts, and thus it is—
He thinks mine came to more than his;
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out my doll, and O, my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars
And melts off half her nose.

* The name of a London company of firemen in those days.

Is this at all like Wordsworth? Clearly, in this case they have not the knack of it. It is only making fun at him. But compare with this the parody by John Hamilton Reynolds (Keats' friend) of "Peter Bell":

'Tis Peter Bell—'tis Peter Bell,
Who never stirreth in the day;
His hand is withered—he is old;
On Sundays he is used to pray,
In Winter he is very cold.

Here we can see that the writer has learned the very tune of Wordsworth's early manner; and one may imagine that if, by any possibility, Wordsworth could have laughed or even smiled at himself, he must have smiled with the writer of this.

Matthew Arnold was exhibited in W. H. Mallock's "The New Republic," and his verse imitated, as indeed it was by others too. But the most felicitous mimicry of it that I have ever seen is in the "Lost Masterpieces" of St. John Hankin (who as a dramatist is doubtless known to some of our readers):

Still is the sea to-day,
Slow up the beach the tide
Creeps with scarcely a sound,
While through the languorous air,
Heavy, unstirred by the breeze,
Silence broods o'er the scene;
And I, too, brood; I pace
Here on the sands, and muse
On the probable meaning of life;
And a question throbs in my brain,
Incessant, ever renewed—
What are you? What am I?
After all, what is the sea?
And what, after all, is the land?
I know not. Neither do you.

This man has the very knack of it; but another hand once mimicked Arnold's style of poetry in *The World* newspaper, in a more mocking (playfully mocking) fashion:

"Poor Mathias."*

Poor Mathias! many a year
Has flown since first upon our ear
Fell that sweetly-doleful song
With its ancient tale of wrong.

But the burden never falters,
But the chorus never alters;
Those smooth periods no more vary
Than the song of your canary;
Won't you give us something new?
That we know as well as you.

About thirty years ago there appeared a brilliant little book of verse entitled "Leading Cases Done into English by an Apprentice of Lincoln's Inn." It was directed only to a limited professional public, for it is a collection of law cases, set forth in verses imitating the manner of Swinburne, Browning, Tennyson, and others. The law was said to be as good as the versification, and it has been ascribed to one who has since become famous both as a lawyer and an historian of English law. The gem of the book is the dedication, which is a mimicry of Swinburne, whose flummery and froth, and sing-song, were in those days a favorite butt of humorists. The dedication is to "J. S.," that is John Stiles, a mythical person in English law, a cousin of John Doe and Richard Roe, who, as you know, are of the same good old family with Titius and Caius of the Roman jurists. The dethronement of this venerable character, and the disappearance of his initials from modern law-books inspired the following effusion of sympathy, a delicious mockery of Swin-

* Arnold's Mathias was a canary-bird, dead.

burne's swinging manner and alliterations in the choruses of the "Atalanta":

When waters are rent with commotion
 Of storms or with sunlight made whole,
 The river still pours to the ocean
 The stream of its effluent soul;
 You, too, from all lips of all living
 Of worship dethroned and discrowned,
 Shall know by these gifts of my giving
 That faith is yet found,—
 By the sight of my song-flight of cases
 That bears, on wings woven of rhyme,
 Names set for a sign in high places
 By sentence of men of old time:
 From all counties they meet and they mingle,
 Dead suitors whom Westminster saw;
 They are many; but thy name is single,
 Pure flower of pure law!

So I pour you this drink of my verses,
 Of learning made lovely with lays,
 Song bitter and sweet that rehearses
 The deeds of your eminent days;
 Yes, in these evil days, from their reading
 Some profit a student shall draw
 Though some points are obsolete pleading
 And some are not law.

Though the Courts, that were manifold, dwindle
 To divers Divisions of One,†
 And no fire from your face may rekindle
 The light of old learning undone,
 We have suitors, and briefs for our payment:
 While, so long as a Court shall hold pleas,

† The organization of the old Courts of Law into one system, there is a rap at Swinburne's views of mythology.

We talk moonshine, with wigs for our raiment,
Not sinking the fees.

It is as successful as Swinburne's own mockery of Mrs. Browning, which I have no place for, here.

Dr. Johnson, whose talent of humor has not received due notice from Boswell, as the biographer himself confessed, was in the habit of mimicking both the Latin style of Gray with its inversions, and Percy's affectation of mediaeval simplicity. Once at Miss Reynold's tea-table, when Percy was commending the poetic merit of some old ballad, this provoked Johnson to declare that he could rhyme as well in common conversation. For instance, said he, to turn to such poetry to my own present use,

I therefore pray thee, Renny dear,
That thou wilt give to me
With cream and sugar softened well
Another dish of tea.

Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drank the liquor up.

Yet hear, alas! that mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown,—
Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

And so he went on till Percy prayed him to stop. On another occasion at Mrs. Thrale's, when he had translated for Burney's *History of Music* some verses in which Euripides criticizes the practice of having music at scenes of gaiety, where it is not needed, and says that it should rather be employed to relieve sorrow and gloom, Johnston proceeded to parody the manner in which Gray would have done the translation:—

Err shall they not who resolute explore
Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes,
And scanning right the practices of yore
Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwise;

They to the dome where smoke with curling play
Announced the dinner to the regions round,
Summoned the singer blithe and harper gay
And aided wine with dulcet-streaming sound.

The better use of notes, or sweet or shrill,
By quivering string or modulated wind,
Trumpet or lyre—to their harsh bosoms chill
Admission ne'er had sought or could not find.

O send them to the sullen mansions dun
Her baleful eyes where Sorrow rolls around,
Where gloom-enamoured Mischief loves to dwell
And Murder, all blood-boltered, schemes the wound.

When cates luxuriant pile the spacious dish
And purple nectar glads the festive hour,
The guest without a want, without a wish,
Can yield no room to Music's soothing power.

In this case it seems—does it not?—that we have an imitation rather than a parody of Gray's style. At least the second stanza and the last, to my inner ear, have the very ring of the noblest ballad of Scott, who, though the chief of the Romantics, had modelled his style upon the form of Gray ‡ :

When princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed
And revel sped the laughing hours.

‡ This will be evident to anyone who will read continuously Scott's ballads and the epistles prefixed to the cantos of Marmion. The poetry which Scott in mature life most admired was that of Johnson.

Then thrilling to the harp's gay sound
 So sweetly rung each vaulted wall
 And echoed light the dancer's bound
 And mirth and music cheered the hall.

In a similar way, in James Hogg's "Poetic Mirror," the best pieces are rather imitations than parodies of Wordsworth and Coleridge. "The Cherub" is so wonderfully like Coleridge in all but his very best work, that it might have been passed off for his.

Sometimes it has happened that a parodist, beginning ludicrously, proceeds unconsciously with a serious imitation; for mocking is generally catching. Shenstone wrote his "School-mistress" with the design of burlesquing Spenser's style by applying it to a lowly subject. But no reader perceives this aim now, for it is not perceptible, and no critic now remembers the historical fact.

Mr. J. C. Squire, in his "Tricks of the Trade," has some good parodies in the first part ("How they do it"). But the second part, "How they would have done it," contains some very amusing and likewise very enlightening pieces, e.g. "If Byron had written 'The Passing of Arthur'," and "If Pope had written 'Break, break on thy cold, grey stones, O Sea.'"

Every reader will recognize the exemplar of the following verses:

Doubtless in this neglected spot is laid
 Some village Nero who has missed his due,
 Some Bluebeard who dissected many a maid,
 And all for naught, since no one ever knew.

.

Types that the muse of Masefield might have stirred
 Or waked to ecstasy Gaboriau,
 Each in his narrow cell at last interred,
 All, all are sleeping peacefully below.

And here are some lines from the mimicry of Pope:

See how the labor of the urgent oar
Propels the bark and draws them to the shore;
Hark! from the margin of the azure bay
The joyful cries of infants at their play,
(The offspring of a piscatorial swain,
His home the sands, his pasturage the main).
Yet none of these may soothe the mourning heart
Nor fond alleviation's sweets impart;
Nor may the pow'rs of infants that rejoice
Restore the accents of a former voice,
Nor the bright smiles of ocean's nymphs command
The pleasing contact of a vanished hand.

This exaggeration of Pope's manner in his *Homer*, in contrast with Tennyson's, shows us better than anything else could, the difference between the poetic standard of the eighteenth century and that of the nineteenth.

Ridicule of the subject-matter of a poem, e.g., of its political theories, can scarcely be called parody; it is rather satire; or at least if it be called parody, it must be classed as a different kind from the mockery of a poet's manner. Canning's "Needy Knife-grinder" is really not a caricature of Southey's style, but a mockery of the theories of the "Friend of Humanity" that in his youth he was.

Such are the various uses of this amusing form of literature.



Our Lady's Birthday

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

A song for thy birthday, Mother—

What need is there I should sing?
Is it not enough that the morn is sweet
With the blithe birds carolling?

A song for thy birthday, Mother—

There's a song in the cradling sea;
There's a lullaby that the winds and trees
Are crooning this morn for thee.

A song for thy birthday, Mother—

Ah, what is my *Ave* worth,
While the angel poets in Heaven
Are hymning thy holy birth?

A song for thy birthday, Mother—

When the saints are telling thy fame,
And even our God Almighty
Is speaking thy blessed name.

A song for thy birthday, Mother—

How poor is the song I sing,
The stumbling speech of a little child:
But a mother is listening.

Catholic Footsteps in Old London

BY EDITH R. WILSON, M.A.

(Continued from March Number.)

WE left our modern pilgrims in Old London, on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, pondering on the changes which time and man's iconoclastic hand had wrought since England's Catholic days. Yet the present St. Paul's is a shrine glowing with life and color, where a Catholic might almost feel at home, an entire transformation of the interior from the Puritan bareness of earlier days, having been accomplished about 1890, in accordance with the desires of Dean Milman. The spirit of Anglicanism has changed in many ways, since the Tower of the "Jesus Chapel," in this same St. Paul's was pulled down, because Henry VIII. had staked it and its bells to Sir Giles Partridge, at dice, and lost! Is it a presage of still better things to come; even of a return of England to the Old Faith? We will breathe a prayer that it may be so, recalling what has been whispered as a fact, that the side chapels of St. Paul's nave were added at the instance of the then Duke of York, afterwards James II., who wished to have them "ready for Catholic worship" as soon as opportunity occurred. We are now facing Pater Noster Row, the paradise of modern booksellers, presided over by a worthy bust of Aldus, the great Venetian printer. The Street recalls by its very name, as do Ave Maria Lane and Amen Corner, memories of Catholic times, when "stationers" sold from their various booths all manner of religious articles for worshippers at St. Paul's. Through its wandering mazes we are tempted to stray, while visions of the Charter House and its martyrs, beckon us still farther northward.

To-day, however, being devoted to a visit to the Tower, we turn our faces resolutely toward the Thames, and enter the

great, "new" street which leads out of St. Paul's Churchyard to the southeast, meeting historic Watling Street in an angle at that point. This is known as Cannon Street and leads directly to Great Tower Street, which, in turn, brings us to the Tower. But formerly this was not so. "Cannon" being a prolongation of Candlewick Street, the headquarters of the wax chandlers who flourished in "Romish days." This charmingly Romish thoroughfare, however, ran only to the Eastern extremity of Watling St., the remaining distance to St. Paul's being filled by a number of narrow, and we must admit, somewhat grimy alleys. As late as 1830, our pilgrims could have had their choice of pursuing their way to the wax chandlers through the nobler avenue or of threading some of the oldest and most curious of the "city" by-ways. Watling Street, as we know, leads us back to the beginning of London's historic life, having formed part of the old Roman Road from Dover to London. The name itself is a corruption of the Saxon word, "Atheling," meaning noble, the original title of the Saxon heir apparent, so that, in modern parlance, it might be rendered as "Prince of Wales St." Looking down it, we glimpse one of the most picturesque vistas of Old London: the tower to the right, a restoration by Wren (with whose name we are now quite familiar), was, in the days whose memorials we are seeking, attached to the Church of Sancti Augustini ad Portam, "at the gate," namely of St. Paul's. Here, Strype tells us, the Fraternity of St. Austin met, on the eve of his feast, and again at the morrow's Mass, when every brother offered a penny toward the general fund, and was ready, later, to join in the Confraternity dinner, or to "revel as the master and wardens directed." The three alleys, which, had we chosen the alternative, would also have led us to Candlewick St., were Distaff and Basing Lanes, with Budge Row. Many interesting old buildings were destroyed with them, one of the finest being Gerrard's, or Gisor's Hall, home of Sir John Gisor, Mayor of London and constable of the Tower between the years of grace 1245 and 1301. The house was built upon arched

vaults, with gates of Caen stone from Normandy; the crypt was said to have been of special beauty. A step from Distaff Lane down Old Fish St. would have enabled us to catch sight of the house of that noble Catholic priest, physician, and scholar, Sir Thomas Linaere, No. 5 Knightrider St., which opened to the west. Through this street, in the good, old days, rode the knights from "Tower Royal" (not *the* Tower, but a minor palace), to the tournaments at Smithfield, while of Linaere those of us to whom his name is not already a household word, should read in Sir Bertram Windle's "Twelve Catholic Men of Science." Passing on, we cross Bread St., which formerly divided Distaff from Basing Lane. Here bakers sold their bread prior to the days of Edward I., and here we pass St. Mildred's Church, dedicated to a Saxon princess, one time Abbess of Minster. John Milton, too, was born in Bread St., but we need not tarry for his sake, save to note that he is commemorated in the neighbouring church of All Hallows (where he was baptized), by an inscription bearing the oft-quoted lines of Dryden:

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,—
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty—in both the last;
The force of Nature could no farther go,—
To make a third, she joined the former two."

Recalling the fact that Dryden, later, became a Catholic, and disclaimed all early attractions toward puritanism, we wonder whether he did not repent the lines, or apply them at heart to Shakespeare, for whom they would appear more fitting. Dryden himself was wedded near here to his noble wife, Lady Elizabeth Howard, in the old church of St. Swithun, whose base successor faces the Railway Station. In the wall of St. Swithun is inserted the famous London Stone, so long regarded as the palladium of the city's weal, encased in masonry and protected by an iron grille. It is supposed to have been origin-

ally a Roman milestone marking the centre whence various Roman roads radiated. From time immemorial it has been introduced to fix the position of land. Thus, in a "fayre written Gospell-book," given to "Christ his church in Canterburie," by Ethelstane, King of the West Saxons, it is noted that certain lands "do lye near London Stone." Again, in the 1st year of King Stephen, we read that a fire "brake out in the house of one Ailwarde, neare unto London Stone," which consumed "all East unto Ealdgate" (Oldgate). On London Stone, Jack Cade sat, in mock majesty, when he proclaimed himself monarch of the town. But we must hasten on to the foot of King William St., where a statue of the Sailor King has been erected. Formerly this street did not exist, and we would have passed through Budge Row and East Cheape, to Grace Church St. (corrupted into Gracious St.). In Budge Row the imposing wigs of London judges were made, "Budge" meaning lamb's skin or wool: while East Cheape was a venerable market place in Plantagenet days. We pause to glance down the broad thoroughfare of King William St., whose modern statue marks the entrance into the old mart. Hard by, where it joins Lombard St., was born the great Cardinal, John Henry Newman, whose father carried on his trade of merchant at "No. 72." Lombard St. had been the birth-place of an earlier Catholic convert, Alexander Pope, who, like Dryden, reverted to the Faith of his fathers. But time presses, so, passing by several old churches, whose names, at least, recall Catholic days, we enter Great Tower St. Here we cross almost immediately, Mincing Lane, whose name is a corruption of the word "Munchen," the Anglo Saxon term for Nun, recalling the memory of the Nuns of St. Helen's, who once owned tenements here. The Nuns themselves lived somewhat northward in Bishopsgate St., and we will visit them later, as their house is full of interesting memories. Through the narrow vista of Mincing Lane, we see the tower of All Hallows' Staning—the only part of the church still standing. The church yard has now become the garden of the "Cloth Workers' Com-

pany," which company itself is a survival of the old Catholic Guilds swept away at the Reformation. Here, according to their old charter, 110 old men, and the same number of old women, are fed and clothed, receiving a yearly guinea after attending a "church service on the 16th of May." The service having been, of course, originally Mass, on the Feast of the Patron. We next reach Mark, originally "Mart" Lane, still one of the busiest of city streets. Here stood until 1801 a richly ornamented wooden house, known as "Whittington's Palace," where, it is related, the princely Lord Mayor, having invited his liege lord and sovereign, King Henry V., with his Queen, the fair Katharine, to a banquet, burned before them the royal bond for £60,000. "Never had king such a subject," exclaimed the delighted monarch. "Nay, Sire, never had subject such a king," is said to have been the courtly response of Whittington. The little church of "St. Olaves," to our left, commemorates England's debt to a Norwegian saint and crowned martyr, who aided Ethelred the Unready when sore beset by the Danes. The one time convent of the "Crutched Friars," (Fratres Sanctae Crucis) has given its name to the adjacent "Crutched Friars St.," where, until quite recently, a carven Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary hung over the gate of certain alms houses, having strangely escaped Puritan scrutiny.

We have now reached the lower, or Eastern end, of Great Tower St., and pause before All Hallows, Barking, originally the Abbey church of the Nuns of Barking. From its vicinity to the Tower, this church has been the burial place of many illustrious victims. Here Bishop Fisher was laid until his final removal to rest beside his friend, Sir Thomas More. Here the noble Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who "did illustrate his birth with the beauty of learning," found temporary repose, having been executed for little other fault than his noble birth and nearness to the throne. Leaving the church, we now emerge on Tower Hill, a large, open space where formerly all public executions took place. The ground has been drenched alike with noble and with sainted blood. Across what was

once a castellated moat, but is now more pleasingly converted into a garden, filled with flowers and shrubbery, rises the great irregular pile of buildings collectively known as the "Tower of London," enclosing, with their various courts, an area of some 12 acres: the central portion being occupied by the well known White Tower, begun by William the Conqueror to "encourage" the loyalty of his London subjects. Tradition outstrips sober chronicle in ascribing the foundation of the Tower to Julius Caesar. Both Shakespeare and Grey allude to this tradition.

"Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame!"

writes Grey, while Shakespeare, in his Richard III., informs us that

"Julius Caesar did begin that place, which since succeeding ages have re-edified."

Though such foundation was long disowned, our poets were probably substantially correct, as the quantity of Roman brick found in recent excavations shows that a considerable fortress must have existed there in Roman times. The White Tower, too, rests upon a solid Roman bastion, while the numerous coins found here have suggested that the Romans had established a mint, as well as a fort. On the dreary slopes of Tower Hill, flowers have likewise been introduced in a parklike enclosure, known as the garden of Trinity Square. But it is to be noted that over the exact space once occupied by the awful scaffold, flowers refuse to grow, and it remains a bare parallelogram of gravel. The public entrance at the south west angle of the Tower, through the Lion's Gate, admits us only to an outer circumvallation around which we may pass to enjoy the view. Here the Thames widens into what is known as the "Pool"; we soon reach the Queen's Stairs, where sovereigns embarked for their coronation. Beyond is the Traitor's Gate which gives entrance within the second wall of ramparts, marked by the Bell Tower, the so-called King's House, the Bloody, Beauchamp, and Devereux Towers. Beyond these extend store-

houses, within, we reach the central enclosure containing the White Tower and St. Peter's Chapel. A surprising number of ecclesiastics seem to have been concerned in the building of the Tower. It was to Gundulf of Bee that the Conqueror entrusted the plan of central Keep. The moat was made by Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, while a singular legend connects the martyred St. Thomas of Canterbury with the tower known by his name. The vigorous fortification of the Tower during his reign had made Henry III. unpopular with Londoners. On the Feast of St. George, 1240, the tower above the Traitors' Gate suddenly collapsed, and when the work was renewed, the ghostly figure of the martyred archbishop appeared to the workmen and warned them to proceed no further. Apparently the warning was not heeded, but the tower in question has ever since been known as that of St. Thomas. It was through the gate below this tower that Sir Thomas More was led back to prison, with the fatal sign of the reversed axe carried before him, when his daughter, Margaret, broke through the crowd and fell at his feet, beseeching his blessing. Directly opposite the Traitors' Gate rises the Bloody Tower, while to the left is the Bell Tower, where the saintly Bishop Fisher was imprisoned in the winter of 1534-35 and wrote piteously to Cromwell of his sufferings from cold and nakedness, begging that haughty minister to intercede on his behalf. Rumours of his sad condition had reached Rome and moved Pope Clement to honour his faithful prelate with a Cardinal's hat, a service which roused Henry to fury. With a great oath, he swore that the Pope might "give him a hat, but he would leave him no head to wear it on," an oath only too faithfully fulfilled. The venerable martyr clad himself in his best robes for what he called his "marriage day," and went to the scaffold with his New Testament in his hand. It opened at the passage: "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent." Adjoining the Bell Tower is the room where the unfortunate Countess of Lennox, mother of Lord Darnley, was confined on account of his marriage to Mary Queen of Scots.

But it is in the Beauchamp Tower that we find the most pathetic testimony to past sufferings for the Faith. The ordinary visitor to the Tower, we may say in passing, is not admitted to any of these sad retreats, but provided with a permit from the warden, we ascend the stairway. The large room in the upper storey of this tower is surrounded by a number of arched recesses, whose walls are literally covered with the sad complaints of tortured or heart-broken men. These "inscriptions" are now neatly tabulated, and numbered, with round, button-like discs, so that the modern student of history may most conveniently ponder what they wrote in tears and blood. Over the fire-place we trace the autograph of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, eldest son of that Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who was put to death in 1572 for the sake of Mary, Queen of Scots. "*Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc seculo,*" run the lines, "*tanto plus gloriæ cum Christo in futuro.*" "Arundell, June 22nd, 1587." He had been imprisoned on the charge of unlawfully harbouring Catholic priests. Elizabeth vainly offered him freedom, with the restoration of all his estates and privileges if he would renounce his faith. To the right are the lines, "*Dolor patientia vincitur.*" G. Gyfford, Aug. 8th, 1586." Probably written by George Gyfford, falsely accused of having sworn to assassinate Elizabeth. Again we meet with the sacred monogram "I.H.S." and the date, "April 10. 1571," signed by Charles Bailley, who, having been arrested at Dover, with letters in cipher for the imprisoned Queen of Scots, was cruelly tortured to obtain from him some confession as to their import. We see other lines from his hand, among them these: "*Principium Sapientiae, Timor Domini*"—"Be friend to One, be enemy to none." Close to these words is the name "Jhon Store," a recusant who had escaped to Antwerp, but was decoyed on board an English ship, carried to the Tower and put to death with tortures too horrible to relate. A little farther are some pathetic lines from a sufferer by the rack:

"By torture strange mi troth was tryed,
"Yet of my libertie denied. 1581, Thomas Myagh.

In the final recess we find the autograph of Thomas Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, imprisoned on the charge of raising a rebellion in Ireland and savagely executed at Tyburn. Later, we meet the name of Dr. Abell, chaplain to Queen Catharine, put to death for his fidelity to her. Opposite the Beauchamp Tower is the "green within the walls," which is, however, simply a gravelled space, grass, according to tradition, having refused to grow there, likewise, since Tudor days. A stone marks the spot of execution for those privileged victims suffered to die within the Tower.

We now turn to the Kings House. Why so called it would be hard to say, since the king never lived there, Outwardly, it presents a peaceful aspect embowered in hoary sycamores. Nevertheless it preserves terrible memories. In its council chamber, Guy Faulkes was examined for complicity in the Gun Powder Plot. The torture, however, under which confession was extorted from him, was applied in the dungeons of the White Tower. If we wish to descend these, we may see other gruesome memorials where guilty and guiltless alike were subjected to barbarous sufferings. Here is the Keep 90 feet in height, whose walls vary from 12 to 15 feet in thickness. Here the cell, "Little Ease," where Guy Faulkes spent the last days of his life. In the room above we are shown the "regalia" which is almost wholly modern, the old regalia having been broken up and dispersed on the death of Charles I. The Queen's crown still retains the famous ruby, given by Don Pedro of Castile to the Black Prince, but the golden spoon used for receiving the holy oil from the ampulla at coronations is said to be the only piece actually preserved from the old regalia. We might still, had we strength of heart or mind so to do, visit the Constable and the Broad Arrow Tower used as prisons for Catholic priests in Elizabethan days. But we will turn instead to the Chapel of St. Peter, aptly named "Ad Vin-

culum," where the weary victims at last found rest. Built originally by Edward I., it was remodelled under Edward III., while the perpendicular windows and arches belong to the time of Henry VI. The "barbarous novelties" of Macauley's day have now been removed. Here lie, side by side, the two friends, the Blessed Bishop Fisher and the Blessed Sir Thomas More. Here the body of the girlish Queen Margaret Howard was laid. Here the Blessed Margaret of Salisbury, mother of Cardinal Pole, whose tragic end on the scaffold has been so often told, found rest. A long list might be added, but we have seen enough to fill our minds with thoughts of the constancy of martyrs whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and who are doubtless interceding now for the land watered by their blood. Silently we leave the spot and take our way through the "Minories," with the promise of a visit, later, to the "restored" Church of St. Etheldreda.

The Assumption

She sees no splendid thrones or cherubim
That crowd the space which is not earthly space,
As she arises; there is but one face
Before her eyes—the happy face of Him—
The little Child that smiled; the world grows dim
And very small, the sea a thread in lace
Of many threads—at last she shall embrace
The Child that waits beyond the vague world's rim.
The blood-stained brow, the thorns she sees no more—
Has she not seen them long by day and night?
The fainting body, and the cruel dart!
No crown she sees, but on the golden floor,
Clothed in the raiment of the whitest light,
The Child she lost, the Heart of her own heart!

Maurice Francis Egan.

The Heart Cry of a Polish Exile

BY JULIUS SLOWSKI.

I am so sad, O God. Thou hast before me
Spread a bright rainbow in the western skies,
But Thou hast quenched in darkness cold and stormy
The brighter stars that rise.
Clear grows the heaven 'neath Thy transforming rod;
Still I am sad, O God.

Like empty ears of grain, with heads erected,
Have I delighted stood amid the crowd;
My face the while to stranger eyes reflected
The calm of summer's cloud;
But Thou dost know the ways that I have trod,
And why I grieve, O God.

To-day o'er the wide waste of ocean sweeping,
Hundreds of miles away from shore or rock,
I saw the cranes fly on, together keeping
In one unbroken flock;
Their feet with soil from Poland's hills were shod,
And I was sad, O God.

Often by strangers' tombs I've lingered weary,
Since grown a stranger to my native ways;
I walk a pilgrim through a desert dreary,
Lit but by lightning's blaze.
Knowing not where shall fall the burial clod
Upon my bier, O God.

Some time hereafter will my bones lie whitened,
Somewhere on stranger's soil, I know not where.
I envy those whose dying hours are lightened,
Fanned by their native air;
But flowers of some strange land will spring and nod
Above my grave, O God.

When but a guileless child at home they bade me
To pray each day for home restored, I found
My bark was steering—how the thought dismayed me!—
The whole wide world around.
Those prayers unanswered, wearily I plod
Through rugged ways, O God.

Upon the rainbow whose resplendent rafter
Thy angels rear above us in the sky,
Others will look a hundred years hereafter,
And pass away as I;
Exiled and hopeless 'neath Thy chastening rod,
And sad as I, O God.

For the copy of the above pathetic poem, "Saint Joseph Lilies" is indebted to a distinguished member of the Hierarchy. If any of our readers can furnish information regarding this Polish author and his works, we shall be grateful.—Ed. S. J. L.



Touring in Jamaica

BY ETHEL C. RYAN.

JAMAICA (Xamayca, Chamaika), "Isle of Springs," who could conjure a name more alluring, or one giving more promise of a surfeit of natural beauty? Whatever the name might lead one to expect, Jamaica is a veritable show room for the choicest gifts of nature, that, like an indulgent mother, has lavished here her finest samples, as if, perhaps, after a more or less unequal distribution of her wares, she gathered up the most beautiful remnants and arranged them on this island, surrounded by the blue sea, underneath a bluer sky, and, behold! one of the fairest and most fertile spots in the world, where the humming bird dazzles and the snake is without venom and where anything and everything will grow."

From the Baedeker point of view Jamaica offers little in the way of modern achievement. Our minds are not wearied with the bewildering statistics we are all so prone, at times, to stow away in our memories, only to be forgotten. If the tourist's mind is keyed solely to the harmony of strenuous endeavor and equally strenuous pleasure, he will find himself out of tune in this Columbus-discovered "Isle of Springs." Yet it is the ideal place for a frolic in the great out-of-doors. The Spanish and the French fought for its possession. Later it fell into the hands of the English during the period when, as Professor Seeley says, "England conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absense of mind." Between times the buccaneers held undisputed sway under the leadership of that eminent pirate and one time Governor, Sir Henry Morgan, who was knighted for his successful raid on Panama.

Jamaica can truly be described as a motorist's paradise. Less than one hundred and fifty miles in length, with an aver-

age width of thirty, it has over two thousand miles of splendid macadam roads. While a number of motor trips are available, we choose for our first the one from Kingston to St. Ann's Bay on the opposite shore. The morning is fine and clear and we are leaving Kingston almost before the city is astir. As our car whirls out of the drive of the Myrtle Bank Hotel, the air is cool and refreshing. The sun has not yet appeared over the tops of the Blue Mountains, although his arrival is heralded by the glorious pink that, spreading fanwise across the eastern sky, kisses the lofty peaks causing their blue tones to change to a soft lavender, then deepening into purple is lost in the dense blue green of the still shadowy foot hills. Over the streets that are white and cool in the early morning light—streets that will later seem to shimmer and dance under a pitiless noonday sun—we make our way through the city with only an occasional mule cart to impede our progress. Cross-town streets afford short glimpses of the harbor—its surface crowded with all manner of craft. Great splashes of purple and scarlet blossoms fragrant with morning dew hang over tinted garden walls canopied beneath the ever present cocoanut palms, their lacy tops whirling like wind-mills in the lightest breeze. Again and again through a gate or a cactus hedge masses of flaming poinsetta and other blooms meet the view while myriads of humming birds, their plumage as brilliant as the blossoms, riotously flit about the gardens.

Nearing the outskirts we meet the native woman coming to market with the meager products of her toil. With bare feet stirring up tiny clouds of dust she swings along with a free, smooth stride carrying on her bandana-swathed head a heavy load precariously balanced with an accuracy that is viewed by the stranger with nervous apprehension not unmixed with admiration. Here and there, as a crowning artistic touch, a stalk of succulent sugar cane, its leaves fluttering in the breeze, projects at a rakish angle from the summit of a load. At times she is keeping step with an indifferent and patient little donkey whose burden however large always seems pro-

portionately smaller than that carried by his companion. Not the least surprising feature of this picture is the smile on the dusky face, a flash of white teeth and a cheery "Marnin', massa," while probably she has been walking all night and her reward will be but a day's gossip in the market place and a paltry sum in her pocket. In Jamaica, woman is the bread winner and the beast of burden while man is indeed the lord of creation and knight of ease. Out of this colorful procession, for these women are inordinately fond of bright shades, I select one typical of her class, whom I think a splendid subject for my kodak. With an astonishingly large load on her head and leading, almost drawing, a heavily laden donkey, she is most picturesque and I cannot resist the temptation to add her photograph to my collection. The brakes are applied, I jump from the car, kodak in hand and ready for use. She is quite willing to be my subject—for a price—but insists on being paid in advance and in this she has her way, for she manoeuvres so successfully that there is no alternative for the photographer. We admire her business acumen and conclude I am not the first wandering American with a penchant for taking snap-shots, whom she has encountered. She reminds us of the Navajo squaws in Arizona and New Mexico, who charge the traveller a goodly sum for a peep at their papooses and an unreasonable price for the privilege of transferring an infant's face to the film. We stop next to admire a giant silk cotton tree of great age. Its spreading branches dotted with orchids shade the road and its massive trunk, like a series of flying buttresses, makes it an object of wonder and admiration. This tree is indigenous to Jamaica, where it attains remarkable proportions, covering, in some cases, more than an acre of ground. It is related that the trunk of one of these trees, when hollowed into a dugout, accommodated a hundred persons. Native folk-lore tells us of countless superstitions connected with the silk cotton tree. Of these, the one most frequently heard is, that were a man to cut down one of these trees, he would be subjected during the remainder of his life

to the most terrible agonies. Fear of dire punishment, however, does not always stay the hand of the axe-man, as is evinced by the large number of canoes we see fashioned out of the trunks of the younger silk cottons. One day, while rambling along the shore we surprised a native in the act of making a boat from the forbidden tree. Whether his conscience was his accuser or whether he feared we had come to inflict upon him the dread punishment, I do not know, but he was suspicious of our interest in his work and so threatening that we made a hasty retreat and left him to the mercy of the outraged spirits.

The ride to Spanish Town takes us through a fertile plain, highly developed and much of it cultivated by the United Fruit Company. For miles and miles on both sides of the road and extending back as far as the eye can see, fields of bananas and groves of orange, lemon and cocoanut tree pass by in bewildering procession. We are astonished at the productiveness of the soil and the variety of its products. Here are seen growing coffee, tea, cocoa, ginger, tobacco, rice, rubber and cotton, all the fruits and vegetables found in a tropical country, as well as many grown in the States. The entire route lies through a garden of wonderful cultivation and beauty and it must have been such a place the poet had in mind who wrote:

“Know’st thou the land where the lemon trees bloom,
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket’s gloom
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heavens blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?”

Spanish Town probably lays greater claim to historical interest and appeals more strongly to the imagination than any other city on the Island, for the cities of Jamaica are singularly lacking both in novelty and attractiveness, robbed perhaps, of their charms by the enrapturing beauty of their environs. Under the name of St. Jago de la Vega, Spanish Town was the capital of Jamaica from 1520 until captured by the English during the time of Cromwell about the middle of the 17th century. While throughout the Island are still seen evidences

of Spanish occupation in the romantic glory of the colonial homes built to withstand the disturbances of nature and in the names of places often purely Spanish—and no where is this influence more apparent than in Spanish Town—yet we miss the sweeter cadence of the Castilian tongue. In the centre of the city is found the typical Spanish plaza with its spreading trees and shady walks that offer a delightful place for a short rest. Facing the plaza are the Cathedral, the King's House and other quaint old buildings dating back to the early Spanish possession. On one side is the statue of Lord Rodney, the hero of the battle of Martinique, where in 1782 he met and defeated the combined fleets of France and Spain and saved the island from invasion by their armies. This battle is described as one of the most important events in the history of the Colony and because of its successful termination Rodney was raised to the peerage. The Cathedral represents one of the oldest Sees in the Western Hemisphere and was at one time, the Spanish Church of Saint Peter. It has long since passed from Catholic domination, but a Catholic atmosphere still pervades the interior and we may perhaps be pardoned for seeking holy-water in a dry font and genuflecting before an empty tabernacle. This church may be likened, in a small way, to Westminster Abbey, in so far as both are burial places of men whose lives and deeds had much to do with moulding the opinions of their day. The tablets covering their tombs form a large portion of the floor and on them, as well as others set into the walls, are engraved many quaint old epitaphs, some amusing, others written with a touch of pathos that remind us of customs prevalent in an age more sentimental and less matter-of-fact than our own. Here we gather from the tombs of the departed a brief outline of the history of Jamaica and of men now almost forgotten, who did so much to shape its destiny.

Leaving Spanish Town the road follows the Rio Cobre through a valley and gorge that for sheer beauty would be difficult to surpass. There is a subdued wildness about it and an intensity of color that challenge description, for in all lovely

Jamaica there is no spot lovelier than the gorge of the Rio Cobre. Now the river and road are crowded between precipitous cliffs; again the valley broadens and the cliffs recede to welcome a wider arc of sky. We frequently linger, loathe to break the enchantment yet ever impatient for new charms lying hidden beyond the approaching bend. We have passed through the Rio Cobre Valley and the road begins to climb, for the route to St. Ann's takes us over the Blue Mountains, the highest peak of which rises more than seven thousand feet above the sea. As we ascend by easy grades the panorama increases in beauty and breadth and the view unfolds first on one side, then on the other. Now and then, looking through a clearing in the wild growth of mountain verdure, we see, like a painting in a leafy frame, a most enchanting bit of scenery. Like a vast cinema, fields and groves succeed one another in bewildering beauty and variety, while always somewhere in the distance are seen the still higher ridges of the mountains veiled in the translucent blue haze that gives to them their name. As we approach the summit the air grows cooler and sweeter and we look back upon Kingston lying ghastly white under the burning rays of a mid-day sun. In Jamaica we soon become accustomed to the preponderance of the negro race and, after a brief sojourn, any but a dusky complexion seems out of color value. In the more remote sections of the island a white face is an ever increasing rarity and in these mountainous sections the black and coloured classes are almost as primitive as the regions they inhabit. Their dwelling places are wattled huts with roofs of palm leaves and floors as nature left them. One of these small huts constitutes the abode of an entire family, but as meals are eaten out of doors, it is used mainly as a shelter in inclement weather and a place to hang "best clothes." In the clearings surrounding the shacks are grown the fruits and vegetables for the daily menu, and tobacco to soothe the husband during his many hours of leisure. Utterly illiterate and irresponsible, having little and craving nothing, living in to-day without a thought of to-morrow, these people appear to

enjoy a perpetual holiday of ease and contentment. We are led to believe that they have solved the parable of the "Lilies of the Field." However, as we descend from the mountain regions into the more populous parishes, we notice an improvement in living conditions, for in the valleys the large plantations provide work for a portion, at least, of the native population.

(To be continued.)

The Call of Autumn

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Beneath a wondrous blue of Autumn sky
The trees, the shrubs, the low responsive reeds
Answer the breeze, while e'en the poorest weeds
Wear Cloth of Gold. Pale amber boughs swing high
And tawnier shades below intensify
Their yellow gleam. Now, dark-red supersedes
Late August hues and fires the sun-browned meads.
'Neath crimson lights the cranberry marshes lie.

The scarlet oaks are burning to Thy praise,
O Lord of Hosts, within Thy forest shrine!
'Tis all a sweet epitome of Thee.
Thy beauty swings above us, like the blaze
Of Autumn suns. It says—Thy love benign—
In countless tones and colors, "Come to Me."

Structure of Dante's Inferno

BY THE REV. J. BAGNASCO, D.D.

(Continued from June Number).

PIT 8—EVIL COUNSELLORS.

Remounting the crags down which the Poets had descended a few paces, they go forward to the arch that stretches over the 8th Pit. From there they see the 8th chasm glittering throughout its space with numberless flames like fire-flies shining over a valley in a summer evening. In these flames are wrapped the evil counsellors. Every flame moves along the gulf and encloses a sinner. Only one of these flames parted in two horns at the summit, because it contained two spirits, Ulysses and Diomedes. The human voice of the shadows wrapped in the fires is at first a warble like that of flames stirred by the wind, and afterwards, as soon as the motion of the human tongue has been communicated to the tip of the flame, that warble changes into articulate words,

Of the old flame forthwith the greater horn
Began to roll, mummuring, as a fire
That labors with the wind; then to and fro
Wagging the top, as a tongue uttering sounds,
Threw out its voice and spake.

Ulysses tells of his journeys and of his end. After Ulysses' flame took leave of the visitors, another flame caught their eyes, in which was Guido of Montefeltro. In life he was one of the greatest Ghibellines. He was elected captain of the Ghibelline in Romagna in 1274. After a life of rebellion against the Church, he became a Franciscan Friar. He gave Pope Boniface VIII. evil counsel against the town of Palestrina, which rebelled against the Holy See. He advised the Pope to make

promises to Palestrina to induce them to surrender, and not to keep his promises after the surrender, which counsel the Pope followed. Guido's experience after death is told by him as follows:

When I was numbered with the dead, then came
Saint Francis for me; but a cherub dark
He met who cried: "Wrong me not; he is mine,
And must below to join the wretched crew
For the deceitful counsel which he gave."

Having told his tale, that spirit departed. The Poets went onward along the rock as far as the arch above the 9th gulf, where the sowers of scandal, and the schismatics are punished.

PIT 9—DISCORD BREEDERS.

Who, e'en in words unfettered, might at full
Tell of the wounds and blood that now I saw
Though he repeated oft the tale? No tongue
So vast a theme could equal, speech and thought
Both impotent alike.

If all the people, who shed their blood in the battlefields, were collected in one band, the spectacle they would represent were as nothing to the hideous sight of the 9th chasm.

There is Mohammed (b. at Mecca in 560, d. at Medina in 633), "torn from the chin throughout

Down to the hinder passage; 'twixt the legs
Dangling his entrails hung, the midriff lay
Open to view, and the wretched ventricle
That turns the englutted aliment to dross."

With him is Ali, his son-in-law, and fourth successor. His face is cleft from the chin to the brow.

Here are many others who in life sowed scandal and schism, and therefore thus are rent.

A fiend with his sword hacks them cruelly every time they file in front of him. During their transit around the pit, the wounds heal; but, when they pass again, the devil re-opens them, making their torments eternal. Hundreds of spirits were startled at the sight of Dante because they beheld for the first time a living man in Hell.

A shade with a pierced throat, nose mutilated, and an ear lopt off, who stood with the rest, gazing, manifested itself as Pier da Medicina. Medicina is a town near Bologna, but probably Piero spent his time in fomenting trouble in Romagna, when an exile from his native place. He tells Dante to warn Guido del Cassero and Angiolello da Carignano, noblemen of Fano, that Malatestino Malatesta, in order to get possession of Fano, will treacherously drown them in the sea; which happened in 1313. Neptune, the king of the sea, has never witnessed a crime so foul as this, not even at the hands of pirates and Greeks, Dante declares.

Guido points to one Curio, who advised Caesar to cross the Rubicon, thus beginning the civil war. Curio could not speak, as his tongue was cut away at the root.

Then one

Maimed of each hand, uplifted in the gloom
The bleeding stumps, that they with gory spots
Sullied his face.

He is Mosca dei Lamberti, whom Dante desired to see in Hell (Inf. 6, 80). He counselled the Amidei to slay a Buondelmonte who had broken his engagement with a maiden of their house (1215). This was regarded as the beginning of the Guelf and Ghibelline Faactions in Florence.

Another scene follows:

A headless trunk that even as the rest
Of the sad flock, paced onward. By the hair
It bore the severed member, lantern-wise,
Pendent in hand, which looked at us and said:
"Woe's me!"

It was Bertram De Born, Lord of Hauteford, who encouraged Henry, called the Young King (Giovanni or Giovane), to rebel against his father, Henry II. of England.

Dante is moved to tears, and still intent in looking into the pit when Virgil rebukes him and says they must hasten. Dante answers that he thinks he sees a relation of his. Virgil replies that he also sees him, but that now they cannot overtake him, nor can they see any more souls. Only five hours remains for them to reach the bottom of Hell. Time is about 1.30 p.m. Dante's relation was Geri del Bello, a first cousin, who was killed by one of the Sacchetti for sowing discord in that family. His death had not been avenged at the epoch of the Vision, wherefore Dante says:

O Guide beloved!

"His violent death yet unavenged," said I,
"By any, who are partners in shame, (his wronged family)
Made him contemptuous; therefore, as I think,
He passed me speechless by; and doing so,
Hath made me more compassionate his fate.

His death was vindicated after Dante's Vision, when a Messer Cione killed one of the Sacchetti.

PIT 10—FALSIFIERS.

I. Counterfeiters of Metals or Alchemists.

Thus discoursing, they reached the top of the reef overlooking Pit 10. This pit might have been taken for a hospital, wherein all the malaria patients of the warm season and of the districts of Val di Chiana, of the Tuscan Maremma, and of Sardinia, three unhealthy resorts in Italy at that time, were massed together. Most offensive was the stench which was arising, as steam, from putrified bodies. The spirits of the Alchemists were heaped together on many a stack.

Confused they lay

One over the belly, over the shoulders one
Rolled of another; sideling crawled a third
Along the dismal pathway.

Here are two seated back to back. They are covered with scabs from head to foot; and each one scratches his sores with his nails.

The crust of the sores

Came drawn from underneath in flakes, like scales
Scraped from the bream, or fish of broader mail.

One is Griffolino d'Arezzo, a very shrewd alchemist, who, accused of being a magician, was put to death by the Bishop of Siena (1216-1252), and Minos hurled him to this gulf.

The other is Capocchio, also a Florentine alchemist, personally known to Dante, who also was burned alive in Siena in 1293.

II. Counterfeiters of Persons.

To give us an idea of the fury and madness of the counterfeiters of persons in Hell, Dante recalls from Ovid the madness of Ino and Hecuba. Athamas, king of Thebes, become insane, kills one of his sons, on which account, Ino, his wife, grows so furious that she takes the other son and throws him and herself into the sea.

Hecuba, widow of Priam of Troy, seeing her daughter Bolissena sacrificed upon Achilles' tomb, and her son Polidorus murdered, loses her reason and turned into a she-dog, fills all Thrace with her barkings.

But ne'er the furies or of Thebes or of Troy
With such fell cruelty were seen

As now two pale and naked ghosts I saw
That gnarling, wildly scampered, like the swine
Excluded from the sty. One reached Capocchio
And in the neck-joint sticking deep his fangs,
Dragged him, that, o'er the solid pavement rubbed
His belly stretched out prone.

The two ghosts were Gianni Schicchi and Myrra. Gianni impersonated, at Simone Donati's request, the latter's father Buoso, just deceased; sent for a Notary and dictated a will in Simone's favor, in which Gianni himself received a beautiful mare known as "the lady of the herd."

Myrra burned with an unnatural love toward her own father, the king of Cyprus. With the help of her governess and covered by the darkness of the night, she assumed the manners of another young woman and succeeded in gratifying her lust.

III. Money Counterfeiters.

When the two spirits had vanished, another came to view, his body swollen with dropsy, his lips wide-open, gasping for water, as of a man belabouring with great fever. It was Adamo of Brescia, who at the instigation of the three brothers, Guido, Alessandro and Aghilolfo, counts of Romena, counterfeited the golden florin of Florence. For this he was burned alive in 1281. He says to the Poets:

When living, full supply
Ne'er lack'd me of what most I coveted.
One drop of water now, alas! I crave.
The rills that glitter down the grassy slopes
Of Casentino, making fresh and soft
The banks whereby they glide to Arno's stream,
Stand ever in my view; and not in vain;
For more the pictured semblance dries me up,
Much more than the disease which makes the flesh
Desert these shrivel'd cheeks. So from the place
Where I transgressed, stern justice urging me,
Takes means to quicken more my labouring sighs.
There is Romena, where I falsified
The metal with the Baptist's form imprest,
For which on earth I left my body burnt. (Inf. Canto 30).

The fury of Adamo is so terrible that in spite of his burning thirst, had he the choice, he would rather see the counts of Romena in Hell with him than quench his thirst at the limpid fount of Branda, a spring in the vicinity of the spot where he met his doom. He heard that Guido was in that pit already, but he cannot move to go and feast his eyes on him. Alessandro and Aghilolfo were still alive in 1300.

IV. Counterfeiters of their word.

Continuing his talk he relates that when he dropped to this gulf here he found Potiphar's wife, who falsely accused Joseph; and the Greek Sinon, whose treacherous tale induced the Trojans to receive the wooden horse within their walls. A fever burns their brains; and a nasty moistness steams up from their bodies. When Sinon heard himself spoken of as a traitor, turned against Adamo and

With clenched hand smote him on the paunch
That like a drum resounded; but forthwith
Adamo smote him on the face.

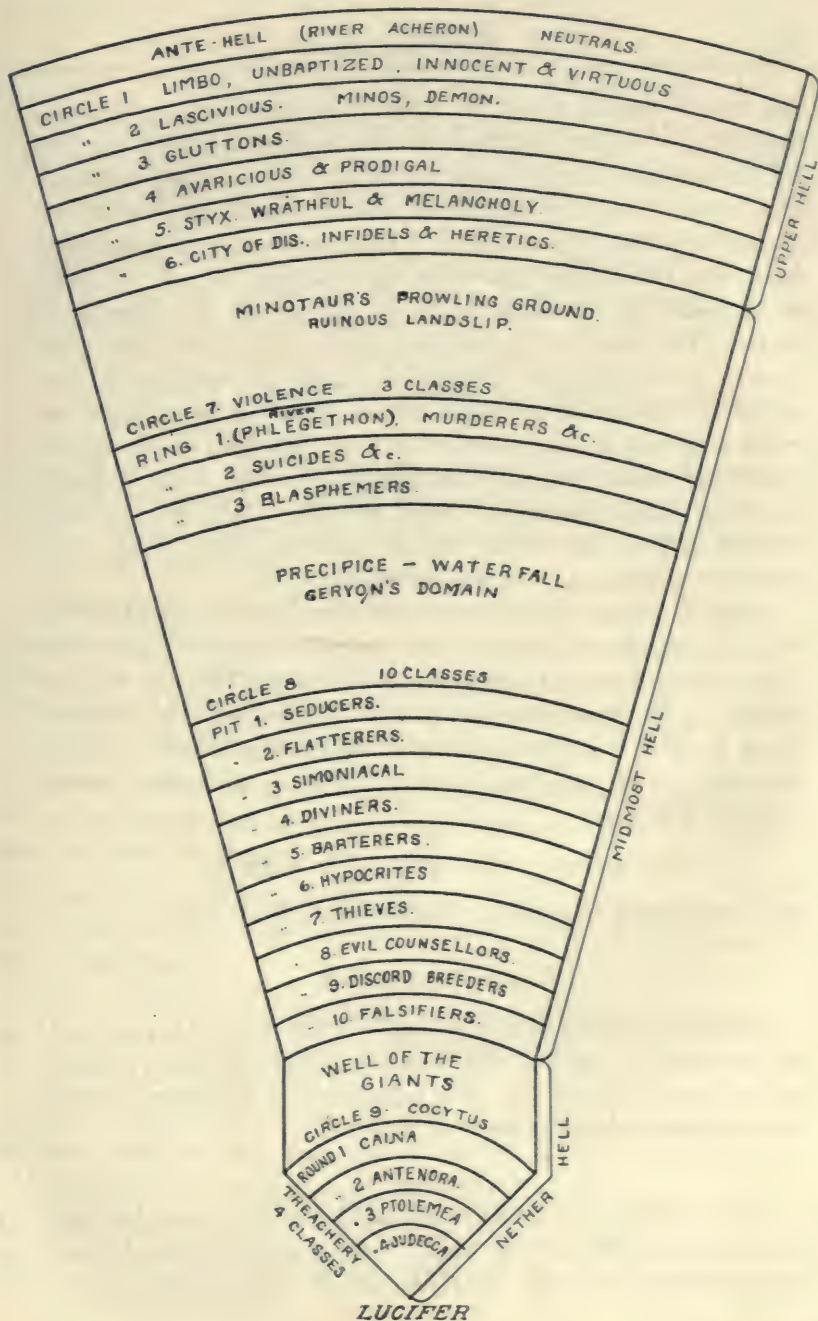
They continued a long time to slur at each other with vile words and like gestures, each minimizing the gravity of his crimes and aggravating the errors of his opponent.

Here ends midmost Hell.

NETHER HELL.

The space in Hell between the 8th and the 9th circles.
Dante's Inferno, Canto 31.

The Poets turned their backs to Circle 8. The air was darksome as in the twilight, and so they could not see far ahead. But a horn was heard sounding so loud "the peal it rang had made the thunder feeble." Straining his eyes towards the place whence the sound had come, he thought he spied a number of high towers. But Virgil informs him that those were not towers, but giants who stood all around



SECTION OF DANTE'S HELL.

the wall enclosing Circle 9. Their feet rested on the ground-floor of the circle and their navels were level with the top of the parapet, above which from the waist up they towered. One of the giants was Nimrod, the supposed builder of the Tower of Babel. (Gen. 10, 11). His face seemed in length and bulk like the bronze pine-cone once on the top of the tomb of Adrian, but in Dante's time, in front of St. Peter's, in Rome. The cone is between seven and eight feet high. The rest of the body was in proportion. From the waist up he was equal to the stature of three tall men, say 19 feet; from the waist down 30 palms, or about 30 feet. He tried to speak, but could not make himself intelligible. To the left, a sling's throw, a huger giant was found with his right arm fettered behind and the other tied before, and the whole body, from neck down, fastened. It was Ephialtes.

Next is Antaeus; his trunk from the waist up measured five ells, or about 19 feet. He was not bound. Virgil begs him to place him and Dante down the parapet on the floor of Circle 9. He leans like the tower of Galesanda of Bologna, takes hold of Virgil, who in his turn, clasped Dante tightly to himself, and stooping, deposits the two-fold burden gently down in the abyss

That Lucifer with Judas low ingulfs,
and right away rose like a stately mast in a ship.

Canto 32. 9th Circle.

The ninth circle is the bottom of the funnel-shaped well; its pavement is the bed of the infernal river Coeytus, which is frozen into a lake of ice. The lake has four concentric rounds in which are held four sorts of traitors.

1st Round.

The outer round is called Caina, from Cain, who betrayed and murdered his brother Abel. Here are the traitors to their own relations; they are haggard and are gnashing their teeth;

they are immersed, like frogs, in a pool up to their faces, which are furrowed with tears. Their look is upward. "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Matt. 13, 42.

Blue pinch'd and shrined in ice the spirits stood,
Moving their teeth in shrill note like the stork,
His face each downward held; their mouth the cold,
Their eyes express'd the dolour of their heart.
Dante saw at his feet two sinners so closely joined that

the very hair of their heads was mingled and their bosoms were pressed together. As they looked up, the tears within their eyes oosed forth and fell upon their lips, some froze within their open eyes.

Alberto Comicione, named below, betrays the names of the sinners. They are Alexander and Napoleon degli Alberti, sons of Count Alberto of Mangona whose possessions lay in the valley of Bisenzio. They killed each other after a quarrel over the inheritance, shortly after 1282.

Others were there: Mordrec, son or nephew of King Arthur, who was killed by King Arthur, because he tried to slay him and take his crown.

Focaccia dei Cancellieri of Pistoia, whose treacherous murder of his kinsman began the disastrous feud of the White and the Black Guelfs:

Sassol Mascheroni dei Toschi of Florence, who murdered the only son of his rich uncle to obtain the latter's inheritance. He was the son's guardian;

Alberto Camicione dei Pazzi of Valdarno, who treacherously killed his kinsman Ubertino;

And Carlino dei Pazzi di Valdarno, who in 1302 surrendered for money the Castle of Piantravigne to the Blacks of Florence, whereby many Whites were slain or taken, is said to be due in that place shortly.

2nd Round.

Antenora, from Antenor, who was supposed to have betrayed his city, Troy, to the Greeks. Here traitors to their country or to their party, are imprisoned. The sinners have part of their heads above the ice, with their faces looking upwards. These sinners' faces were blue from cold. Dante's foot struck

With violent blow against the face of one.

"Wherefore dost bruise me?" weeping he exclaim'd:

"Unless thy errand be some fresh revenge

For Montaperto, wherefore troublest me?

Dante wants to know the name of the speaker, but he refuses to give it. Therefore Dante seized him by his hair, crying:

"Name thee, or not a hair shall tarry here."

"Rend all away," he answer'd, "yet for that

I will not tell, nor show thee who I am,

Though at my head thou pluck a thousand times."

But another spirit says that the obstinate one is Bocca degli Abati, who was at the battle of Montaperti and treacherously struck off the hand of the Knight who carried the banner of the Florentine Republic and thereby caused the overthrow and slaughter of his own countrymen. Bocca then, in revenge, tells the name of the spirit who had just discovered him. That spirit is Buoso da Duero, a Ghibelline of Cremona, who in consideration of a huge bribe allowed Charles of Anjou to enter Parma (1265).

II. Conte Ugolino dei Gherardeschi.

Farther on, two spirits were seen, frozen in one pool. One spirit was gnawing at the other's skull, where the spine joins it, as a hungry man would bite at bread.

"O thou, who show'st so beastly sign of hate

'Gainst him thou prey'st on, let me hear!"

says Dante, your reason for doing it, because if you are right, I will restore your good name in the world above. It was Count Ugolino della Gerardesca who was eating the head of Ruggieri degli Ubaldini, Archbishop of Pisa. Both were traitors.

Ugolino, Guelf, had betrayed the Pisans in 1284; expelled Nino Visconti, the leader of another section of the Guelfs with the aid of the Archbishop, and obtained the chief control of the State. The Archbishop, head of the Ghibbeline, finding that he and his party had lost power, stirred up the populace against Ugolino on the ground of his former treasons. The Count was seized with his two sons and two grandsons and imprisoned in the tower in July, 1288. In March, 1289, a new captain of Pisa was appointed; the keys of the tower were thrown into the river and the prisoners were left to starve to death.

At the request of Dante, Ugolino tells his sorrowful story (Inf. 33, 1-78), which is one of the most pathetic episodes of the Divine Comedy.

3rd Round.

Ptolomea, from Ptolomey, the murderer of Simon Maccabaeus. Here are the traitors to their guests. They are immersed in the ice, not looking downward as those in the Caina, but lying supine; to them even the consolation of shedding tears is denied, because the first tears that come out of their eyes, freeze on the surface of the eyeballs and impede the flow of other tears, and shut them within, to increase their anguish.

There, very weeping suffers not to weep;
For, at their eyes, grief, seeking passage, finds
Impediment, and rolling inward turns
For increase of sharp anguish; the first tears
Hang cluster'd, and like crystal vizors show,
Under the socket brimming all the cup.

Dante heard a cry addressed to himself and to Virgil, whom the speaker thought to be souls doomed to a lower place in Hell than his own. That cry rang out:

“O souls! so cruel, that the farthest post
Hath been assign’d you, from this face remove
The harden’d veil; that I may vent the grief
Impregnate at my heart, some little space,
Ere it congeal again.”

It was friar Alberigo, Guelf of Faenza, in Romagna, who to avenge a blow received from his brother’s son, invited his brother and his son to a banquet and at the signal “bring the fruit,” had them killed by hired murderers (1285).

Dante is astonished at meeting Alberigo in Hell, because at the time of the Vision, Alberigo was not dead. But the friar informs him that it is the “grim privilege” of Ptolomea of receiving damned souls, while their bodies still live on earth, tenanted by fiends from hell, instead of their souls. Dante seems to take the suggestion from St. John 13, 27. “And after the morsel, Satan entered into him (Judas).

Know that the soul, that moment she betrays,
As I did, yields her body to a fiend,
Who after moves and governs it at will,
Till all its time be rounded; headlong she
Falls to this cistern.

Another spirit is there, that of Branca Doria, who was not dead at the time the Poem was written.

For Branca Doria never yet hath died,
But doth all natural functions of a man,
Eats, drinks, and sleeps, and putteth raiment on.”

Branca Doria was a Genoese knight, father-in-law of Michele Zanche. The latter was a governor of Logodoro in Sardinia. (Inf. 22, 28). Branca coveting the dominion of Logodoro invited Michele to dine with him and killed him. (1275).

4th Round.

Giudecca, the place of Judas Iscariot. Here are the traitors to their benefactors. The souls are entirely immersed in four different positions, beneath the ice which is transparent. Some were lying prone, others stood upright on their feet; others erect on their heads; others again on their feet, but bending their heads down to their feet, made an arch of their bodies.

Lo Dis!

Lucifer, that Emperor who sways the realm of sorrows, stands forth at mid breast from the ice.

“The abhorred worm who boreth through the World.”

He is bigger than a mighty giant. Any giant is many sizes smaller than his arms. He is monstrously ugly and frightful. Oh! what a sight! The upper part of his body is within the austral hemisphere, on the summit of which is Jerusalem; the lower half is within the boreal hemisphere opposite to Jerusalem, where the mountain of Purgatory is located, and the aqueous part of the globe. In the opinion of the ancients, the central point of the earth was also the centre of gravity, so that Lucifer is drawn down to the centre of Hell from all directions and held there by the force of gravity for ever.

He has three faces upon his head. One is in front and of a blood-red hue; the other two above his shoulders, one of a pale yellow, the other a black color.

Under each face shoot forth two enormous wings, a great deal wider than any sail outstretched on the wide sea. His wings have no plumes, but are in texture like those of a bat. He flaps them in the air, thus originating three winds which congeal Cocytus to its depth. He weeps from six eyes and the tears flowing down his three chins, mingle with the bloody foam of his mouth. Lucifer with his three faces is the antithesis of the Blessed Trinity. His Impotence, Ignorance and Hatred are contrasted with the Power, Wisdom and Love of the Godhead.

Each of his three mouths champs a sinner. In the front mouth he has Judas Iscariot, whose head is mangled in the monster's mouth and whose body is hanging from it. But, far more than from the gnawing, Judas is tortured

By the fierce rending, whence oft-times the back
Is stripped of all his skin.

Brutus and Cassius, the betrayers of Julius Caesar, hang head down from the jaws of the black and yellow faces respectively. Brutus writhes with intense pain, but endures it with greatness of mind, without weeping or recrimination.

But night now re-ascends;
And it is time for parting. All is seen.

This is the night of Easter Eve on earth. Dante spent 24 hours in Hell, from the Evening of Good Friday to the evening of Holy Saturday.



PRAYER FOR A HAPPY DEATH

O my Lord and Saviour, support me in that hour in the strong arms of Thy Sacrament, and by the fresh fragrance of Thy consolations. Let the absolving words be said over me, and the holy oil sign and seal me, and Thy Own Body be my Food, and Thy Blood my Sprinkling; and let my Sweet Mother Mary, breathe on me; and my Angel whisper peace to me, and my glorious Saints smile upon me; that in them all, and through them all, I may receive the gift of perseverance, and die, as I desire to live, in Thy faith, in Thy Church, in Thy service, and in Thy love. Amen.—Cardinal Newman.

St. Joseph's College Museum

OUR expectation, long-cherished, of having a museum connected with the College, in every way worthy of the College, bids fair to be at last realized. It is most gratifying that the College is to have the active assistance in this good work, of Dr. Alexander Fraser, Toronto, so well-known for his interest in education and history, who has assumed the position of Honorary Curator and has been successful in obtaining specimens of interest and value already, as will be seen in the following notes from an address delivered by him lately before a special meeting of the Alumnae and friends.

The interests of the Museum will be kept before the readers of the "Lilies" from time to time and the co-operation of all friends of the College will be most cordially welcomed. A small committee of the Alumnae will assist Dr. Fraser in locating and securing articles of interest for the Collection.

In the course of his very interesting address Dr. Fraser said: "History is my own specialty with a leaning to language and literature, particularly in the Keltic field, and while, in my professional work, I have to deal with the document rather than with the article produced by art and craftsmanship, yet as history covers in one form or another all the activities and interests of the life of man, the contents of a museum of the handicrafts are not far beyond the line within which my special interest lies.

It is many years since I have realized the educational value of a college museum. I had the advantage of it in my own secondary and advanced education and one of the first things I set about to do after settling in Toronto from the Old Land was to create an interest in such among the schools here and I have seen many of the accruing advantages.

By a college museum I do not mean what is ordinarily un-

derstood by a museum whose chief contents are antiquities and relics of the far past. These are in themselves of absorbing interest and, taken aright, of value in educational work for they are the characters and alphabet of much unwritten history. The object of a specimen of ancient handicraft for instance is not to amuse by its crude design or grotesque workmanship, but to instruct the mind, and that is done by placing such an article in its proper relationship to the conditions prevailing at the time when it was made. This would involve some knowledge of these conditions obtained from every available source, such as a knowledge of the people, their country, their climate and their development on the paths of civilization. The distance travelled from the old to the new, from the ancient to the modern, must be followed with studious care. By such means alone it will be possible to place the antique and the modern article side by side and realize the contents of the ages and cycles of ages that have intervened. There are two ways of learning the past. The older way was to begin at a point as far back in history as possible—at the sources, and to follow the stream of knowledge onward as it passed century after century to the present time. The other, to begin here and now and from one's personal observation and study of his own day, ascend the stream to its source, interpreting events and opinions by the light of experience gained at first hand.

The second method is that to which I am partial and I believe to the student it will yield the richer fruit. A museum therefore, I believe, should not be merely the repository of antiquities but the home of things old and new so that by the knowledge of the one the meaning of the other may be interpreted. And a museum should be something still more than that. It should contain material by the aid of which our knowledge of present-day life may be enlarged, our college studies made the more interesting and the studies themselves the better understood. I have, therefore, suggested that in the building up of a museum in connection with St. Joseph's Col-

lege, the first care should be devoted to securing articles that would illustrate processes of manufacture from the crude to the finished material, thus furnishing the means of a knowledge valuable in itself and at the same time closely related to part of the work carried on in the department of science. I shall enumerate a few of such things as have been already secured or promised.

I have a Cruisgean or Crusé which I picked up in one of the outer Hebridean Islands in 1882, with which we may begin our lighting apparati. After the cruisgean with its rushes and fish oil, would come the tallow dip, the tallow and wax candle and their tin moulds, the tin, brass and silver candlestick and candelabra with its faucettted cut glass embroidery, coal oil lamps of great variety, the gas jet, incandescent lights, and finally the sensitive mechanism of the tungston electric lamp.

The Consumers Gas Co. will contribute specimens to illustrate lighting.

The Dominion Steel Co. will furnish workings in iron and steel, and forms of coal, back to the fossil formation, to which may be added other forms of fuel.

For this purpose fortunately I have some genuine peat taken twenty-two years ago from a peat stack in the Scottish Highlands.

Through the kindness of the Hon. W. J. Hanna I have secured a full line of oil specimens from the crude to the most refined, with an explanatory chart.

Lever Bros. have contributed a line of fine specimens to show the chemical processes of producing soap.

Mr. W. D. Dineen will furnish specimens of Ontario Furs, and Mr. Charles McCrea, M.P.P., of Sudbury, will donate a beaver, an otter and a mink, stuffed and mounted, which will show the fur in its original state.

Specimens of cotton from the seed to the bale are promised; also of pottery from the unmodelled clay to the finished article.

Specimens of wood from the state of nature to a highly polished condition will exemplify our forest heritage.

The British Forging Companies have promised a full set of specimens of their munition products in various stages of manufacture, and The Steel Company of Canada an extensive collection of theirs.

From the Geological Survey at Ottawa there has been received a collection of one hundred and forty-four assorted specimens of the minerals of Canada ticketed and placed in a special case and accompanied by an explanatory chart.

I have handed over from my library what I believe to be a complete set of the Explorer Portlock's engravings made on his North American Travels, showing things and places as they were in his day.

The other day I noticed at the Parliament Buildings models of the houses furnished by the Ontario Government to returned soldier settlers in Northern Ontario under the direction of Col. Innes, who has promised a specimen for this Museum. As an important contribution to reconstruction after the war the soldier settlements in the North will be of great interest historically and in the long future this model and pictures connected with the settlements will be of great interest.

I have also in expectation pictures of school houses from the old fashioned log structure to the large institution of the present day, showing the wonderful development of the separate school house of the Province.

Although I have not mentioned it earlier, one contribution of great value will be from the Hon. Mr. Justice Latchford, who has promised a collection made by himself of Canadian shells, with a descriptive index.

I have also in promise a small collection of Canadian birds and fishes. Coins and stamps will also be contributed, and specimens of Canadian Indian Archaeology.

His Lordship, the Bishop of Chicoutimi, placed in my hands, on a recent visit I made to him, a fine volume of illustrations of the City of Rome, with excellent letterpress. The volume

has special interest as having been, in the first place, presented to Bishop Bégin (now Cardinal Bégin, Quebec) by friends in Rome, on his consecration as Bishop of Chicoutimi, bearing the inscription

Concivi in urbe,
Concivi in Urbe,
Utinam in Patria;

And as having been, in the second place, presented by Bishop Labreque, Cardinal Bégin's successor at Chicoutimi, to me for the Museum now being organized here, and bearing the following gracious inscription:

Donné au Docteur Alexandre Fraser, Curator honoraire du Musée du Collège S. Joseph, Toronto, pour le Musée, avec la bénédiction et les souhaits de succès de

✠ M. T. LABREQUE,

Evêque de Chicoutimi.

("Presented to Doctor Alexander Fraser, Honorary Curator of St. Joseph's College Museum, Toronto, for the Museum, with the benediction and good-wishes for success of ✠ M. T. Labreque, Bishop of Chicoutimi.)

Our most grateful thanks are tendered to the kindly Bishop for his gift, accompanied by his blessing and good wishes, and also for the promise of interesting his curés in securing primitive articles among the remotely-situated habitants, such as, a spinning wheel, hand-loom, kitchen utensils, etc., etc.

The Canadian Steamship Lines, through Norcross, have most generously agreed to tranship free of cost to Toronto, packages of specimens from Quebec for the Museum.

But a gift of singular interest remains to be reported. The cultured Abbé Lindsay, Laval University, Quebec, from whom the graces of a gentle piety irradiate as unaffectedly and na-

turally as does the glow from the setting sun across the Laurentides—gave me, for the Museum, a copy, in two large volumes, of a Breviary, published at Antwerp in 1704, from the famous press of Balthazaris Moreti, whose printing house is itself historic. The work is a rare specimen of the typographic art, with respect to lettering and engravings. Vive Le Chanoine L. Lindsay, à l'Archevêché, Quebec.

I am showing you this evening an address which was presented to me when I was chairman of the Collegiate Board of Toronto, with the view of interesting you in Keltic illumination.

The address was the work of the late A. H. Howard, one of Canada's ablest illuminators, and I wish to say a word about it. When I first met Mr. Howard he had no acquaintance beyond the slightest, with Keltic illumination. I drew his attention to the subject and furnished him with copies of some of the finest examples of early Keltic Art in Ireland, and he became deeply interested. He made a study of the subject and in a comparatively short time thoroughly mastered it. The first commission to which he applied it was that given by the Collegiate Institute Board of Toronto, when they wished to present me with this address, and you can see for yourselves how well the Keltic lends itself to such work. Howard used this form for a number of such addresses, some of them very large and elaborate works of art. I shall be able to place from my own collection a number of specimens of Keltic design in the Museum, and probably some of the young ladies may be induced under the direction of the Art Department, to cultivate the old art that goes with the blood. I have brought down a copy, a long way off indeed, but still a copy, in colours of some of the illuminated designs of the book of Kells, in which some of you may be interested in examining.

But if I were to continue I would weary you. What I have referred to are a very small portion indeed of what by and by will be brought to the Museum of this College.

There is one phase of this work which would have an

interest of its own—that is the cataloguing and indexing of the various articles. That I expect will be undertaken by the students as an off study.

Cataloguing and indexing involve a knowledge of classification, a most difficult thing in which to be efficient, requiring an analytical mind combined with no small portion of the synthetic also, but where there is a natural aptitude for such work it is a pleasure, and begun in this museum, may lead to positions in such institutions as public libraries or in the business world in offices in which organizing power is important. We shall, therefore, have a descriptive catalogue in which proper credit will be given to donors of articles, and also a classified index.

When the collection shall have assumed fair proportions it will be possible to call in the services of men and women as the case may be, to lecture to the students and their friends on some particular phase of the museum, and thus not only give pleasure and instruction to the audience, but also in a pleasing manner help to bring the college and its work to the notice of a section of the public, who otherwise would not pass within its portals.”

On the motion of the Very Rev. H. Carr, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College, seconded by Mr. J. P. Murray, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the Honorary Curator for his address.



At the Cross Roads

BY THE REV. J. J. MCCARTHY.

IT was four months before harvest-time and about the sixth hour of the day. A Traveller, "wearied with the journey," rested at Jacob's well, at the entrance to the little valley which lies between Mt. Garazim and Mt. Ebal, and in which was situated the ancient city of Sichem. The well was dug at the crossing of two caravan routes, one connecting Mesopotamia and the plains of the north with Egypt, the other, the country of the Jordan with the Great Sea. "He was of necessity to pass through Samaria." (John IV.). In that day travellers from Jerusalem to Galilee frequently went out of their road and followed the valley of the Jordan or crossed the plain of Sharon rather than pass through that inhospitable country. Even the cup of cold water was refused there to the thirsty wayfarer if he were of Judea. The Samaritans were paying only in kind; it was the return for Jewish scorn. But Jesus could not go around. He was of necessity to pass through Samaria. The necessity lay within the Heart of the Good Shepherd. The necessity was His Father's Will: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, that I may perfect His work." One of His disciples would remark casually, "there are yet four months and then the harvest cometh," and He would take the word and turn it in accord with His own thought and ask them "lift up your eyes and see the countries, for they are white already to harvest." He was the Good Shepherd come to seek His own. He was come to show in human ways God's love for souls. He would be "wearied" in that seeking, for He was the Son of Man; He would be wearied and hungry.

His disciples had gone into the city to buy meats, and He was alone at the well and waited. It was not for food He

waited, but for a soul whom He would win back from sin. A woman came to the well to draw water and Jesus said to her, "Give Me to drink." She was a Samaritan, and refused. "How dost Thou, a Jew, ask of me to drink, who am a Samaritan? For the Jews have no dealings with Samaritans." Jesus answered: "If thou didst know the gift of God, and Who He is that saith to thee, give Me to drink, thou perhaps wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water." Living water! She doubted if there was better water than that which the well afforded; doubted if He was greater than Jacob who gave them the well, and did not hesitate to tell Him so: "Art Thou greater than our father Jacob who gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children and his cattle?"

She understood nothing of the wonder of that meeting. Was it not something that might happen any day? It was so simple and homelike and intimate. Yet for His coming the world had been preparing for four thousand years. He was the centre of His creation. Chesterton has expressed the thought beautifully in one little verse:

"The Christ Child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown.
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down."

Here was the King—here the centre of all created things, flowers and stars and angels looked to Him; but the woman understood nothing of the wonder of it all.

The well was deep, she argued, and He had nothing wherein to draw, whence, then, had He living water? And Jesus pointed out to her that it was not of earthly water that He spoke: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but he that shall drink of the water that I will give him shall not thirst forever. But the water that I will give him shall become in him a fountain of water springing up into life everlasting." He would teach her that earth's gifts

can never satisfy a human soul. God gives them, and they are precious, like lovers' tokens, when taken from His hand and accepted in the promise and hope of life eternal with Him; but without Him they are nothing. Who seeks only "the meat that perisheth" is "sent empty away."

Still she did not understand. But the Good Shepherd was not disheartened. There were brambles to be cleared away. She must be brought to a sense of her sin. He led, and quickly she followed His guidance through penitence to faith. She lived, with her people, in the expectation of the Messias, and was ready, when He came, to receive His teachings: "When He is come He will tell us all things." Then to this opened soul Jesus made answer: "I am He Who am speaking with Thee."

He was the Christ Whom the world was looking for, Samaria and Judea and the whole world. He had just told it to a sinful woman whom His presence had transformed. And so it is to-day. He is resting at the cross-roads where the human caravan goes by, and waiting. There is love there as deep as God. But so many eyes are blind! "If thou didst know . . . thou perhaps wouldst have asked of Him and He would have given thee living water."

This was in the beginning of Our Lord's public ministry. At its close He could utter the same reproach. He was going down the slope of the Mount of Olives. Jerusalem lay before Him to the westward across Kedron—Kedron, once the limpid brook, now became the cesspool of the city; all mean things of earth stood between His love and them. "And seeing the city, He wept over it, saying: If thou also hadst known and that in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace; but now they are hidden from thy eyes." (Luke xix., 41-2). He would carry the Cross through those very streets, and out beyond the western wall. He would lay down His life for His friends. Judas even would be "friend." And the Body that would be broken, He would give to the world forever in the Blessed Sacrament. The wonder of to-day is so utterly beyond

the wonder of Jacob's well. If He were to put aside for a moment the Eucharistic accidents we could look upon Him now, the marks of the nails in His hands and in His feet and the spear wound in His side, and see that it is really He.

Each morning at Holy Mass He is born for us again; the Altar, Bethlehem. Can we doubt that it was so for Mary while she waited? at Ephesus, tradition tells us. And the Altar is Calvary. "For as often as you shall eat this bread and drink the chalice, you shall shew the death of the Lord, until He comes." (I. Cor. xi., 26). It is the beginning and the end. And that long stretch of years between, so like the common life of men—the hidden life at Nazareth is reproduced in the Blessed Sacrament with a humility deeper than the humility of Nazareth; for under the Sacramental veil He hides not only His Divinity, but He hides as well the winsomeness of His human presence.

It is really He. The Eucharistic accidents are the true outward garb of the Heart within, "meek and humble." We would clothe our King in raiment of fine gold. But He will not have it so.

"Earth's humblest robes He deems most sweet,
The robes of Bread and Wine;
He wears the ivory-white of wheat,
The amber of the vine."

He would have us come to Him in confidence, so He clothes Himself in lowliness.

In the humility of the Eucharist He has caused that He must be cared for. He has known the necessities of human love so well. He would be our Guest, and we Martha and Mary to Him.

He would be constrained to come and dine, as at Emmaus. He will come only if we want Him. When He does come it is in all fulness of grace; the only limit, the capacity of the receiver. It is the fountain flowing from the depths of God and springing up into life everlasting. Communion is always a wondrous grace, but compared with the possibilities, is it not

a pity that so often we give and receive so little? There is the real union of Communion time; and then the "dwelling" of Christ "by faith" in our hearts. Is this not the fruit of Communion which Our Lord intends? "That Christ may dwell by faith in your hearts; that being rooted and founded in charity, you may be able to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length, and height, and depth. To know also the charity of Christ, which surpasseth all knowledge, that you may be filled unto all the fulness of God." (Eph. iii., 17-19).

Do we not set our aim too low? "I am come to cast fire on the earth and what will I but that it be enkindled?" This is as Our Lord would have it. Once in a while the fire does catch, and saints are made, and roses fall from heaven. Perhaps for that it is worth His while to stay and put up with the indifference of the rest of us. Ah, the rest of us! He is pleading. If we would but trust that despite past infidelities, past coldnesses, He wants us now, each soul! He is at the cross-roads, waiting; and the well is there, deep as God's love. the very hair of their heads was mingled and their bosoms

Roses in the Rain

The winding meadow-paths are deep,
And, like a faint-remembered strain,
There comes, as o'er dim seas of sleep,
The scent of roses in the rain.

The drift of delicate perfume
Causes my eyes to blur with tears;
I sense, when roses are in bloom,
The pain and pathos of the years.

It brings, though but a fleeting breath,
A moment here, then gone again,
The poignancy of time and death—
The scent of roses in the rain.

—Clinton Scollard.

St. Joseph's in Denmark

REMINISCENCES BY REVEREND MOTHER PROVINCIAL.

COMMUNITY OF ST. JOSEPH, HARTFORD, CONN.

WHEN a child, I spent several years in Denmark and those early days are indelibly engraved upon my memory. It was the seed time for the Catholic Church in that country; the harvest has since come. Our family must have gone to Denmark in 1859. I was then one year old. My father was in the employ of an English Railroad Company, and we settled in Randers, Jutland, in the northern part of the country. In this provincial town there was no Catholic Church, no priest. On Sundays, my father assembled us and read the Mass prayers aloud. Catholicism was a thing of the past in those regions. The Reformation had swept away well nigh every vestige of the old Religion. We lived outside the town. Near by, on an eminence, was a Protestant church, surrounded by its cemetery. This had been probably a Catholic place of worship which the iron hand of persecution had seized and adapted to the cause of heresy. A sister was born to us; we called her Ida, but she was not baptized. My father waited for the coming of a priest, but in vain. At two years of age, she contracted a fever, and then he ventured to administer the Sacrament. She died, and a priest came, from Germany, I think, to bless her grave in the Protestant graveyard. Denmark could not even boast of a Prefect Apostolic in those days; although there were in Copenhagen a Catholic church, a few resident priests and a Catholic school, taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Chambéry.

In 1866 the war broke out between Denmark and Germany. Through fear of an invasion, the railroad staff removed to Copenhagen. Here, in the St. Ansgar church, we children had an opportunity for the first time to assist at Catholic ser-

vices, and drink in the beauty of Catholic ceremonial. We also, "pro tem," attended the parish school. Upon our return to Randers, when peace was restored, my father obtained permission from the Bishop of Osnabruck, Germany, that every two or three years, a priest might visit us, say Mass in our home, in which would assemble the few scattered Catholics, and administer the Sacraments. A still greater blessing was granted us later when a resident priest was appointed to Randers. There, in a modest flat, the "Holy of Holies," after an exile of upwards of two hundred years, took up His abode. I remember the first Mass at which my sister played the harmonium. Then negotiations were set on foot and it was arranged that three Sisters of St. Joseph from Copenhagen should come to take a few orphan children and open a day school. They came, those generous souls in 1868. The first Superior of Randers was Sr. Theresa of Jesus (née Lovensk-jold) a Protestant Danish lady who had become a convert. The Sisters were ready for all hardships and privations and often I think, they lacked the necessities of life. They, too, lodged in a flat; we were their first pupils, and at that time their only ones, three in number. All three in years to come embraced the vocation of their saintly teachers—but in other lands. From these humble beginnings have come an abundant harvest. Randers has now its church, its convent, school and hospital. No wonder that the advent of these humble women, in the "sixties," was displeasing to the evil spirits who had so long held sway in those benighted regions. Soon after the Nuns' arrival, various extraordinary occurrences took place; lights would go out, extinguished by no visible hand, and some times when the Sisters were seated around their frugal table, the knives and forks would stand erect, and the glasses dance around. They were brave, and even jested at these diabolical interventions. One day, at recreation, one made the remark that she had no fear of the demon, nor of his legions. It seems this contempt was singularly distasteful to Lucifer, as that night, the Sister when in bed receiv-

ed a sound box on the ear, on that side of the face which was resting on the pillow. Eventually the priest exorcised the house, and no further disturbance occurred. This was related to me, many years later, in France.

Our Sisters had come to Copenhagen several years previous to the events above recorded. It is gratifying to learn that the first Convent established in Denmark since the Reformation was that of St. Joseph at Copenhagen, in 1856; and the Community of St. Joseph was the first Religious Congregation to enter heresy darkened and sombre shadowed Scandinavia. Before the Reformation, numerous Religious Communities, practising all the virtues, had flourished in those northern regions. But in the unfortunate sixteenth century, when pride reigned triumphant, they perished miserably, and during three centuries no Religious were able to penetrate to the heart of these desolate countries. To-day the Danish province, with Mother House at Copenhagen, numbers over four hundred Sisters of St. Joseph, in charge of flourishing parochial and private schools of great repute, a large hospital in the capital, with schools, orphan asylums and hospitals scattered over all the kingdom. From Copenhagen have gone out numerous Communities now settled in Scandinavia. From the Danish Mother House was founded the Swedish Convent of St. Joseph at Stockholm, in 1862, and the Norwegian Convent at Christiania in 1865. Other foundations have been made in Iceland and in Belgium.

But when in 1856 the pioneer Sisters went to Denmark to work for the conversion of its people plunged in the darkness of error, they suffered persecution under divers forms. They lived for years in poverty and privation, often needing food. Their first habitation was almost a cellar, very damp, and separated from the Protestant cemetery only by the bare wall of the house. It consisted of four little rooms, which together would have made one medium-sized room, and were utilized for chapel, community room, dormitory, parlour, and kitchen. In the life of Sr. Ann Sophie (Marie

Vassel, 1827-91), one of the four Sisters who founded the first Danish Convent, we read that she expired kissing the crucifix, making the sacrifice of her life for the conversion of Denmark and for her dear Congregation. Some of her Danish pupils became priests and evangelists of their country. The Sisters taught school, instructed Protestants being received into Holy Church, and also ill-instructed Catholics. They visited hospitals and the destitute in their homes, started a library for the poor and were instrumental in having the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary established. God in His own good time blessed those who painfully ploughed and laboriously sowed the seed which afterwards yielded so glorious a harvest.

In 1850 (six years before the Sisters' coming) there were in the whole of Denmark only three missionaries, two stations and three hundred Catholics. To-day there is scarcely a Danish city without a Catholic church. The secular priests are assisted in the diocesan work by a number of Regulars, including Jesuits, Franciscans, Redemptorists and Lazarists. On September 8th, 1917, the Right Rev. Johannes von Euch celebrated his Silver Jubilee as Bishop of Denmark. He was the first bishop to be consecrated for a Danish See in three hundred years. Monseigneur von Euch, eighty-three years old, is by birth a German, and has exercised his sacred ministry in Denmark almost from his ordination in 1860. On his arrival he found the people bitterly opposed to Catholicity, but in the long interval he has become one of the most honored men in Copenhagen. His wonderful personality united with his singular attainments and rare talent, won the people who had wrongly accused the Church of fostering ignorance. Monseigneur von Euch's mental gifts appealed to the intelligent classes; prominent laymen soon yielded him support; and one of his staunchest supporters is the renowned Danish author, the convert poet Johannes Jørgensen. When Prince Waldemar of Denmark married the Catholic Princess Marie of the House of Bourbon, Father von Euch found in her a

powerful ally who, like himself, was armed with extraordinary personality and took Danish hearts by storm. The growth of Catholicism in Denmark is slow, but very steady. Prior to the middle of the nineteenth century there were scarcely any Catholics at all in the country, but with the establishment in 1849 of religious freedom, converts began to flow in until now the Catholics number sixty thousand. Nearly all are converts and are drawn mainly from the two extremes of the population, the higher social group and the intellectuals on the one hand and the poor people on the other. This is the form the conversion movement has always assumed in England. In Denmark, as in England the middle class has scarcely been touched. It is to be said, however, that it is among the same middle class in both countries that the decline in Protestantism has been most marked.

Glancing over these brief reminiscences, we cannot but be humbly grateful to the kind Providence of God for deigning to make use of the Community of St. Joseph in the religious revival of Denmark.

EDITOR'S NOTE: As Reverend Mother Provincial's modesty will not permit her to record the share her own family had in helping the growth of Catholicity in Denmark, it may not be amiss to mention that it was her father, Mr. Peter O'Connor of Tipperary, Ireland, who was instrumental in bringing the Sisters of St. Joseph to Randers; and it was also due to his efforts that episcopal authority established the first Catholic station in the same town. He and his wife, Emma Pritchard, an English Protestant lady who afterwards became a convert, gave the priest hospitality in their own home, where the Holy Sacrifice was often celebrated. They were rewarded by the vocation to the religious life of five of their six children. Two children died in early youth. Their only son became a Jesuit and four of their daughters entered the Community of St. Joseph. The first to enter was Miss Mary Ann O'Connor, born at Quebec, 1854; in religion she was known as Sister Mary of Jesus. She was prepared for her First Communion at Fredericia (Jutland) by the Curé. M. von Euch, now Bishop, who was always a true friend, guide and helper of our Danish Sisters. Her holiness as a young girl was marvellous; her zeal for sinners and her penances, even as a child, extraordinary. She entered our Community in Chambéry (Savoy) in 1874; afterwards was engaged as music teacher, making of her gifts an apostleship. In 1885 she was sent, with four other Sisters, to open a convent in the United States at Lee, Mass., for work in the parochial schools. Later she was recalled to Chambéry and was sent to Copenhagen to become Mistress of Novices. The Novitiate was com-

posed of Germans, Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, and numbered many beautiful souls. She saw all these novices in the heart of our Lord and loved them accordingly. "I am only a bungler, but our Lord lets me help Him through others," she would say; "Jesus is all, I nothing." Her death was a foretaste of heaven. The day of Extreme Unction she called a feast day. Humble, obedient, mortified, selfless, she yielded her life to her Divine Spouse in 1891. The second daughter to embrace the religious life was Emma O'Connor—Sister Aimée of Mary Immaculate. She was born in Toronto in 1857 and died at St. Joseph's Academy, Savoy, 1887. She had been educated at our boarding school there, where later she was employed as music teacher. After a life of holiness and great devotion to the service of God, she early went to her reward. The third to become a child of St. Joseph was Frances O'Connor, born at Christchurch, Hampshire, England, now Mother Josephine of the Sacred Heart, the contributor of these memoirs. Mother Josephine's education was first private, then she attended the school of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Randers, Denmark; Notre Dame Academy, Plymouth, England; and St. Joseph's Academy, Chambéry, France. She entered the Novitiate in 1877. She was engaged for a time as teacher in Chambéry; and later came with Sister Mary of Jesus to help make a foundation at Lee, Mass. She is now Provincial of the American Province of Chambéry and labours assiduously for the Church and souls. Alice O'Connor, Sister Ida of the Cross, followed the example of her sisters and does her Lord's work with a willing heart in foreign countries. Mr. O'Connor's position as Administrator of Railroads necessitated not only his visiting, but also his residing in many lands, notably Denmark, France, England, Canada, and even South Africa; and wherever he lived he left memorials of his sterling Irish Catholicity. Of such as he, the soulful words of Miss Eleanor Rogers Cox in her beautiful poem, "O Radiant Faith of Ireland," are singularly apposite when describing the wanderings of the Gael:—

"Her children throng the waterways where pass the mighty ships,
Still pioneers of God they come, a prayer upon their lips;
Still bearing to their lineage true, Faith's fertilizing rain,
To blossom forth in stranger lands in many a shining fane."

The Catholic Church has been the fondly loved Mother of more great writers and pioneers in all branches of discovery than have all the other religions of the world put together.—Professor Windle.

A Grateful Soldier's Letters

29 Gelling St., Dingle, Liverpool, England,
Adoremus in Aeternum! July 4th, 1918.

Dear Reverend Sister,

Your very kind letter dated May 27th, as also eight copies of your beautiful Magazine "Saint Joseph Lilies," reached me a few days ago, and I now hasten to tender you, not only my own heartfelt thanks, but the thanks of our camp Chaplain, the Rev. Captain W. Gallagher, C.F., who has requested me to say that he sends you a "thousand Irish thanks" for the gifts which are greatly appreciated by the men. He himself has read a copy and enjoyed it immensely and declared it to be a "great intellectual treat."

And now, dear Sister, I am just mailing the three remaining copies off to the various theatres of the war, where I know they will be doubly appreciated by our Soldiers when they hear that it is to your generosity they owe the gifts. I myself, am going overseas this month again, but all letters, etc., addressed to me at the above (my home address) will be forwarded on.

Begging Almighty God to bless your work, your Congregation and your Alumnae,

I remain, dear Sister,

Very gratefully yours,

LANCE CORP. JOHN H. MILLS, 332171, 7th K.L.R.

* * * * *

Dear Reverend Sister,

July 22nd, 1918.

I beg to acknowledge receipt of the June issue of your beautiful publication, which contains my letter of appeal for Catholic Literature for overseas Soldiers, and I now wish once again to offer you my most sincere thanks for your very great kindness. Perhaps when you have a little space at your disposal you will issue a word of thanks from me to the kind benefactors who have responded to the appeal.

As far as possible, I am trying to make a personal acknowledgment, but this takes time, so I would be greatly obliged if you would publish a word of thanks in my behalf.

With every good wish and prayer, I remain, dear Sister,

Very gratefully yours,

JOHN H. MILLS.

Officers of the St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association



1918—1919



Honorary Patron—The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D.

Spiritual Director—The Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the
Community of St. Joseph.

President—Mrs. J. E. Day.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. T. F. McMahon, Mrs. J. A. Thompson,
Mrs. M. Healy, Mrs. Wm. Walsh, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh.

Counsellors—Miss Hart, Mrs. F. O'Connor, Mrs. C. Riley,
Miss McBride.

Treasurer—Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan.

City Recording Secretary—Mrs. J. M. Landy.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Mrs. Jno. O'Neill.

Press Correspondent Secretary—Mrs. T. McCarron.

Historians—Mrs. F. P. Brazill, Miss Blaid Leonard.

Alumnae Items

The Annual Meeting and Election of Officers of the St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association took place at the College on Tuesday, June 25th, 1918.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT, 1917-1918.

Dear Reverend Mother and Members of the Alumnae Association:

At the close of the second year during which I have had the honour of presiding over St. Joseph's Alumnae Association, it gives me great pleasure to review some of the activities carried on by the Association. We have all endeavoured to promote the objects of the Association and by our many meetings, improve not only our acquaintance with one another, but develop the love and affection all members of such a body should have towards their Alma Mater. In this I think all will agree, we have been very successful, and we have the further gratification of knowing that the most cordial relations exist between our Association and its sister, the Loretto Abbey. As proof of this, I may refer to our reciprocal attendance at the several functions held by both societies during the past two years and particularly to the successful Triduum recently held at St. Joseph's College, a success possible only by the hearty co-operation of the Alumnae of Loretto Abbey. It is sincerely to be hoped that similar joint efforts will mark future years and cement the love and regard of our Associations for each other. The Meeting recently held to promote the establishing of a Museum for St. Joseph's College, to which all our members were invited, was a successful launching of a project that will, I hope, result in much benefit to the College, and one that merits the heartiest support of all the members of the Alumnae. The Committee of the Association charged

with assisting in the carrying of the Museum scheme to a successful issue, will, I am sure, give the work hearty support, and much thanks are due Dr. Fraser for his earnest desire to make St. Joseph's College Museum a credit to the College and a source of never failing instruction and interest to its pupils and friends. The Reports of our Executive officers which have been read to you show that the past year has been an active one in many respects, and it gives me much pleasure to announce that the state of our finances has permitted us to present to the College a Scholarship to be competed for by the pupils taking the Junior Matriculation Examination at Toronto University. This Scholarship will, I hope, awaken amongst the pupils the desire to number themselves in the near future among the members of our Association. And now, dear Reverend Mother and Fellow Members, in handing over the care of the Alumnae to my successor, I wish to again testify to the unfailing interest of our Honorary President, dear Reverend Mother, in all our undertakings and to thank her for her advice and counsel so freely and tenderly given on all occasions. To the Members of the Executive my thanks are due for their hearty, loving assistance and kindness extended to me by all during my term of office. I bespeak for my successor the same thoughtful consideration and help at the hands of the Members and Executive as have been so freely and effectively given me and can assure you that the result will be an Association of continued usefulness and pleasure to its members and an honour to its Alma Mater.

ANNA WARDE, President.

Detailed Reports of the year's work were read by the Recording Secretary, Miss Blamid Leonard; by the Treasurer, Mrs. G. Griffin; by the City Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. A. Thompson, and by the Press Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. T. McCarron. Warm votes of thanks were tendered the President and the Officers for their interest in the Association's welfare.

The Executive of St. Joseph's College Alumnae held a business meeting Thursday, July 11th, to form its sub-committees: Academic, Mrs. T. F. McMahon, Convener; Mrs. F. P. Brazil, Miss Blaid Leonard. Patriotic, Mrs. William Walsh, Convener; Mrs. J. J. Landy, Mrs. K. Clarke. Spiritual and Cemetery, Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Convener; Mrs. J. O'Neil, Miss McBride. Programme and Social, Mrs. M. J. Healy, Convener; Miss M. L. Hart, Mrs. F. O'Connor, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh. Choral Committee, Mrs. W. Petley, Convener; Mrs. A. Small, Mrs. C. F. Riley, Mrs. J. D. Warde. Mrs. J. E. Day will be the Delegate to the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae to be held in St. Louis, Mo., in October. Mrs. M. J. Healy, Alternate. Delegates to Local Council of Women, Miss M. L. Hart, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. J. D. Warde, Miss Clarke. Mrs. R. P. Gough, Mrs. E. J. McMullen, Miss Rose Ferguson were made honorary members. Miss A. Fitzgerald, Miss G. Gough and Mrs. Dryden joined the Alumnae as members.

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On Saturday, October 19th, at 3 p.m., the members of the Alumnae and some of the Sisters of the Community will visit the cemeteries and pray for the souls of our deceased members. All are requested to join in this charitable exercise.

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On Saturday morning, November 2nd, at nine o'clock, the annual Requiem High Mass will be offered in the Convent Chapel for the repose of the souls of deceased members of our Association.

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On June 9th Miss Hart spoke to the College pupils of the necessity of labouring for the country's good during the mid-summer vacation. And in order to ensure that patriotism of a practical kind, will not be neglected during the holidays, the students of St. Joseph's have formed themselves into a society to be known as St. Joseph's College Patriotic Association.

On June 12th Mrs. J. D. Warde entertained the Graduating Class at a Musical and Tea at her home in Rosedale. The Executive of the Alumnae were present and a delightful afternoon was spent.

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A pretty wedding was celebrated by the Rev. Father Minehan on June 19th, when Lillian Devaney became the bride of Captain William Wallace, M.C. All best wishes to the happy couple.

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Many members of the Alumnae were present at the delightful Fairy Operetta given by the Minims of St. Joseph's Academy in aid of the Queen Mary Shower. Results more than justified expectations, as more than twelve hundred articles were contributed to the good work.

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"The Canadian Heroes," a descriptive military march for the pianoforte composed by Gertrude S. Johnson, has received warm commendation from Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., Senator of Toronto University, who in a very kindly letter to the composer, writes: "The Canadian Heroes" and also your second composition, "The Merry Maiden," reached me yesterday. Both seem to me to have very appropriate names and attractive melodies. I shall do my utmost to have the pieces from your talented fingers placed on the lists for University students. "The Canadian Heroes" is splendidly suggestive of a phase of actual life, and is replete with attractive harmony. I prefer your production to any other which I have heard. Success to it and to you!"

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Congratulations to our alumnae, the Misses Agnes and Miriam Elmsley, on the success of their hero-brother, Brigadier-General J. H. Elmsley, C.M.G., D.S.O., Royal Canadian Dragoons, who commands the 8th Brigade, and has been four times mentioned in despatches and who on the King's birthday was made Commander of the Bath. General Elmsley has been

selected to command the troops which are now being mobilized in Canada for service in Siberia.

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Congratulations also to Mrs. H. Morin and Mrs. P. Howe (Mollie and Lillie Burke) on the valour displayed by their young brother, Lieutenant John Burke, who has received the Military Cross. He was engaged on urgent railway construction work, and so encouraged his men by his splendid example that the work was completed under heavy shell fire. On one occasion during a heavy bombardment, after ordering his men back to a safer place, he found that two of them were missing. He at once went back through intense shell fire, found the missing men, who were suffering from shock, and brought them back to safety.

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It is gratifying to learn that two Sisters from St. Michael's Hospital who were graduated from the Ontario College of Pharmacy a few months ago, have added to their honours by obtaining their Phm.B. Degrees from the University of Toronto.

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Our esteemed Alumna, Miss E. Angela Henry, Associate Editor of the Buffalo "Union and Times," has for the third time been honoured by the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven with an invitation to lecture. She will give two illustrated Lectures on August 26th and 27th, and all who have had the pleasure of hearing Miss Henry in the past will know what a rich intellectual treat will be furnished those privileged to attend.

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Our sincerest condolences are offered to our revered Chaplain, Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B., on the death of his brother; to Miss Elizabeth McCarthy on the death of her brother, Father James McCarthy, S.J., of St. Ignatius College, Chicago; to Misses Viola and Marie McNulty on the death of their beloved sister Genevieve, wife of Major George Blake Begy; to Miss

Blamid Leonard on the loss of her young brother, Lieutenant John Leonard, "killed in action"; to Miss Gladys French on the sudden death of her devoted mother. R. I. P.

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We deeply sympathize with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Houston (K. Mulcahy) in their anxiety concerning the fate of their young son, Lieutenant Cyril Houston, R.A.F., reported missing. It is believed that he was engaged with the aerial forces on the Marne. His brother Allan is with the 9th Canadian Engineers.

De Profundis

Bound by the chains of doubt, despair and fear,
But fear the most;
Fear of the grisly host
Of my own weaknesses. The ghost
Of that great thing God made
When He made me;
Craven, I wept,
And half awaked the soul that slept
Within me.
Yet all I shed was but an unclean tear.

By strange impulses driven
I looked above.
I saw the blackness riven
By the old, sweet light of Love.
A burning shaft,
A guiding shaft,
From the unseen bow of Creation's Lord,
Pointed the way
Through my darkened day
To you. And your soft-voiced word
Will linger.

—R. O. A.



In the St. Paul Catholic Bulletin we read with pleasure the lecture delivered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lawler of Lead, at the Commencement Exercises of the College of St. Catherine, under the direction of the Community of St. Joseph. It contains many words of kindly encouragement to the young ladies who are going forth to begin their life work, words of praise, too, for the part they have so generously taken in all the patriotic enterprises with which the College has been identified, and above all words of admonition as to what the Church has the right to expect from all who have had the privilege of being graduated from such an institution. Speaking of religious teachers, the Right Reverend lecturer said: "The Priests, the Brothers and the Sisters in charge of our universities and colleges and academies and schools are not only actuated by the natural reasons which are an incentive to labour with every human being, but they are also inspired by higher considerations. They are animated chiefly by the supernatural motive of consecrating themselves to the training of youth as a life-long profession, out of love for God. With them, teaching is not used as a make-shift—as a stepping-stone to other states of life; but it is followed as their chosen profes-

sion, as their cherished life-work, as their religious vocation. The results of their training eloquently tell of their success. Phidias, the famous sculptor of Ancient Greece, is said to have inserted his own likeness into one of his masterpieces so artfully that it could not be effaced without destroying the whole statue. Need I remind you that there is many a Phidias in our schools and academies and colleges and universities devotedly labouring for the realization of Christian ideals, producing grander works than Grecian sculptor ever dreamed of? The Sisters of St. Joseph have been at work among you for years, fashioning masterpieces in human conduct, building up Christian character, furnishing leaders and exemplars among women, on whom they stamp indelibly the likeness of the Divine Sculptor, on whom they put the impress of their own beautiful lives—the impress of truest, gentlest, purest, noblest womanhood.” After dwelling on the encouragement always given by the Church to every branch of the fine arts, Bishop Lawler closed his lecture by pointing out to the graduates the need there is for each one of them to practise all the virtues requisite to make of herself a Catholic woman of the noblest type and to do credit to the school which sends her forth.



I heard a bird at break of day
Sing from the autumn trees
A song so mystical and calm,
So full of certainties,
No man, I think, could listen long
Except upon his knees.
Yet this was but a simple bird,
Alone among dead trees.

**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE DEPARTMENT EDITORIAL
STAFF.**

Editor of the College Department—Miss Madeleine Murphy.

Assistant Editors—The Misses Frances Whelan, Ruth Agnew,
Marion Allan, Helen Duggan.

Local Editors—The Misses Margaret Acres, Rita Ivory, Edna
Mulqueen, Sara Rees.

Music Editors—The Misses Lucia Ashbrook, Albertine Martin,
Amy Meraw, Ursula Christopher.

Art Editors—The Misses Marie Baechler, Bessie Devine, Violet
Connolly, Lillian Desroches, Jean McCabe.

The Immortal Flower

Lord, in whose hands I am but dust,
Make Thou of me a vessel whole,
Worthy to guard the precious soul,
Thou givest me in trust.

Keep me unmarred by strife and sin
Throughout my little span of years;
Let joy's bright sun and sorrow's tears
Keep pure the flower therein.

Grant if Thou wilt mine eyes to see
It grow to beauty at Thy feet—
To find at last the blossoms sweet
Of immortality.

And when this body that is mine—
This mortal shape which Thou hast made—
Is dust and with the earth-dust laid,
Lord, take the flower for thine.

—Selected.

Graduates of 1918

ELLEN DAVIN ASHBROOK—WASHINGTON.

"Pretty and witty, will and yet gentle."

Ellen, the typical care-free, American girl, came to St. Joseph's from Washington, when she was still in the elementary grades. During her sojourn at St. Joseph's she endeared herself to her schoolmates by her merry, winning ways and her willingness to lead in all their girlish pranks, while to her mistress and teachers she was always "Ellen," just "Ellen." In the elocution class, Ellen has been most interested, while her Matriculation certificate testifies that her time was well spent. We know that she will make countless friends in life and we wish her success.

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LORETTO JOSEPHINE DILLON—TORONTO.

Her eyes were on a well-worn book and as she turn'd the pages
There was that meaning in her look which sculptors give to sages.

During the four years of her College career Loretto has been characterized by an unflinching courage in the eager pursuit of knowledge. Especially will she be remembered as one who could and would unearth any book however ponderous, desirable for supplementary reading. We feel confident that Loretto's love for knowledge will continue to lead her ever onward and upward towards its Source.

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NAOMI JANE GIBSON—TORONTO.

"With powers fresh, undiverted to the world without
True to their mark, not spent on other things."

Naomi Jane Gibson was born in Toronto and received her entire education within St. Joseph's walls. Matriculating in 1916 and desirous of pursuing higher paths of learning, she enrolled in the General Course in Arts. She has entered with



GRADUATES OF 1918

enthusiasm into every phase of College life and has achieved distinction in the Dramatic Club.

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RITA MARY IVORY—TORONTO.

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live!

Rita was born in Toronto, received her primary education at St. Francis' School, and for the past seven years has been a pupil of the College-Academy. Besides obtaining her Lower School and Middle School Entrance to Normal and Junior Matriculation, she has had the advantage of a few months in the Commercial Class. Rita has been always the friend of new pupils and the life of recreation, endearing herself to all by her kindness and thoughtfulness. We wish her all success in her chosen profession of teaching.

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EILEEN MARY KORMANN—TORONTO.

"A spirit full of pleasant brightness."

Eileen is a native of Toronto, and received her Primary and High School education at St. Joseph's. After matriculating she followed the College Course for a year. Her friendliness, bright manner and girlish love of fun make her always a welcome sight in the College halls, and have won for her a host of friends who wish her success in the future.

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SUSAN McCORMICK—TORONTO.

"A dutiful, studious child was she."

Susie received part of her elementary education in the town of Sudbury, but having come to Toronto to reside, she entered St. Joseph's as a day pupil. Susie has always been looked upon by her class-mates as an "incorrigible student," but by her teachers as a most satisfactory pupil. Having obtained Junior Matriculation, Susie entered the Arts Course at St. Joseph's, in which she is progressing with her usual success. She hopes in due time to attain to the Bachelor's Degree. All pleasure and honour attend her efforts to the goal of her ambition.

JOSEPHINE EILEEN McDONAGH—TORONTO.

"A mind mature with the heart of a child."

Some sixteen short summers ago, Eileen first smiled upon her native city, Toronto, and ever since she has been shedding the sweet radiance of her presence upon her friends and acquaintances. As a tiny tot she came to St. Joseph's to begin her education and from the very first displayed a remarkable mentality and a precocity, at times even disarming. In a High School Course of three years, she obtained Lower School Entrance, Middle School Entrance and Junior Matriculation and now her objective, we hear, is Dentistry. St. Joseph's wishes her success in her new career.

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ESTELLE ELIZABETH McGUIRE—TORONTO.

Soft is the music that would charm for ever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

Estelle has been a pupil at St. Joseph's since 1914, trying for Normal Entrance and Junior Matriculation this year. Any one who knows her will readily affirm that mere Academic standing will never satisfactorily express all that she has attained. Her Alma Mater confidently hopes that it will ever be thus with Estelle, that solidity, not brilliancy, will be her aim, hence whatever course in life she follows her influence will be that of a good Catholic woman.

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EDNA MARGARET MULQUEEN—TORONTO.

"She was a queen of noble Nature's crowning."

Toronto is Edna's birth-place and St. Joseph's has been the scene of her studies almost from childhood, and her Alma Mater has watched her progress with interest and pleasure. Edna is not satisfied with obtaining Junior Matriculation, but intends to continue her studies. We wish her all success and feel sure that her moral development keeping pace as in the past with her intellectual, she will one day in the ranks of dignified Catholic womanhood, do honour to Church and country.

St. Joseph's Closing

"Few girl graduates," says a press account, "have so picturesque a ceremony as that with which St. Joseph's College crowns its pupils. Banked with huge nosegays of roses and loveliest June flowers, the stage of the big hall June eleventh had for a background row upon row of black-frocked girls. Then nine graduates entered in robes which a bride would have envied, bearing lovely bouquets of roses, and each was attended by a small tot, who looked like a richly dressed French doll. After they had received their medals they withdrew and came in crowned with gold-leaved chaplets. So packed was the large auditorium that many had to stand. The programme, which was unusually fine, included a cantata, "The Garden of Flowers"; "The Church's Triumph," an allegorical play, was produced with much histrionic effect; a trio by C. Koster, A. Martin and P. Kelly; solo, E. Miceli; solo, C. Koster; piano duo, G. Goodyear and U. Christopher; valedictory, Naomi Gibson; and some delightful choruses which Signor Carboni conducted. The crowning of the graduates and the distribution of medals took place between the numbers. The address of Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B., Chaplain of the College, was a masterpiece, and Dr. A. J. McDonagh also gave a short congratulatory address. A beautiful display of plain and fancy sewing, together with painting and drawing, the work of the pupils, filled two large studios and was much admired. The gold thimble for art needlework was won by Miss Bessie Devine, whose work was exquisitely done.

LIST OF HONORS.

Papal Medal for Christian Doctrine and Church History, competed for in Senior Department—Awarded to Miss Virginia Cash.

Graduating Medals and Diplomas—Awarded to: The Misses Eileen Mary Kormann, Toronto; Rita Mary Ivory, Toronto; Estelle Elizabeth Maguire, Toronto; Ellen Davin Ashbrook, Washington, Pa.; Edna Margaret Mulqueen, Toronto; Naomi

Jane Gibson, Toronto; Josephine Aileen McDonagh, Toronto; Susan Frances McCormick, Toronto; Loretto Josephine Dillon, Toronto.

Governor-General's Medal, presented by His Excellency, the Duke of Devonshire, for English Literature—Awarded to Miss Dorothy Agnew.

A Scholarship, presented by the Rev. G. A. Williams for the Highest First Class Honors, is awarded to Ruth Agnew, in Second Year Moderns, University of Toronto.

A Scholarship, the gift of the St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association, is to be awarded to the student obtaining the Highest Standing in Matriculation Examination of June, 1918, on condition that she take up First Year University Work in St. Joseph's College.

VALEDICTORY.

Another year rolls into the abyss of the past, and brings us, dear classmates, to that long-desired goal, Graduation Day—the goal which represents the triumphal termination of our life's first venture—happy school-days. We stand at the parting of the ways, on the threshold, as it were, of a new life. Let us here pause to take a retrospective glance over the happy, care-free years spent in our convent home, before we turn our eager gaze down the long shadowy vistas of the future.

How well we remember our first days at St. Joseph's. Then, for the first time, we realized what it meant to be separated from all the loving associations that made our childhood days so bright, and a sense of loneliness oppressed us. But we were not long allowed to indulge our grief. Soon we found ourselves smiling through our tears as we talked to cheery, kind-hearted Sisters, who at once won our confidence and made us forget our loneliness. Gradually we became accustomed to our surroundings. Acquaintances were formed which soon ripened into friendships. Friendly rivalries in class stimulated us to greater endeavours in the field of knowledge. The delightful hours spent in the Assembly Hall and the happy recreations shared by companions and beloved teachers, we carry away as some of our happiest memories—and among

our most cherished memories are these blessed ones of the beautiful Chapel, where we so often came in our childish troubles and disappointments to seek consolation of soul, enlightenment of mind, and strength of purpose, and whence, thanks to the Divine Prisoner of Love, we never departed unheard, unheeded—unconsoled.

Oh, dear St. Joseph's! How shall we pass out from your hallowed walls! How shall we say farewell to those kind instructors, who in their solicitude, their self-sacrificing zeal, have been to us more than mothers. Yes, dear Sisters, to you it is impossible to express our deep sense of gratitude. You have given us the high ideals to which all our growth tends, and we assure you we shall ever remember your wise counsels and shall endeavour to live up to those principles which you have so zealously striven to inculcate. But dear as are the memories of the Past, and much as we love to dwell on them, we cannot linger. We are aware that we are passing from this peaceful retreat into a troubled world, where strong hearts are bleeding, and where even the bravest spirits are well nigh crushed. But the prospect, gloomy as it appears, does not dismay us. Armed with faith, purity, fidelity and loyalty, we enter that world trusting in God's great help—because our aims are pure, our ideals high, and we believe that Life will not play us false who hold and will hold to the teachings and promises of our holy Faith.

Dear Companions of our school-days, we leave you to guard well the reputation of St. Joseph's. Ere long you too will be standing at the parting of the ways, and like us, the Graduates of 1918, keenly alive to the painful separation and to the uncertainties of the shadowy future, will look back upon the past with loving and fond recollections.

Regretful it is to touch the heart
With unwelcome thought that we must part,
And, like some low and mournful spell,
Must whisper soft the word—farewell.

St. Joseph's! Our beloved Alma Mater, Farewell!

The Examination Results

The Honours obtained by the students of St. Joseph's College at University of Toronto Examinations, 1918, are as follows:

BACHELOR OF ARTS DEGREE.

Modern Language Course: Second Class Honours—Madeleine Murphy.

General Course—Kathleen Gilmour, Mary Hodgins, Geraldine Kormann, Edna Madden.

Third Year: Classics, Third Class Honours—Irene O'Malley.

General Course—Helen Duggan, Marion Allan (Eng.), Emily Foy (Ger. and Eth.), Theresa Murphy, Geraldine O'Connor, Frances Whelan, Matilde Ziehr.

Aegrotat Standing—Lois Gibson.

Second Year: Modern Language Course, First Class Honours—Ruth Agnew.

Household Science—Kathleen O'Brien (Fr.).

General Course—Anna McKerrow (Lat., Phy.).

First Year: General Course—Veronica Ashbrook, Cleonia Coghlan (Trig.), Wanola Collins, Vera Gibbs (Ger., A. Hist.), Kathleen Grace (Ger.), Susie McCormick.

The certificates awarded August, 1918, by the Ontario Department of Education to the students of St. Joseph's College, are as follows:

Upper School Entrance to Faculty—M. M. Coumans (Part II.); E. O'Meara (Part A.).

Junior Matriculation—D. L. Agnew, H. R. Burke, K. M. Halford, G. W. Lawrence, N. Nolan, B. J. Quinn, S. E. Rees, M. E. Riordan, A. C. Simpson, A. M. Thomson.

Partial Matriculation—M. L. Acres, I. C. Bradley, J. B. Foy, M. R. Cairo, E. Gravelle, G. Houlahan, M. I. MacDonnell, H. M. Meehan, A. L. Moloney, C. A. Moore.

Middle School Entrance to Normal—D. L. Agnew (Honours), T. A. Asselin, M. S. Brunelle, H. R. Burke, M. R. Cairo,

I. G. Deacon, J. B. Foy, M. Frawley, M. J. Fenn (Honours), K. M. Halford (Honours), G. Houlahan, E. M. LaFontaine, G. W. Lawrence, M. I. MacDonnell, H. M. Meehan, M. Nolan, E. M. O'Connor, B. J. Quinn, S. E. Rees, M. E. Riordan, A. C. Simpson (Honours), M. M. Stock, A. M. Thomson (Honours), E. Gravelle (E. Lit.), C. Hanlan (E. Lit.), C. Moore (A. His.).

Lower School Entrance to Normal—C. D. Keogh, R. M. Ivory, K. T. Hill, L. H. Gaudet, C. H. Dillon, M. Bennett, M. M. Shoemaker, M. McCormack (Honours), E. M. Scanlon, J. M. McCabe, H. M. Meyer, J. Lesniak, M. Noonan, E. O'Brien, M. Tossy (Art), M. A. Hayes (Spell.), F. Keogh, I. Meagher (Art).

The following students have obtained Normal School Professional Teachers' Certificates: C. Cameron, M. Creamer, L. Christie, J. McDougall, L. Hart, C. Prunty, E. Horan. Limited—H. Maloney and A. Kelly.

High School Professional Teacher's Certificate (Interim)—Muriel Gendron.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT—UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

Intermediate Piano—B. Herman (Honours); Pass, G. Howarth.

Junior Piano—E. Eagan (Honours); Pass, M. Tossy, B. Crowley.

Elementary Piano—M. Rhodes, Pass.

Intermediate Singing—First Class Honours, A. Martin.

Junior Singing—A. Langan (Honours); C. Koster, Pass.

Junior Theory—First Class Honours, B. Crowley; Pass, A. Perry.

MEDALS.

Gold Medal, presented by the Most Reverend Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto, for Superiority in Languages, awarded to Miss Kathleen Halford.

Presented by the Right Reverend Monsignor Whelan, for Mathematics, awarded to Miss Anna Thomson.

Presented by the Right Reverend Monsignor Kidd, for

Church History in Middle School, awarded to Miss Mary McTague.

Presented by the Very Reverend Dean Moyna, for Science, awarded to Miss Dorothy Agnew.

Presented by the Reverend W. A. McCann, for Art in Second Form, awarded to Miss Lillian DesRoches.

Presented by the Reverend J. A. Trayling, for Highest Standing in Commercial Class, awarded to Miss Anna Fitzgerald.

Presented by the Reverend L. Minehan, for Typewriting, awarded to Miss Loretto Mackle.

Presented by the Reverend M. Cline, for Highest Standing in Fifth Form, awarded to Miss Helen Kernahan.

Presented by the Reverend Dr. O'Leary, for Highest Standing in Entrance Class, awarded to Miss Louise O'Flaherty.

Presented by the Reverend J. Walsh, for Water Colours, awarded to Miss Bessie Devine.

Presented by the Heintzman Company, for Superiority in Music, awarded to Miss Alice Wigham.

Silver Medal, for Christian Doctrine in Lower School, presented by the Reverend Dr. Treacy, awarded to Miss Aline May.

Silver Medal, presented by Mr. F. Emery, for Junior Piano, awarded to Miss Edna Carroll.

Silver Medal, presented by Mr. S. A. Frost, for Vocal Music, awarded to Miss Albertine Martin.

Gold Thimble, presented by the Reverend J. B. Quigley, for Art Needlework, awarded to Miss Bessie Devine.

Special prize in St. Cecilia's Choir, for Fidelity and Improvement, merited by thirty-five members of Choir, obtained by Miss Evelyn Krausman.

Commercial Diplomas—A. Fitzgerald, M. Young, S. Chappells, G. McDermott, H. Barry, O. Doyle, V. Cooper, L. Ashbrook, M. Maguire, M. Robins, H. Quealey, O. Lawless, H. Spellman, L. Mackle, K. McDonald, G. Kerr.

MISSES' FALL COATS AT \$35.00



Characterized by the tendency toward simplicity of the most effective type, these new Fall Coats for misses exemplify the smartly tailored appearance. In their very plainness lies their charm, emphasized perhaps by the effectiveness of the slight trimming such as fur-trimmed collars and cuffs, or the all-round belt.

We describe a few models which we think particularly good value:

A Black Plush Coat, in the new shorter length, slightly fitted at waist, lined throughout, collar and cuffs of taupe color plush. Very **\$35.00**
good value at

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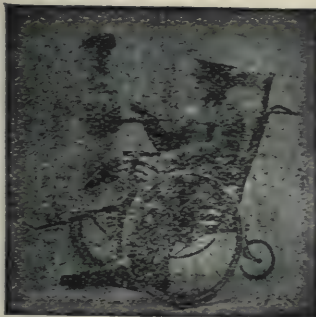
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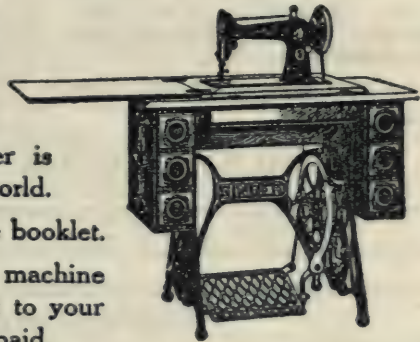
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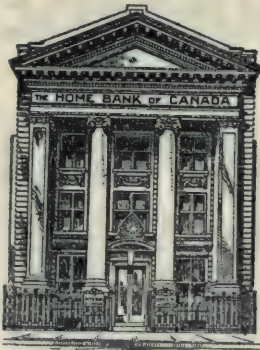
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CONTENTS

The Late Sister Emerentia (Portrait)	Frontispiece
To Sister Mary Emerentia—E. R. Cox	5
The Late Sister Emerentia	6
In Memoriam—S. M. P.	8
A Spray of Immortelle—E. Angela Henry	10
Wisdom and Knowledge—Rev. Dr. Ryan	12
The Sleeping Christ—C. D. Swan	21
Catholic Footsteps in Old London—E. R. Wilson	22
Our Ladye of Winter—Rev. H. F. Blunt	30
Sergeant Joyce Kilmer (Portrait)	32
Tribute to Joyce Kilmer	33
Joyce Kilmer—E. R. Cox	34
Joyce Kilmer, Poet and Prose Artist—Rev. Dr. Dollard..	35
Salvation of Eleanora—C. D. Swan	43
Rosa Mystica—Sr. M. Lucy, O.S.B.	53
Luther and His Isms—Rev. C. O'Sullivan	54
Chaplain of the Forces	65
Something Scientific—A. C. Baneroffett	67
Christmas Hymn of the Fifth Century—Dr. J. M. Neale..	72
Touring in Jamaica—E. C. Ryan	74
In Thee, O Lord, Have I Hoped	80
Memories of Sister Emerentia—S. M. H.	81

Christmas, 1918	87
Officials of St. Joseph's College Alumnae	89
Alumnae Items	90
The Crib at St. Joseph's—S. M. H.	98
Madonna (Portrait)	100
St. Joseph's College Department	101
The Lost Child—R. Agnew	102
St. Emerentia	115
Polish Patriotic Demonstration—J. Lesniack	117
Vagrant Verses	121
College Notes	122
The Life Philosophy of Rabbi Ben Ezra and Cleon— M. Hodgins	125
Just Be Glad	127



THE LATE SISTER EMERENTIA

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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NO. 3

To Sister Mary Emerentia

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

Friend, only through the written message known;
Whose gentle eyes have never met mine own;
Whose kindly hand this hand hath never pressed;—
Now walking midst the ever-deathless blest,
Who chaunt in gladsome and serene accord
The praises sweet of Jesus Christ our Lord;
Who gaze with vision all of earth-mists free
On the most fair and radiant majesty
Of Mary, Virgin, Mother, Martyr, Queen,
And all the splendors of that land unseen;
Ah, there with spirit unforgetting, still
Remember me—that even as thy will
Was ever one with His, thy Lord and mine,
Seeking through mortal ways the end divine;
So may my Song—my spirit's mortal word,
Linked with His praise henceforth of men be heard;
So merged, so blent, so inter-fused be
With His divine bright Immortality.

The Late Sister Emerentia

It is with deep regret that we announce to the readers of St. Joseph Lilies the sudden death of Sister Mary Emerentia Lonergan, which occurred September 22, 1918. For some time past Sister Emerentia conducted the editorial department of the Lilies,—with what success the many glowing tributes paid to the magazine bear ample testimony. Intellectual, well-informed and possessing marked skill, the late Sister brought to her work not only that true Catholic and religious spirit, which was eminently characteristic of her every word and thought, but a delicacy and rare discrimination of taste in literature, which occasional the remark from more than one eminent litterateur of the day that in the death of Sister Emerentia not only had the Community of St. Joseph sustained a great loss, but Canadian Catholic literature at large.

But it was not alone in the pages of the "Lilies" that Sister Emerentia's influence made itself felt. As Secretary-General of the Community, a post which she held for many years, she had ample opportunity of weaving into her correspondence a golden thread of spiritual thought or of sympathetic interest, which oftentimes elevated and consoled the recipients of her beautiful letters.

Owing to a delicate condition of health, for some years past the late Sister's duties in the College-Academy were chiefly those of Mistress of Study and Instructress of the Senior Christian Doctrine Class. This latter was the work that lay nearest to her heart. "To enlighten minds, to purify hearts and to give to young souls the knowledge of Christ and the Science of Salvation," was to her a real delight, and one of the fondest recollections of a graduate of St. Joseph's to-day is of the pleasant and profitable hours spent in listening to Sister Emerentia's beautiful and inspiring discourses on Holy Mother Church—so deep an impress of her own sweet and refin-

ed character did this revered teacher leave upon the minds of her young pupils; so sublime and lofty were the Catholic ideals she sought to instil.

Of Sister Emerentia's personal qualities we shall say but a few words, for another has already penned them with an accuracy and affection, born of years of close intimacy. Religion, we know, makes all the beautiful emotions of the heart more beautiful still and so in one so deeply spiritual and religious as was Sister Emerentia we were not surprised, however gratifying it might be, to note the ever cheerful and courteous word of greeting, the kindly look of encouragement and the playful, almost youthful, buoyancy of spirit, tempered by a quiet dignity, which brightened and charmed a large circle of friends both within and without her convent walls. Noble in nature and of lofty aspirations, she unconsciously lifted up into her own higher atmosphere of thought and ideals all with whom she came in contact. But highly esteemed and much revered as Sister Emerentia was by pupils, graduates or literary friends, the world and such enjoyments as it can offer even to Religious, had no charm for her; her heart was where her Treasure was, hidden behind the little golden-doored tabernacle of the convent chapel. It was there that most of her spare time was spent in quiet communings with her divine Spouse or in paying to the Eternal Father the worship of praise which had for her a special attraction. Nor was the thought of Death a stranger to her. Time and again in looking over the papers of our late Sister, we have come across here, a thought on death, jotted down in her own characteristic handwriting, there a passage deeply underlined, long since become familiar through earnest meditation upon it. Well might she say "I do not fear thee, Death," for it is the unknown, not the known, of which we "children of a larger growth" stand most in awe. And when at last Sister Emerentia and Death met face to face, we cannot but think that the meeting meant for her only the unloosing of the bars which for so many years had kept her soul prisoner in its mortal frame, and that once

set free from the bondage of the flesh her pure, sweet spirit winged its flight into the long-desired Presence of its Maker, therein to find its endless joy.

“Out of the Shadow of Life
Into Eternal Day,
Scarce can we call it Death,
Her gentle passing away.”

R. I. P.



In Memoriam

BY S. M. P.

A prominent member of the Community of St. Joseph, Sister Emerentia Lonergan, passed quietly away at the Convent in St. Catharines on Sunday, September 22nd, after a brief attack of tonsillitis. The deceased religious was born in Toronto, and received her early education at St. Mary's School, St. Joseph's Academy, and Jarvis Collegiate Institute. Upon the completion of her course for a teacher, she followed her own strong attraction to the religious life and the counsel of Ven. Father Vincent, C.S.B., of sainted memory, who directed her to St. Joseph's Convent, where her life was devoted for a decade of years or more to the preparation of pupils for Departmental examinations, and since then to the interests of religion and education in a more general way. Sister Emerentia had little sympathy with modern educational methods which insist on certain types of instruction that paralyze the efforts of a teacher, obliging her to abandon traditional ways, which while making less display, left a deeper impress on the character of the pupil. With the courage of conviction she would cling to hallowed methods built upon the wisdom of experience. Her intense enthusiasm, her unflinching devotion to deep teaching from the Book of Faith which she held so dear, found frequent expression in words which were the strong and persuasive utterance of a soul nobly inspired. Many who, while

attending the Normal and Faculty Training Schools, were privileged to join Sister Emerentia's Sunday Catechism Class, would testify that on themes spiritual or doctrinal the ardour of her speech partook of that insistent force, and her countenance reflected that glow of inspiration which belonged to the saints of God. On these occasions the repose of her features would seem to express the calmness of a mind recollected in God. To these occasional pupils the characteristics mentioned would probably appear more striking, by reason of contrast.

On worldly topics she had usually little to say, for her attention was not arrested by them except in so far as they bore relation to her work. She was always most diligent in securing the refreshment of religious solitude which she loved, and she would spend hours before the Blessed Sacrament in a transept of the chapel, where she might be unnoticed and undisturbed. She was of a retiring and studious disposition, but was always considerate, courteous and even punctilious in point of honour and reposed confidence. In a sketch so brief it is useless to attempt to fix in any measure the individuality, the rare personality of one so esteemed and revered as teacher, literary devotee and religious. For a brief term she held the post of Directress of the Academy. After this a serious illness and prolonged period of convalescence afforded her the opportunity of wide and useful reading which none better than she knew how to place to good account. Sister Emerentia's knowledge of books and her love of rare MSS., were remarkable and the interest and kindness of friends enabled her to secure a number of literary treasures of which she was proud that her community should be the possessor. For many years she was the scribe of the community, being secretary-general, and many of her beautiful letters, literary articles and community annals will remain a monument to her taste and skill as a writer. For the last year and more she was editor of the magazine, "St. Joseph Lilies," and those familiar with its numbers will understand something of the ability and the labour which were hers. Not easily may her place be filled. A pen has been

laid down that with no hesitating stroke has traced many an impressive, many a graceful word; a voice has been forever hushed that with no pale, uncertain sound, but vibrant and serene, has thrilled many a listener's heart in class or hall of St. Joseph's, her beloved Alma Mater.

The weight of Sister Emerentia's influence and example will not die, but live on in the memory of many for whom it will be the rich bequest of her whose deep piety, whose sweet and patient resignation to the Divine Will has purchased for her, we trust, the Vision of that Celestial Beauty which has been ever her soul's inflamed desire. R.I.P.



A Spray of Immortelle

(Written for The Catholic Union and Times.)

BY E. ANGELA HENRY.

In the bright autumn sunshine we tenderly laid her away. Naught was sad that lovely September morning but the bereaved hearts watching the mortal remains of Sister Mary Emerentia being slowly, mournfully lowered into its last resting place. Anointed hands, whose writings the dear dead had so often praised, cast consecrated earth upon her coffin, their last tribute to a kindred brilliant mind now silent forever. Then back to the stately halls that no more shall be treaded by the tall, slender nun who was wont to move through them with such lightsome grace, and whose beautiful, oval face mirrored a mind attuned to the highest ideals.

Summoned at the zenith of her usefulness, yet Sister Emerentia of St. Joseph's College, Toronto, left a legacy which will be treasured near and far, by all who knew and loved her. It was penned in her fidelity to duty and community, in her unswerving loyalty to friendship, and in her able and faithful custodianship of the principles and aspirations of The Lilies, the college official organ.

Readers of *The Lilies* always recognized the sympathy, discernment and culture of its directing hand, which adorned whatever it touched. Hers was an inherent gift, one that was strong without being heavy, delicate without being weak, and which educated without egotism. Always the editor was effaced in exploitation of the contributor. Small wonder His Grace of Toronto said of the departed: "Not only has the community of St. Joseph sustained a great loss in the death of Sister Emerentia, but the literary world as well.

Sister Emerentia was a hero-worshipper. In her world of high ideals of rare literary merit, she allowed none who did not harmonize with her beloved Newman, while only the elite was invited to her charming salon of living Catholic intellectuals—the contributors to *The Lilies*. There one met only men and women who were exponents of a literature in which religion and culture walk hand in hand.

St. Joseph's College will miss the nun so admirably informed on Christian Doctrine, so capable in the duties of secretary general, so gifted in journalism. And the writer will sadly miss and deeply mourn the passing of a loved teacher, friend, kinswoman. May that brilliant mind which was not easily satisfied because it aimed so high, be now at rest in the radiance of the Beatific Vision.

In the current number of *The Lilies* whose ink was not dry before the hand of its gifted editor lay cold in death, is a poem by Caroline D. Swan, picturing the call of Autumn as the call of God. Unwittingly the poet was sending it out to her dear writer-friend:

"The scarlet oaks are burning to Thy praise,
O Lord of Hosts, within Thine forest shrine!
'Tis all a sweet epitome of Thee.
Thy beauty swings above us, like the blaze
Of Autumn suns. It says—Thy love benign—
In countless tones and colors, 'Come to Me.' "

Wisdom and Knowledge

BY THE REV. M. J. RYAN, D.D., PH.D.

WISDOM and Knowledge are very different things, though wisdom includes some knowledge. Knowledge is a state of the intellect only; wisdom is a moral virtue, and though seated in the intellect, has its root in the affections. There is also a gift of the Holy Ghost called Wisdom, which enables us to judge rightly concerning divine things; and for this the moral virtue forms the natural foundation.

Knowledge is earthly, of the mind;
But Wisdom heavenly, of the soul.

Even the pagan could recognize the superiority of Wisdom, as something divine. Wise I may not call them, says Socrates in the Platonic dialogue concerning true statesmen, for that is a great name and belongs to God alone; lovers of wisdom or philosophers is their modest and befitting title. Pythagoras is said to have been the first to reject the title of Wise Man (Sophistes) and to declare that he was only a lover of wisdom, or (in the compound Greek work) a philosopher. It was assumed, and rightly, that modesty and a love of wisdom were likely to acquire a share of wisdom. The first of all qualifications for the acquirement of wisdom is humility, for the greatest of all obstacles to it is pride.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble, that he knows no more.

—Cowper.

Too often it happens with the pursuers of Science, that knowledge comes but wisdom lingers; and sometimes they have not even wisdom enough to be conscious of their lack of wisdom. Wisdom teaches us the limitation of our own knowledge and of man's power of acquiring knowledge concerning the most important things, and thus wisdom causes us to feel our need of divine guidance, and to welcome divine revelation con-

veyed to us through the Church. Well might Goethe confess that the Reformation had thrown back the world because it proffered to every man the right to form his own religious opinions without imparting to any man the ability to form them correctly. The world does not realize what a blessing it is that the truths

Which sages would have died to learn
Are taught by village dames.

Science, too, is a great thing, but secondary, and should be only a servant or instrument of wisdom.

To quote an author whose words, no doubt, are well known to most of our readers, but will be read with pleasure over and over again:

Let Knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well
May make one music as before,
But vaster.

Who loves not science? Who shall rail
Against her beauty?

... (But) let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild
If all be not in vain, and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom like a younger child.

Our first parents lost wisdom by pride and presumption in seeking a kind of knowledge forbidden to them by God. The knowledge held out to them as a temptation, the knowledge of good and bad which Eve tried to acquire in spite of her Creator, was not any part of moral science. It was, as St. Thomas of Aquin * explains the text, a knowledge that would enable them to decide for themselves by their own natural

* Summa Theologica, 2a 2ae, q. CLXIII., Art. 2.

light what it would be good (i.e. expedient) or bad (inexpedient) for them to do, and also which would enable them to see beforehand what of good or bad was going to befall them in the future, so that they might plan their lives and work out their own happiness independently of God instead of walking by faith, with trust in Divine Providence and doing what was commanded by God in order to please Him, leaving the consequences to His care. (Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.)

They had been endowed with spiritual intelligence in a far higher degree than we are. They had received faith and illuminating grace and the gifts of the Holy Ghost in a far richer measure than we have. Their perception of the difference between what is right and what is wrong—moral good and moral evil—was much clearer than ours; for their conscience was not clouded by any mist arising within their bosoms from the fever of the passions, and the world with its false teaching and its bad example did not yet exist to mislead them. Whereas we have three spiritual enemies, they had only one. The flesh was subject to the spirit, by virtue of their inherent innocence and righteousness, so long as the spirit was subject to God. I have explained this because some evolutionists have had the face to interpret Scripture in such a sense as to assert that our first parents by their first sin acquired the perception of the distinction between moral good and evil.

Necessity being the mother of invention, and the Fall of our first parents having placed the race in a position of necessity, their sin, by which man lost spiritual enlightenment, may be said to have been the occasion of the discovery of the utilitarian sciences and arts and of material civilization. (For it should be noticed that, though some theologians are of opinion that Adam was endowed with all branches of secular knowledge, this has never been taught by the Church, and is strongly denied by other theologians).

The curiosity to know the future so that we may plan our own course of life and always decide between various projects

without any need of seeking divine assistance or divine blessing upon our acts, is one of the strongest of temptations that besets the weaker minds. Probably there never was an age in which there was more recourse to the class known as "fortune-tellers," "mediums," workers of Ouija-boards consultants of spirits, and the like. But even if real knowledge could be obtained in this way, it is forbidden by the law of God. I need not say, that in the vast majority of cases, the profession of revealing the future is but a money-making imposture. Yet in some few cases, it would seem that there has been an intervention of the evil spirits for the purpose of tempting men to commit crimes. Shakespeare in *Macbeth* puts this lesson very clearly before us.

Z

It is very remarkable that ancient myths teach us the same lesson as the book of Genesis concerning the penalties that have fallen upon man for presumption and pride in seeking forbidden knowledge.

In the legend of the Sirens the temptation by which these lure men to an evil death is knowledge, and especially knowledge of the future. In the *Odyssey* (XII. 184) they thus invite Ulysses (Odysseus) to come to them. "For no one has ever gone by this way in his ship till he has heard the sweet voice from our lips, and has gone on his way a happier and a wiser man; for lo! we knew all things—all the trouble that the Greeks and the Trojans bore, by God's decree, at Troy, and all that shall be hereafter upon the earth."

And "they enchanted with their clear song, sitting in a meadow, and all around is a great heap of bones of men corrupt in death."

It is remarkable, too, that Prometheus, who is punished by Jupiter, is represented both in the legend and in the Greek drama, as bestowing no spiritual or moral gift upon man, but merely the useful arts and the arts of divination for discovering the future. Prometheus, both in the legend and the drama, as Coleridge observes, is a confusion of the Tempter or Seducer with the Redeemer. The Seducer, who posed as the Emancipa-

tor and Enlightener, had in the course of ages corrupted in men's minds the tradition of the Fall, and led them to conceive of God as a jealous being who wished to keep man in slavery and ignorance and poverty, and who punished the bringer of culture.

The Greek legend of Pandora likewise represents curiosity as the mother of all evils.

It may not be superfluous to point out to youthful readers how tempters at the present day, who would seduce people from the Catholic faith, always pose as champions of freedom and progress, and represent the Church as the enemy of human development. But it always happens, in the words of a great man, that the rejection of legitimate authority is avenged by a lapse into some ignoble servitude and those who refuse to hear the Church become the slavish followers and echoes of some charlatan whom they revere as an oracle.

Wisdom in its practical form consists in the choice of right ends and of apt means. But how many are there that choose both right ends and right means?

We would have misery cease,
Yet will not cease from sin;
We would have inward peace,
Yet will not look within;

Bafflers of our own prayers from youth to life's last scenes.

We would have health, and yet
Still use our bodies ill;
Riches we wish to get,
Yet remain spendthrift still;

We want all pleasant ends, yet will use no hard means.

We do not what we ought,
What we ought not we do,
And lean upon the thought
That chance will bring us through;

But our own acts, for good or ill, are mightier powers.

It is, of course, our duty at the present day to take our share in the material as well as the moral civilization of the world, and become proficient in the useful as well as in the liberal sciences and arts, and especially to support every just plan for the less unequal distribution of the wealth that is produced; but all these things are to be subordinated to man's spiritual welfare and consecrated to God's glory. And the Christian will always at heart prefer the simple life, which is more like that of Eden, as Newman so beautifully explains in the "historical sketch" of the Mission of St. Benedict.

Education does not of itself confer wisdom; nay, it may even become the occasion of foolishness, if we are not on our guard, for it may produce conceit and presumption and intellectual pride, which is the commonest source of temptations to unbelief. Newman in his lectures concerning university education explains how the chief part of education should consist in developing the judgment, but that the education introduced by the "party of progress," consisted simply in cramming the youthful mind with what is called information—a thing that in practice meant no more than a smattering of a great number of branches of knowledge. The old maxim in learning was "not many things, but much." "Progress" has reversed this. "I asked (a friend)," writes Gladstone in 1857, "whether there was anything which struck him unfavorably in the examinations, and he said that certainly there is a defect in point of accuracy. I told him that when I was at Eton, we knew very little indeed, but we knew it accurately." Humility, however, tends to produce intellectual accuracy in spite of the bad systems of education forced upon us. "Where there is pride there is reproach; but where there is humility there is wisdom."

Wisdom concerning the affairs of this world can only be acquired by learning from the old and experienced, just as we need a teacher in any branch of science. But as to spiritual wisdom, if any one wants wisdom, says St. James, let him ask it of God, Who gives to all abundantly; and the characteristic of the wisdom which cometh down from above is that it is

first pure, then peaceable, easy to be persuaded, consenting to all good things, i.e., agreeing except where principle obliges us to refuse assent. In other words, it delivers us from the spirit of contradiction, contrariness, and dissension. But if you have envy and contention in your hearts, then your wisdom is not that which comes down from above, for when there is envy and contention there is inconstancy and every evil work, and the wisdom is earthly, sensual, and devilish. Unity alone is not necessarily an evidence of heavenly wisdom, for the Prussians are a striking example of unity in evil work. But the lack of unity is an evidence of lack of heavenly wisdom, and there is no vice which is so severely punished in this world, and there is no virtue in which our people need more to be trained than the habit of uniting in defence of religion and morals, even at the sacrifice of party connections and of racial antipathies or resentment. A century and a quarter ago, when Catholics could not help being ignorant and prejudiced, Burke remarked that there was as much of racial prejudice and bigotry in them as there was of sectarian prejudice among Protestants; and even now the censure is not altogether undeserved. We are too apt to forget the precept of the Apostle, that is of the Lord: "Be careful to keep the unity of spirit in the bond of peace; one body and one spirit, as you are called unto one hope, and as there is one Lord, one faith, one baptism, and one God and Father of all; I therefore beseech you that you walk in a manner worthy of the vocation in which you are called, with all humility and meekness, supporting one another in love."

Newman said long ago with reference to the order that should be observed in our benevolence and charity: "A man who would fain begin with a general love of all men, necessarily puts them all on a level, and instead of being cautious, prudent, and sympathizing in his benevolence, is hasty and rude. Men of ambitious and ardent minds, desirous of doing good on a large scale, are especially exposed to the temptation of sacrificing individual to general good in their plans of charity.

Ill-instructed men, who have strong abstract-notions about the necessity of showing generosity and candor towards opponents, often forget to take any thought of those who are associated with themselves, and commence their (so called) liberal treatment of their enemies by an unkind desertion of their friends. Those can easily afford to be liberal on a large scale who have no affections to stand in the way. We (must) observe a due harmony and order in our charity; not all men are on a level; the interests of truth and holiness must be religiously observed; the Church has claims upon us before the world." In briefer terms, charity, if it be real, begins at home, though it does not end there.

Heine, a very different man from Newman, a German-Jew, or a Jew-German, a liker of the French, but not of the English, said of the latter that "John Bull is the coldest of friends, but he is the most straightforward and magnanimous of enemies." (Aber Während John Bull die Kälteste Freund ist, ist er der sichereste Nachbar und der geradsinnigste und generöseste Feind). But how much finer a fellow our good John would be, if he would remember that those who have the first claim upon his fairness and generosity are not the foreigners and the enemy, but his fellow-subjects, especially those in the sister island. But let us in our new world forsake the old foolishness of our ancestors and seek after wisdom.

I have lately met in a volume of sketches published in 1846 by a Suffolk Rector, the following anecdote about the celebrated lawyer, Sir William Follett. The Rector, who was his schoolfellow, relates, in the course of conversation, "I inferred, from a passing remark, that Sir William had become a Mason. I asked him if my conclusion was correct. 'It is,' was his reply; 'I was initiated at Cambridge.' *Light* had not then beamed upon myself, and I expressed, in scoffing terms my astonishment. 'In your early struggles at the Bar,' remarked he, with quiet earnestness, 'you require something to reconcile you to your kind. You see so much of rivalry, and jealousy, and hatred, that you are thankful to call into active agency a sys-

tem which creates, in all its varieties, kindly sympathy, cordial and widespread benevolence, and brotherly love.' 'But, surely,' said I, 'you do not go the length of asserting that Masonry does all this?' 'And more! the true Mason thinks no evil of his brother, and cherishes no designs against him. The system it self annihilates parties. And as to censoriousness and calumny, most salutary and stringent is the curb which Masonic principle, duty carried out, applies to an unbridled tongue.' 'Well! well! you cannot connect it with religion; you cannot, say or do as you will, affirm of it, that Masonry is a religious system.' 'By-and-by you will know better,' was his reply. 'Now, I will only say this, that the Bible is never closed in a Mason's Lodge; that Masons habitually use prayer in their lodges; and in point of fact, never assemble for any purpose without performing acts of religion. I gave you credit,' continued he, with a smile, 'for being more thoroughly emancipated from nursery trammels and slavish prejudice.' 'You claim too much for your system,' was my rejoinder. 'Not at all! But hear me. Many clergymen were and are Masons. The well-known Dr. Dodd * belonged to us.' 'I presume,' said I, jestingly, 'you attach but slight weight to his name? The selection is unfortunate.' 'It occurred to me,' said Sir William, 'from my having recently read some very curious letters connected with his case. The Masons, both individual and as a body, made the most extraordinary efforts to save him. They were unwearied; but—I must break off; when I can call you brother you shall see these letters. In the meantime, is it not worth while to belong to a fraternity whose principles, if universal, would put down at once and for ever the selfish and rancorous feelings which now divide and distract society?' "

There is only one comment hat I feel impelled to make upon this story. Both Sir William and his friend, the Rector, seem to have forgotten that there is an older and more venerable society instituted for the purpose of repressing selfish-

* See Boswell's Johnson, ch. XL.

ness, eradicating envy, and promoting mutual love. But if they forgot we should not do so. The pagans said of the early Christians, "See how these Christians love one another."

O follower of the Vision! still
In motion to the distant gleam,
Howe'er blind force and lawless will
May mar thy golden dream
Of knowledge fusing class with class,
Of civic hate no more to be,
Of love to leaven all the mass,
Till every soul be free.

The Sleeping Christ

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

O swing and sweep of circling angel wings,
O roseate sea of Heaven's transcendant grace!
Dear Bethlehem the Blest, white-wreathed place,
Of this sad world's divinest visionings.
We seem to see the holy light that flings
Celestial splendor on the narrow space
Where a glad Mother first beholds the Face
Of her rare Glory-Babe, our King of Kings.
And, as we gaze, a mighty wave of love
Still sweeps us on to unimagined deeps,
The Calvary—love has won us. From above
Garlanded cherubs smile!—And still He sleeps,
The Virgin-Born, as pure as buds that spring
From ruddy stems in rose-white blossoming.

Catholic Footsteps in Old London

BY EDITH R. WILSON, M.A.

(Concluded).

UOR magis tibi Siena pandit": "Her heart Siena opens to you rather than her gates." So ran the legend on the gateway of the brave, old Tuscan town, and so, during our year with the Lilies, we have striven to reveal to our modern pilgrim the heart of old, Catholic London, rather than the panorama of her busy, modern thoroughfares. We have wandered, in turn, through the stately palaces of Lancastrian Kings and the Bishops of their age, lingered in the desecrated churches of old, Catholic days, passed through many a winding alley and street laden with quaint, or sainted memories, till we reached the portals of London's great citadel, fortress, palace, and prison of Tudor days. The memorials of London's Catholic life, however disguised, are legion; but time presses, the year is waning; and through the chill grey mists of December, as "the time draws near the Birth of Christ," we can pause to examine only two other pilgrim stations; one, perhaps the noblest memorial of England's martyr days, the Carthusian "Charterhouse"; the other, the first link from the past to be rejoined to that chain of witnesses which attest England's living, present, Catholic life: the reclaimed Church of St. Ethelreda. To reach the Charterhouse, we must retrace our steps to St. Paul's and thence proceed directly north, through St. Martin-le-grand to Aldersgate Street, whose junction was once marked by the actual gate of that name. St. Martin-le-grand, though within the "city" limits, is one of the "Liberties" of Westminster, i.e., one of those sites free from the jurisdiction of Mayor and Archbishop alike, and subject only to the authority of the dean and chapter of Westminster, a privilege granted the district on account of the ancient College of St. Martins, belonging to the Abbey, which stood there un-

til 1548; its probable site being covered by the present post office, erected in 1818. Passing down Aldersgate Street beyond the "Barbican," once an outpost of defense, we soon reach Charterhouse Square. Here, before the reign of Edward III., stretched a desolate common, known as "No Man's Land," since it lay unclaimed betwixt the lands of Westminster and those of the Knights of St. John in Clerkenwell. Here, in the terrible plague of 1348, thousands of bodies were thrown, loosely buried without religious rite, until Ralph Stratford, then Bishop of London, purchased the desolate site and built thereon a memorial chapel where daily Masses were said for the unknown dead, after which the surrounding acres became known as "Pardon Churchyard." Later, Sir Walter Manny, the famous hero of Edward's French wars, purchased the place and founded upon it a Carthusian Monastery, to be known as "the House of the Salutation of the Mother of God." The Carthusian, as is well known, is one of the strictest of the contemplative and ascetic orders of the Church, one, too, of unblemished record, never needing reform, as others have done, of considerable intellectual fame as well. Although for the most part built in solitary and inaccessible spots, the various "Chartreuses," as convents of this order are termed, have always been distinguished for their architectural beauty; the London monastery, of whose name the word Charterhouse is simply a corruption, being no exception to this rule. The story of its dissolution is one of the saddest in the long list of Henry VIII.'s iconoclastic crimes. The martyrdom of the Prior and his monks ranks in pathos with that of the lost Abbot of Glastonbury and his associates. When Prior Houghton became aware that the storm of royal wrath was about to break upon the head of his little Community, he gathered them together and prepared them for the end by a sermon upon the Miserere. He then proceeded to beg pardon, on his knees, from each other in turn for any offence he might have committed. Sadiy the brethren followed his example. Soon after, they were hustled off to prison. The Prior with four of his monks,

was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered at Tyburn. Sir Thomas More, himself a prisoner in the Tower, watched them from his window "going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage." Ten monks were starved to death at Newgate, while later a few escaped to Bruges. It is hard to realize all this tragedy, as we stand in the quiet square, peering over the high wall at the windows of "Howard House" with a glimpse of the Chapel tower beyond, yet directly beyond that pointed archway with its projecting ledge supported by gargoyles, stands the gate to which Prior Houghton's bleeding arm was fastened, a ghastly relic,—when his head was fixed on London bridge. The Charterhouse grounds were presented to several royal favourites in turn, who greatly transformed them. The last of this series, the Duke of Norfolk, pulled down many of the old monastic buildings and erected the palatial "Howard House." But as noble patrons wearied of its memories, it was finally sold to a wealthy commoner, Thomas Sutton, who founded here a "hospital," or as we should say, "Home," for aged men, and a school in which many young "Carthusians" (according to the modern usage of the word), have been trained, among them some of England's most noted scholars and writers, as Addison, Steele, Lamb, Wesley, Blackstone, Thackeray and many others, who have written lovingly of school boy days within its walls. As we pass through shaded courts and solemn cloisters once paced by white-robed monks, it is hard to fancy their walls re-echoing to the merry laughter of school boys, yet the busts, which meet us at intervals, erected to the memory of such distinguished pupils as Sir Henry Havelock, Thackeray, or Archdeacon Hale, give tangible evidence of their sojourn there.* The second court contains the "Master's House," which is faced by the great Hall of the Dukes of Norfolk, whose magnificent apartments seem ill adapted for the blackboards, desks and other fittings of a school-room which are almost lost within their spacious depths. Some

* In 1872 the school was removed to Godalming.

of the most palatial of these apartments, with equal incongruity, have been reserved for the use of the "Poor Brethren," as the aged prisoners are termed. Most interesting of these are the great Hall, which is awesome, indeed, in its grandeur, and the library, the only room where a pleasing sense of quiet comfort and repose steals into the soul of the somewhat over-awed visitor. The chapel, on the contrary, is cold and repellent in the extreme, having been entirely rebuilt in the darkest of the penal days. Yet no one can read Thackeray's account of "Founders Day at the Charterhouse," without feeling that even these transformed memorials of old Carthusian days exerted a powerful influence upon the young minds within their sheltering walls. Turning now for our promised visit to St. Ethelreda's we find our pathway full of thronging Catholic memories—Smithfield Market Place, across which we pass, might seem sacred, rather, to the memory of Protestant sufferers, yet both Protestant and Catholic have suffered there, while Latimer and Crammer each alike, lighted the torch to consume earlier victims, on the spot where they themselves were to suffer later. But Smithfield is girdled on two sides by St. Bartholomew's Church and Hospital, the story of whose foundation recalls us at once to the days of the Crusaders, when it seems a devout knight on his return from his pilgrimage, was favoured by a vision of St. Bartholomew, who charged his client to build a church in his honor, promising himself to supply the funds. This promise, the saint fulfilled to the letter, for no sooner had the knight obtained the royal sanction for his work, then a miraculous light began to illumine the site. This wonder drew crowds to the spot, while so many poor, maimed and crippled folk were healed there, that offerings in great abundance began to pour in, so that it is no marvel that St. Bartholomew's Priory became one of the largest and most magnificent in London. It would well repay a visit did time permit, for it ranks as the noblest memorial of early Norman architecture in London, and the oldest Church in the city after the chapel in the Tower. Yonder, where

St. John's Lane falls into St. John's Street, stands the house where the "conspirators" in the Popish Plot were tried. Just beyond, in St. John's Lane, we see the gateway of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. The Priory of St. John was founded by Henry I., in 1100, and consecrated in 1185 by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, whose body lies buried in the Temple Church. The Order was very popular in England, nevertheless it was suppressed by Henry VIII. with the usual tale of victims "hanged and quartered." But we must hasten westward, through the mazes of "Cloth Fair" and "Little Britain," to Holborn Hill. These ancient quarters having escaped the great fire of 1666, are still full of Elizabethian houses, and some even older, built by Henry's infamous favourite, Lord Rich, all squalid in the extreme and crumbling to decay. Soon we emerge at Holborn Circus, just beyond which the iron gates of Ely Place stand open to receive us, inviting us into one of the quietest and most retired of courts. So decorous, indeed, it seems that it is hard to realize it adjoins one of the worst districts of London, known to evil fame as the abode of Dicken's "Artful Dodger," and of "Fagin the Jew." Yet Ely Place has seen much of ancient grandeur. Six hundred years ago, it contained the Episcopal Palace and chapel of the Bishops of Ely. Like St. Martin's, it is "a Liberty" and has its own "commissioners" and a venerable watchman who still calls the hours of night from ten to six, as in days of yore. The Episcopal Palace, however, has long disappeared, the only remaining portion being the Bishop's chapel, the present church of St. Etheldreda, Queen, Virgin, and Foundress of Ely Abbey. She was consecrated an Abbess of St. Virgin, and Foundress of Ely Abbey. She was consecrated as Abbess of St. Wilfrid in 673, but died of the plague six short years later, as is chronicled by Bede. Her body, after various translations, was found wonderfully incorrupt and the church of St. Etheldreda now possesses a relic of the same, whose story we shall soon tell. We enter the church, whose Eastern gable only is visible from the street, through a narrow unpretentious pas-

sage, on one side of which the arched windows of the "undercraft" appear above the ground (for St. Etheldreda's is a double church). As we approach its western end, our unpretentious passage suddenly broadens out into a most beautiful cloister, containing many ancient relics sacred from the wreckage of past days. We now ascend a few steps to what is known as the "south door," though it admits our pilgrims to a shallow nave, or transept, at the west end of the church, which is separated from the choir by an exquisitely carved gothic screen. Directly opposite the South door is a deep arched recess, once open and known as the "north door," but now filled in and adorned with a species of altar prie-dieu, surmounted by a life-size crucifix. The tracery and colouring of the west window are extremely beautiful. The figures represented are those of the English martyrs under Henry and Elizabeth, while above is a vision of our Lady, Queen of Martyrs, seated at the foot of the cross, with her dead Son in her arms. Although several of the stained windows of St. Etheldreda have been partially darkened by surrounding buildings, yet all critics agree that there is no sense of gloom, but rather one of peculiar airiness and lightness, recalling St. Louis' beautiful Sainte Chapelle at Paris; to this architectural gem (built as a shrine for the relics of the Passion), St. Etheldreda's has, in fact, not infrequently been compared. The two were erected about the same period and there is a similar arrangement of alternating niches and windows along the side walls. But our eyes are soon drawn toward the sanctuary, whose eastern window (said to be one of the most beautiful in England, and the largest in London) glows with gem-like color. It represents our Lord, robed and crowned as Eucharistic King, while above, hover adoring angels. The side lights represent St. Etheldreda and St. Bridget. The altar is simple and very low, but surmounted by an exquisite alabaster tabernacle, whose slender pinnacles soar aloft, gleaming with a thousand rainbow tints. Beneath the altar is a gilded and jewelled reliquary, containing a portion of the hand of St. Etheldreda.

Its story is most interesting. About one hundred years ago some Sussex workmen came upon a hollow recess in the wall of an old farmhouse. Apparently it was the hiding-place of a priest in penal days, for among the objects found, there was the ivory model of a delicately carved woman's hand. The wrist was enclosed in a cuff of silver gilt, bearing the inscription, in 9th century characters, "*Reliquiae S. Etheldredae Reginae et Virginis.*" This relic was presented to the Duke of Norfolk and finally found its way to the Dominican Convent of Stone in Staffordshire. A portion of this relic was given by Bishop Ullathorne, in whose diocese the Community of Stone reside, to Father Lockhart, first rector of the restored St. Etheldreda. We must now tell the story of the beautiful chapel's restoration to Catholic hands. In 1722 it was sold to the crown by the Bishop of Ely. For some time it was leased to the "Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor" (although the undercraft was desecrated by being used as a public drinking hall). Later, it passed into the hands of the "Welsh Episcopalians." But finally came to be sold to pay the costs of a suit in Chancery. The Fathers of Charity hearing of the sale, sent an agent to bid it in. For fear of some popular outcry, or opposition, the transaction was conducted as quietly as possible. When happily accomplished, the joy of the English Catholics was unbounded, for St. Etheldreda represents some of the most venerable traditions of England's Catholic past. Father Lockhart conjectured that "on this spot, then a wild and wooded hill, outside the walls of the Roman city, not improbably stood the earliest Churistian church of London, just as the British Church of St. Martin stood outside the walls of Canterbury." The present edifice was built about 1290. The modern parish is a very active one, doing excellent work amongst the poor with which the district is crowded. It is visited, as well, by many who come from afar to pray there and be gladdened by its devotional beauty. In the undercraft, or crypt, Mass is said daily and many come here to pray. Within the massive thickness of its walls (eight

feet) one may kneel and hear no sound of the Holborn traffic just outside. "The deep embrasures of the windows are filled with sea green tints, which seem as old as the church itself." The medallions they bear are of Saxon saints who doubtless saw and knew St. Etheldreda. Overhead, the massive beams of the ceiling are black with age, the penitents who enter, or leave, the half hidden confessionals, seem, in the semi-twilight of the place, like dream-figures from a distant past, and we are forced to rouse ourselves with an effort, to realize that we have not slipped back centuries, into England's Catholic past, but, rather, that the Church of our fore-fathers, unshackled and free, has once more become part of London's living, breathing life.

The Query

And wherefore sad, my soul?
Didst fail to walk to-day
The sure but rugged way
That leads to Heaven's goal?
Didst say some word unkind
Or judge with unfair mind
Another? Then my soul
Well mightest thou be sad.
Or can it really be
That thou wouldst fret and pine
Because some fault of thine
Was pointed out to thee?
Was something said or done
That grieved thee? Did someone
Misjudge? If so it be,
Why, then, thou shouldst be glad.

Our Lady of Winter

BY REV. H. F. BLUNT.

He gave Thee, Ladye, for Thine own,
The fairest month of May;
First fruit of flowers the spring hath grown,
Upon Thy shrine to lay.
But lily-bells are faded now,
And dead is every rose;
And what is left to wreathe Thy brow
But petal flakes of snows?

What matter if the bloom of May
Was faded long ago;
And o'er Thy face, this winter day,
The scentless storm-winds blow?
Thy seal is set on leafless tree
As well as censing rose,
The Queen of May can also be
The Ladye of the Snows.

So, Ladye, let each falling flake
Be thought a May-day flower,
Which angels cherished for Thy sake,
To deck Thy wintry bower.
But, Queen, Thy brow no chaplet needs
Of lily or of rose;
Queen now, as in the flowery meads,
Our Ladye of the Snows.



SERGEANT JOYCE KILMER

"Occidit in Primae Raptus Mihi Flore Juventae"

To the Memory of
The Late Sergeant Joyce Kilmer

Killed in Action, August 1, 1918

Patriot, Poet and Christian Man

St. Joseph Lilies, oftentimes enriched by his gems of verse, offers this last tribute of honour and esteem, May God, the tender Father of Compassion, comfort his bereaved widow and little ones, and may Christ, the Divine Hero and Conqueror, the Author of those Principles of Right and Honour, for which this valiant soldier fought and died, grant him the Victor's Palm of Life Eternal in the Kingdom of Heaven. R. I. P.

Joyce Kilmer

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

Dead! with that golden splendor all about you
Of high and pure and selfless sacrifice,
Dead! and for us, the legioned friends who loved you,
Deep Sorrow's veil enshrouding heart and eyes.

For us the loss—the thought that no to-morrow
Shall bring us back the poet-friend we knew—
The soul to all nobility responsive,
The spirit gallant, valorous, and true.

The knightly hand that Truth's bright falchion wielded
St. Michael-wise, undaunted, and serene,
The song that brought new glories to the worship
Of Christ our Lord and Mary Virgin-Queen.

The friend so dear to Friendship's fairest meaning,
The poet chaunting down triumphant ways,
Yet turning still to cheer his wearied brother
With words of strength-enkindling cheer and praise.

The soldier who at Freedom's holy calling
His splendid all laid freely on her shrine,
And in far France with Eire's lines advancing,
Poured out his life's bright sacrificial wine.

The kindly human man whose very presence
Has blessed and bettered wheresoe'er he trod,
The Saint whose face already shines upon us
A star to light us to the courts of God.

Joyce Kilmer—Poet and Prose Artist

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

SPEAKING with one who was a great friend and admirer of Joyce Kilmer, on a day shortly after his joining the army, I was surprised to hear him say: "Joyce Kilmer will never return alive. Death loves a shining mark, and surely he is one that shines like the purest gold." The person who prophesied so truly is now also in the angels' care, beyond the pains and sorrows of earth. It is remarkable what inroads this regrettable war has made on the realm of genius. Take the three young poets—Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger, and Joyce Kilmer—all have been cut down in the bloom of youth at a time when their minds were putting forth the fairest and sweetest of lyric blossoms. And each of them seems to have had a presentiment that he was destined to die on the field of battle. Alan Seeger sang thus, as he went into the strife:

"I have a rendezvous with death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair."

Rupert Brooke provisioned his death in the beautiful sonnet commencing:

"If I should die, think only this of me,"
and in the noble poem called "Rouge Bouquet," Joyce Kilmer faithfully described his own final place of sacrifice:

"There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave,
Than this place of pain and pride,
Where they nobly fought and nobly died."

What a treasure of real poesy was lost to the English lan-

guage when these three gifted singers laid down their lives on their countries' altars! For all the brilliancy of the other two, as Catholics we must say that the loss of Kilmer was by far the most grievous. In the writings of the others, religion had a very small place, but in Kilmer's latest poems, piety and love of God and of religion had a part that was growing greater day by day. His conversion to the Catholic faith had made a profound impression on his soul and on his genius, and there is no doubt but had he lived he would have enriched Catholic literature with its most glorious gems. His piety was growing deeper with every day of his life, and the horrors of war only seemed to strengthen and intensify it. Note this extract from a letter he wrote in France a short time before his death:

"I have felt that their prayers surrounded me and walled me in from harm. Not especially from bodily harm—for only for a week have I been in any real danger, that is, danger of an extraordinary kind—but from those spiritual evils which constantly beset me. You pray for me, I know,—then let me ask that you will pray especially for me to love God more. It seems to me that if I can learn to love God more passionately, more constantly, without distraction, that absolutely nothing else can matter. We are in a Catholic country, thank God, and except while we are in the trenches, I receive Holy Communion every morning (many others of this Irish Catholic Regiment do this) so it might be all the easier for me to attain this object of my prayer. I got faith, you know, by praying for it (but the prayers of other people help us). I hope to get Love in the same way, or rather the intensification of Love." The young poet who could write such sentiments as these would surely, had he lived, have given us odes and lyrics of spiritual joy and holiness, comparable only to those of Crashaw and the martyred poet-priest, Robert Southwell. That this is not an unwarranted assertion can be seen from the spirituality interwoven with the following poem, actually written upon the march in France:

My shoulders ache beneath my pack,
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back.)

I march with feet that burn and smart,
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart.)

Men shout at me who may not speak,
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek.)

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear,

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb,
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come.)

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea,

So let me render back again
This millionth of thy gift. Amen.

This can also be seen in the concluding lines of the following sonnet,—the last lines of poetry he ever penned:

Upon his will he binds a radiant chain.
For Freedom's sake he is no longer free.
It is his task, the slave of Liberty,
With his own blood to wipe away a stain.
That pain may cease he yields his flesh to pain.
To banish war he must a warrior be.
He dwells in night eternal dawn to see,
And gladly dies abundant life to gain.

What matters death, if Freedom be not dead?
No flags are fair, if Freedom's flag be furled.
Who fights for Freedom goes with joyful tread
To meet the fires of hell against him hurled,
And has for Captain, Him whose thorn-wreathed head
Smiles from the Cross upon a conquered world.

The following excerpt from a daily paper gives a bird's eye view of his literary activities:

"Kilmer's writings were varied, his best known work perhaps being a book of poems published under the title of "Trees and Other Poems." He was a regular contributor to the Literary Digest, the Book News Monthly and other periodicals, and for a time, beginning in 1913, was a member of the staff of the New York Times Sunday Magazine and Book Review section.

A series of interviews with prominent authors which he wrote for the Times were later published in book form under the title of "Literature in the Making." His other works included "Dreams and Images, an Anthology of Catholic Poets" and "Main Street and Other Poems.

Sergeant Kilmer was born thirty-one years ago in New Brunswick, N.J., but for the last several years he had lived in Larchmount, N.Y. He was educated at Rutgers College and Columbia, being graduated from the latter institution in 1908. He was a member of the Columbia University, Authors and Vagabonds clubs, the Poetry Society of America, Alianza, Puertoriquena and the Dickens Fellowship."

Joyce Kilmer was the author of three volumes of poems. Of the first volume, entitled "The Summer of Love," he said to one who wrote him anent it, "You would not care about the contents of my first book; I will send you my second when published; it will be more to your taste." The second volume, "Trees and Other Poems," contained the remarkable poem which gave its title, and several others of great poetic merit and of a singular deftness and clarity of expression. His third and last volume, "Main Street and Other Poems," contained his latest and most mature poetic work, and was highly praised by all the critics. In this volume it was noticeable that Catholic devotion and thought was beginning to tinge his inspirations in a most definite manner. From this time forward he is a Catholic poet in the best sense of the term and his greatest joy was to hymn the glories of the Catholic Church and of

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joy was to hymn the glories of the Catholic Church and of

her saints. This strong religious and devotional tendency made his verse shine, as it were, with a sort of consecration, and distinguished it from the worldly and fleshly productions of many of his brother bards. Had he been spared, we surely would have got from his pen unique flowers of sacred poetry, but the choirs of Heaven had need of him and his enchanting lyre.

Joyce Kilmer's prose-work is as well worthy of study as his poetry. In it he shows the lighter and more playful part of his nature mixed with a certain boyish mischief-and-fun-making that was one of the chief charms of his personality. His book, "The Circus and Other Essays," is a veritable mine of prose-gems.

Every poet of genuine merit as such should be able to write superior prose. Poetry is a higher form of language than prose, more richly jewelled, more intricate, and more refined. The writer who can master the higher and more difficult form should be able, with less effort, to master the lower and simpler grade. The artisan who can build a Taj Mahal or a St. Mark's is surely competent to build an ordinary farm dwelling.

It should not, therefore, be cause for wonder that Joyce Kilmer should be able to write good prose.

His book of essays is, in fact, full of good and wise ideas placed before us in the choicest and most appropriate language.

The essays are written in that half-serious, half-jocular vein — the sort of "excellent fooling" in which wisdom, like good medicine, is disguised, to make it the more palatable and attractive.

A little humour adds zest to many serious transactions. Thus a good auctioneer will oftentimes jest with the bidders, and his business is all the better for it. "The Circus," "The Abolition of Poets," "Incongruous New York," "In Memoriam: John Bunny," are a few of the titles that suggest the contents of the whole.

Optimism and a strong confidence in the abiding worth of human nature are the keynotes of our essayist. For instance

he begs to disagree with the pessimists who would have us believe that it is the expectation of seeing the performer dashed to pieces that makes people enjoy a dangerous act. "People are like that," says Mr. Kilmer, "only in the novels of D. H. Laurence and the merry pastoral ballads of John Masefield. The circus audience gets its pleasure chiefly from the wholly illogical belief that the performer will not fall and be dashed to pieces; that is, from the exercise of faith. The audience enjoys its irrational faith that Madame Dupin will safely accomplish her irrational feat of hanging by her teeth from a wire and supporting the weight of all the pink and gold persons who theoretically constitute her family."

Being a poet himself, Joyce Kilmer is privileged to poke fun at the whole "irritable genus," and profoundly meditating on circus freaks, he "chews the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," as follows:

"Poets are not freaks, but freaks are poets." . . . The poet puts his grief into fair words and shows it to the public, and thereby he gets money and fame. This man exhibits his lack of faith in a sonnet sequence; that man exhibits his lack of bones in a tent.

"This poet shows a soul scarred by the cruel whips of injustice; this man a back scarred by the tattooer's needle. But the freak would not like to change places with the poet! The freaks get large salaries (they seem large to poets), and they are carefully tended, for they are delicate.

See, here is a man who lives although his back is broken. There is a crowd around him; how interested they are! Would they be as interested in a poet who lived although his heart was broken? Probably not. But, then, there are not many freaks."

When the inevitable and relentless biographer comes, in due time, to dig up the literary remains of Joyce Kilmer and show him in the scant and shameless dishabille that is the delight of these modern Boswells, he will find much good material in these essays—material that he may not be able to find elsewhere. For here, almost unconsciously, the poet lays bare

his predilections and his pride, his afflictions and his grouches. In his essay called "Daily Travelling" (amusing euphemism!) he endeavours to elevate "commuting" into a beatitude! In the essay on John Bunny he admits his addiction to the "movies." In "Noonday Adventuring" he seeks to glorify his daily search for what Bill Nye called "the adamantine lemon pie" of the Manhattan lunch counter." In the "Urban Chanticleer" he strives to make light of the brutal fact that the alarm clock drives him out of his cozy home at an unearthly hour of the cold, raw matin-tide in time to catch the 5.33 if he makes a sprint!

The biographer can also glean from these essays that Joyce Kilmer does not love *vers libre* or the "barbarous yawping" of the Imagists. This is a fact the reader could never learn from conning over the diplomatically-conducted poetry column of *The Digest*.

But no matter how deep the biographer delves he will find nothing but what is beautiful and holy and wholesome in this young life that is now so nobly crowned by a heroic and patriotic death. Joyce Kilmer has died on the battle-field in France; he has given his thrice valuable life in the service of his country, and his country will not soon forget that noble and manly sacrifice. No other hero (not even Rupert Brooke), who has died in the Great War, has had so many poetic eulogies bestowed upon his memory. The foremost poets of America invoked the Muses in his praise. To this well-nigh universal chorus may I be permitted here and now to join my unworthy voice in a last tribute of love and admiration:

Death loves a shining mark. So many said:

"He goes but will return to us no more."

Where Brooke and Seeger showed the way before
Now Kilmer trysts with the heroic Dead.

By Marne's banks the fatal bullet sped

That robbed us of his life, and that rich store

Of youth and wit and true poetic lore,

And of that grace his holy influence spread.

How strange that one so gentle and so mild
Should enter Heaven's Gate in warrior guise,
Clanking a sword along its vistas aisled,
And stirring all its mansions to surprise,
Till Michael's thundering legions quick defiled
And shook with their acclaim the undulant skies!

I have been going through Newman's *Apologia* for the twentieth time, and, as usual, have fallen completely under the magical spell of that incomparable style; its perfect lucidity, showing the very shape of the thought within, its simplicity (not, in Newman's case, I think, the result of labour, but of pure instinctive grace), its appositeness, its dignity, its music. I oscillate between supreme contentment as a reader, and envious despair as a writer; it fills one's mind up slowly and richly, as honey fills a vase from some gently tilted bowl. There is no sense of elaborateness about the book; it was written swiftly and easily out of a full heart; then it is such a revelation of a human spirit, a spirit so innocent and devoted and tender, and, moreover, charged with a sweet naive egotism as of a child. It was written, as Newman himself said, *in tears*; but I do not think they were tears of bitterness, but a half-luxurious sorrow, the pathos of the past and its heaviness as viewed from a quiet haven.—A. C. Benson.



The Salvation of Eleanora.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

GOOD Father Ignatius was on his way to the city. He had left a bushel of worries behind him for the nonce and was rejoicing in the prospect of seeing his Bishop once more. Even the railway ride, this bright morning, had brought him what the lawyers call "a change of venus," in itself a joy.

He sat blissfully enjoying it until a shadow fell across the paper he held, and a stranger took the vacant seat beside him. He was a fine looking man, nor was the priest surprised when the new-comer accosted him.

"Father Ignatius?" said the new arrival.

The priest nodded, wondering how the other knew his name.

"I think you are acquainted with Miss Eleanora McIlvaine?"

"Yes," replied the priest. "She is one of my flock."

"I am a lawyer from Albany," said the other, producing a card whereon the priest read the name of a man well known to fame. "May I tell you a few facts I have just learned?"

Father Ignatius assented, mentally recalling the time when he had rescued Eleanora from the wiles of a cheap opera manager. Was this another peril?

"She is a very pretty girl, this Eleanora! And a good one, too, I take it."

"Oh, yes!" answered the priest, confidently.

"Glad to hear it. Do you happen to know Col. Erastus Blake, of Blake and Hilliston?"

"No." Father Ignatius knew few people in the neighbouring city.

"One of our financial magnates," explained the other. "You will not mention my name in this matter, Father," pursued the lawyer with a sudden spasm of caution. "But why is Miss Eleanora riding about the city in his automobile?"

The priest started. "Oh, she was not alone with him," added the informant, noting the start. A whole party of women besides."

Yet the priest thought he caught a murmured word that sounded like "decoy ducks."

Poor Father Ignatius returned to Elton village with a new burden of anxiety. He recognized intuitively that Eleanora McIlvaine was not now the meek little girl she had once been.

In point of fact, it was an unlucky day for the motherless girl—the day when Cecile L'Estrange had discovered her. This charming widow had been the first to notice, with the sharpened eye of jealousy, that several city men of her 'set'—Col. Blake among them—were peeping at the pretty girl from Elton village. Inquiry also developed the fact that Miss McIlvaine was a singer, of some rural reputation.

Whereupon Madam Cecile promptly decided on a personal investigation, sure that in any event she could control the situation, if she once had it in hand. So one day, in the loveliest of toilettes, she strolled into the country, contrived to lose her way threading the village lanes, and presented herself with charming grace at the McIlvaine cottage, where Nora lived with an aged aunt. The acquaintance thus informally made soon became a power in the young girl's life. She found herself invited into a new circle where she was coaxed, flattered by city people of some polish and told that her singing voice was wonderful.

It was too much for Eleanora. Dazzled and overawed, her better judgment failed her; she fell into the snare without a struggle. How should there be any harm in a lady like Cecile L'Estrange, or her very deferential friend, the Colonel? She had thought of the latter only as one of the throng.

Making a few cautious inquiries, Father Ignatius was told that Eleanora McIlvaine had made a social success and was much admired in town—that, in fact, she had outgrown the simplicities of Elton village.

"Your butterfly has found her wings, Father," said one informant. "No one can put her back again."

"Don't be discouraged, Father," put in another voice—and it was that of a stranger. "Charter an aeroplane and go after her!"

No one could put her back again—Father Ignatius saw that. He had not spent his whole life fighting the devil, the world and the flesh without gaining some knowledge of the foe. But, an aeroplane? Why, that was prayer. A winged force, indeed. Our Saviour's word recurred to him with new meaning. "Thinkest thou that I can not, now, pray to my Father and He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?" But he must labour as well as pray.

Meanwhile, a network of difficulties was closing in about Eleanora. She had already glided safely over several shoals. One day her dear friend had said, "You must come to Madam B's musicale. I will send the Colonel over after you Thursday afternoon."

"Oh, no! Please, dear! Come yourself and see how my blue voile looks, thanks to that modiste."

Even Madame Cecile could not quite make out whether this was intentional or the mere outcome of Nora's great liking for herself. But she did not try to send the Colonel again.

The question of suitable costumes for the many occasions when the songstress was asked to sing had by this time become urgent.

"My dear!" cried her new friend, at one juncture. "You must have something new and lovely to appear in at the Harmonie concert. Don't say no, now! White satin with tulle drapings would be charming—and a shimmering pearl necklace."

It was true. In her simple attire Leonora was attractive, but in full dress her beauty would have victorious success. This the girl knew.

Then spoke the tempter: "I am sure your little invest-

ments are not bringing you in the money they ought. I will inquire about it among the bankers."

In due time a bundle of securities reached our heroine with a note from Cecile saying that the Colonel would exchange them at par and accrued interest, for the few conservative long-time bonds whose income she found so insufficient. She looked them over in surprise. The pile was large, a few figures showed her that the income from them, if all were good, would free her from her money anxieties. She was not a business woman, but a doubt crept in.

"It looks too good to be true," she said to herself. Some habit of practical caution held her steady—the feminine caution, so instinctive. "I will take these down to my banker and ask him."

That worthy looked them over gravely.

"Where did these come from?" he suddenly asked.

The young girl told him. He seemed to wake up as in wrath, gave her one piercing glance over his spectacles and said, "Yes, I see! I understand! My dear young lady, you want my counsel? Here it is. Send this stuff all back, forthwith, and say, if you like, that you have acted by my advice."

Eleanora thought the old man seemed to pity her and she hated to be pitied. Yet she obeyed him, vaguely conscious that from some snare she had been delivered.

She felt desperate after the bundle was gone. "I cannot see what I am to do," she murmured, ruefully, "unless I wear Aunt Polly's pink satin." This ancient heirloom, she thought, might solve the problem, as it eventually did.

On the evening of the Harmonic concert Miss McIlvaine appeared in the most charming of antique costumes, a vision of rose-colour and lace. It passed for a whim of the lovely singer's; she looked like a blush rose.

Her singing drew the favourable comment of a gentleman whose foreign experience gave him standing as a critic.

"What did you say the young lady's name was?" he asked, of a fat old man who sat near him.

"McIlvaine," replied the other, who happened to be her very good friend, the banker.

"She should have good training at once," pursued the stranger. "And she should go abroad."

The older man gave him a sharp glance. The result being satisfactory, a smile followed the glance and the man of money grew communicative. "She has not the means. I am her banker, so I know."

All at once her name roused a memory in the other. McIlvaine? Why, that must be the girl he had told Father Ignatius about! And so here she was.

His bit of vague altruism deepened into definite interest, a true admiration. He looked at her sweet face, noting the innocent smile that played over it and then he caught sight of the gallant Colonel. The combination was enough.

"I dislike seeing her in this milieu!" he observed, with such earnestness that the banker was moved to tell him the tale of the securities.

"Good!" exclaimed the listener. "So she sent them back. Why, she has sense! Sense enough to consult you! Sense enough to take advice! Sense enough to face temptation and 'down' it. That face means power, then."

Roy Estlake, for this was the stranger's name, was impressed in an unusual way by the whole transaction and by the charming personality of the singer. "This girl is surely worth knowing," he said to himself, and yielding to impulse—a thing which, thanks to his legal training, he rarely did—he sought presentation to the young vocalist.

Eleanora beheld before her a slender, tall, lawyer-like gentleman, rather good-looking, with piercing eyes and a touch of manner which betrayed long residence abroad. She was far from divining how much his quiet approval meant.

He went away, delighted with the sweet simplicity of her and wondering how he could best serve her. He had both wealth and influence, yet hardly knew how to use them.

"I will see the priest again, that good Father Ignatius,

and talk it over with him," he finally determined, when his mind was made up.

These two came to an understanding at once. The first thing was to remove Eleanora from the zone of danger; the next, to develop her musical ability. And thus the good priest found his prayers answered as if from heaven, so unexpected was it all.

"Indeed, no one can put back this girl into her old self," said Estlake, in reply to Father Ignatius, "but her nobler qualities can be stimulated. She would gladly rise and spread her wings, given the opportunity! And soon she will be doing it!"

The sympathetic smile which greeted this and brightened the face of the priest like the flush of dawn, held a foretaste of Roy Estlake's future.

Thus Eleanora came to see fortune and fame preparing to strew roses before her. She was vaguely grateful to the stranger who had so opportunely crossed her pathway; but she had no idea of his influence or of its scope. She only knew that the best of training was offered her, that of a great city. She went there at once, leaving Aunt Polly for a time to the care of another niece; and, in her new interests, the Colonel and even Cecile L'Estrange were almost forgotten.

Her expenses were paid by some musical society. Estlake arranging this through the agency of Father Ignatius so that his own name did not appear in the matter.

Time flew by on wings for the young singer after this. She developed, on musical lines, in a way that amazed her teachers. She soon blossomed out into a vocalist of admitted ability. Opportunities to sing came thick and fast, bringing enough pecuniary gain to pay all expenses of costuming and relieve her worries.

Admirers, too, sundry and various, circled her. She laughingly called them her "swarm of butterflies." But at times, curiously enough, she seemed to see the calm face of her friendly critic and to hear his voice with its quiet, mellow tones.

One day she summoned courage to ask Father Ignatius about him.

"Mr. Estlake, the lawyer?" inquired the priest. "He is in Europe now; staying awhile in Florence, at last accounts."

Her quick imagination pictured his enjoyment of life at the artistic and musical 'heart of Italy.'

Yet at last the day came when he found himself again on American soil and in the city where his charming protegee was giving a series of recitals. He mingled unobtrusively with the audiences, hearing her praise everywhere. It was an utter surprise, the change in her. Nor was this change the mere development of her powers; it was the ripening that comes with wider experience. His heart sank, as he studied her. "Strange enough," he said to himself, "and most unreasonable!" For was not this precisely what he and Father Ignatius had been labouring for, this lofty blossoming of gifted womanhood? How little of the bud remained! How little, alas, of its bewitching immaturity!

Meeting her personally a few days later, the impression deepened. She talked gracefully of art and music, with an easy self-poise which he could but admire. He felt how quietly she was holding him at a distance—the exact distance at which a stranger should be kept. Why should that irritate him? But he grew impatient of it and began to attack the barrier.

Yet the power with which he actually won over both men and women failed him with Eleanora. She liked him, saw his effort at a glance, enjoyed wielding her own power also—as any woman would—but he made no progress. Nay, why should he want to make any? None the less, somehow he was baffled and hurt.

To do her justice, Eleanora did not understand him—did not even try to! Possibly he did not understand himself. But the onlookers saw more and gossip began. It soon flew to Elton village.

So one day a letter arrived from Madame Cecile L'Estrange, who had kept in touch with the girl, more or less, all this time,

and from out its nose-scented platitudes sprang this needle-thrust: "I hear, by the way, that you are doing your prettiest—and that is no little, my darling—to captivate the money-eyed lawyer from Paris, M. Roy Estlake. Do not fail to land him, Nora dear! He has unlimited means, they say—just what you need for a splendid success. I am told he is infatuated with you."

Nora read this in white-hot wrath—the just reaction of conscious innocence. So this was what people said, was it? How her easy friendliness had been misconstrued. For Eleanora, despite her enlarged knowledge of the world, was even yet no match for Cecile L'Estrange. That lady's insinuations—whose maliciousness Nora half suspected—began to colour her bearing towards Roy Estlake. He worried and puzzled over her increasing coolness; something had happened; he knew not what.

"What it is, my dear Signora?" he inquired one day when she turned away with a touch of petulant haughtiness.

She coloured, in slight confusion. How could she answer that quiet question? Or the demand of those earnest eyes? She would not try, so kept silence.

"Have I offended?" He spoke very softly. "Am I to blame?"

The flippant answer she sought died on her tongue. Truthfulness lay strong within her.

"No," she said, frankly. "I am."

"But why?" he demanded with a smile. For the first time the idea of some outer influence upon her came to him. But, though learning nothing she treated him more graciously thereafter.

Still he felt something standing between them; the graciousness was not natural—it was far too elaborate. His worry got to be actual pain. Then, he consulted Father Ignatius. The latter smiled.

"'Women are kittle cattle,' the Scotch say. I cannot answer for Miss Leanora in these days." Soon, however, he grew

more grave. "You are deeply concerned in her attitude?"

"Yes," replied Estlake, frankly. "I would gladly make her my wife."

"In that case, let me tell you something. She has a chance to join a fine company and reach a more critical public. The offer, which is more than fine in a money way, will take her away from us altogether. If I were anxious about her before, it is a thousand times worse now."

"It is not settled, then?"

"No, she has until Christmas to decide." After a silence, he added, "I wish you well, my son! And the Lord has all hearts in His keeping."

Meanwhile Eleanora had done some thinking. One quiet day brought welcome opportunity. The white mist of ocean had drifted inland, closing about her window like a drawn veil. Into her wrath over the gossip from Elton, a softer impulse fell, a dim suspicion, pale as the film outside, that the silliness might hold some germ of truth. Yet she set aside the thought. Attentions, compliments, flattery and the like, why, it all amounted to nothing. It was just the bead on the wine! Mr. Estlake was a man of the world, had seen beauties in Paris and Vienna—continuing heart-whole, if she were any judge—strange that he should ask her friendship, even! Yet she knew that his look had more than once brought the blush to her cheek.

"My nerves were to blame and my own vanity," she said to herself, eager to explain it away. "He studies me as a new specimen, as any critic would."

Despite her great popularity, Eleanora remained humble and modest as a snowdrop. "But what if it were true?" The daring thought nearly took her breath away. "I do like him," she admitted, "but not enough for that!"

The Christmas Feast came on hurrying wings, the time that must see her decision. Tears sprang to her eyes as she thought of bidding adieu to St. Joseph's, the dear old church of her childhood; to Father Ignatius, whose kindly hand had

been over her so long, and all the sheltered life of love she must leave behind. Would this be her last Christmas—not of nearness to God—He would never forsake her—but the last amid known and familiar ways? Her departure would be a finality, this time. She would never again ‘sing the old songs’; home and tenderness would be things of the past.

The Day of Days found her still in gentle mood, soft as the pearly snowflakes which came sifting down. And Father Ignatius was still praying; his pleading soared unceasingly. Christ and His blessed Mother must guide Eleanora! She had flown out of his ken. And her salvation must be of her own free choice.

The lover felt her altered mood. He knew it was now or never. He must make the plunge. It looked hopeless; yet was not this the great day of the world’s hope and joy? He took his heart in his hands—pouring out its passion in full tide as never before.

She was about to make some conventional reply. Then she stopped and looked at him. The glance told more than he had said. The haggard earnestness of his face brought a revelation. He had suffered—was suffering! It was real—an intense thing, not to be trifled with. “Eleanora!” He would have tried another appeal, but his voice broke.

He came to her in a sudden wave of feeling—that nothing on earth could compare with the joy of taking this man’s life into her keeping and making it brimful of happiness, so full that a rose-leaf would bring overflow! And a home with love in it—why, that was music!

She smiled up into the pained face—and the smile was a caress—knowing that her career was ended, but that her sacrifice held new bliss of measureless reward.



Rosa Mystica

BY SR. M. LUCY, O.S.B.

Mystical Rose of Jesus,
Folding thy petals rare,
Veiling the King of Ages
Hidden so sweetly there!
Fragrant with God's Own Essence,
Mary—His Rose, and mine!—
List to creation's yearnings—
Show us Thy Son Divine!

Angels are waiting silent,
Hush'd with the weight of love,
Till all their myriad "Glorias"
Sunder the Heav'ns above!
Hasten, oh! hasten, Mary,
How canst thou bear our cry?
Hasten and show us Jesus—
Bring Him . . . or else we die!

Petals of Heav'nly Radiance,
Sealed by Thy Spirit Blest,
Show unto us thy Glory—
Jesus upon thy breast! . . .
Mary! our Hope, our Refuge,
Star of a world forlorn,—
Mystical Rose of Jesus—
Bring us our Christmas Morn!

Luther and His Isms

BY REV. C. O'SULLIVAN, MACHIAS, MAINE.

IN the 10th of November, 1483, Luther was born at Eisleben, "of poor but honest parents," as the phrase goes.

Even in the days of his childhood, he evinced that propensity for wrong-doing for which in his maturer years he was famous. On one occasion his mother flogged him cruelly for some little misdemeanor he had committed. At another time his father castigated him severely for some petty delinquency of which he was guilty. We are informed that one forenoon, he received fifteen blows from his teacher at school. All this goes to show his tendency to intractableness even in his early youth. We would apply to him the proverbial phrase, "He was born that way," only that is not dignified enough for history's page.

At the age of fourteen he went to school at Magdeburg, where, according to Rohrbacher, Vol. IX., page 514, he begged his bread by singing songs before the doors where he thought he could obtain anything. The Magdeburgians tiring of him soon, he thought he would try the charity of denizens of Eisenach. There he was more successful. A widowed lady named Cotta, taking pity on "the poor scholar," received him into her house, and gave him board and accommodation, so as to enable him to give his undivided attention to his studies.

In 1501 he entered the University of Erfurth, and devoted himself to the study of philosophy and law.

In 1502 he received the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy, and three years later, that of Magister. We are told that during these years he devoted himself to the study of the classical authors, such as Cicero, Livy, Virgil and Plautus. However, we do not think he did much honor to Cicero or any of them by his studies because he always wrote and spoke barbarous

Latin. Archbishop Spaulding depicts him well when he says "he bellowed in bad Latin."

In 1505, as he was walking in a garden with a friend, the latter was killed suddenly by a thunderbolt. Fearing that the same calamity might befall himself, he invoked the aid of St. Ann, and determined to embrace the Monastic life. According to Walch, Vol. I., page 79, on July 17th, he entered as a novice, the Community of the Hermits of St. Augustine at Erfurth.

In 1506, when he was twenty-three years of age, he made his vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. Those vows were of strict obligation, because he made them after due reflection, and with full liberty. Psalm 40 says: "Fulfil the vows you make to the Lord." This is plain and forcible enough. The fourth Sunday after Easter in 1507 he was ordained priest. His father attended his first Mass, and made him a present of twenty florins. The studies that he made for the priesthood during so short a time must have been exceedingly imperfect. It cannot be surprising, then, that afterwards he indulged in so many vagaries.

According to Walch, Vol. XIV., page 509, Melancthon says that during that period he studied the Bible, the works of St. Augustine and the Scholastic Theologians. If he did, he only acquired during such a brief space of time, information enough from them to lead him astray and unfit him for everything. His after career amply proved this. Luther now a priest, and an Augustine, had to make some use of his talents for the benefit of his neighbour. It can be said parenthetically, that the few years he spent in the priesthood previous to his defection, were strenuous, active and busy ones. The poor, half-educated individual lectured, as best he could, on Ethics in the Faculty of Philosophy, and on special portions of Scripture in the newly formed University of Wittenburg, where, it is said, the inhabitants were far from being famous for their temperance. The Maine Prohibition laws would not count for much among them. In addition to these functions, he preached alternately in the Monastery of his Order, and in the collegiate church of

his town. Hence it can be seen he had but little time for indulging in intellectual pursuits.

"It cannot be denied," as Rev. Father O'Hara, his biographer, says, "that he was industrious and ambitious, but, at the same time, he was not a methodically trained man."

"Anybody could see by examining his writings, that he was neither a profound philosopher nor theologian, and that at no time of his life, despite his efforts to become learned did he show himself to be more than superficially equipped to grapple with serious questions within the domain of philosophy or theology."

In 1510 he was sent to Rome to transact some business pertaining to his Order. When he first beheld the eternal city, falling on his knees, he exclaimed: "Hail, Rome, Holy City, thrice sanctified by the blood of martyrs."

"When afterwards," as a certain writer states, "he gave up the observance of the Ten Commandments, he underwent a complete change of sentiment with regard to Rome and hurled at her the most opprobrious epithets." This we will show in due time.

On his return to Germany he was declared Licentiate of Theology. They did not seem to be very particular to whom they gave their degrees, when they gave it to such a superficially educated man as Luther was then known to be.

To fit himself for teaching the Bible, he took up the study of Greek and Hebrew, in which languages he never became very proficient. After some time, he began at the University of Wittenberg, his lectures on the Psalms and the Epistles of St. Paul. He also lectured on St. Augustine, and preached in his turn in the Augustinian church.

"Even at this early period," Alsog informs us, "he had already embraced in a confused way the idea that good works are wholly worthless, and that faith alone is sufficient for sal-

vation." A decided turn in the development of Luther's teaching seems to have taken place in the years 1513 and 1514.

According to that erudite historian, Mathesus, he was considered a full-fledged heretic in 1515. On October 31, 1517, he came out in his true colors, when he affixed to the door of the Castle Church in Wittenburg, a copy of his famous theses, ninety-five in number, "mostly bearing on Indulgences, but scarcely one offering a solid objection," as O'Hara says. He found occasion for the proceeding in the sermons of John Tetsel, a Dominican Friar, and an able preacher, who had been chosen by Albert, Archbishop of Mentz, to publish in the north of Germany, the Indulgence which Leo X. had just granted to the Catholic world. The proceeds of this Indulgence were to be devoted to the construction of St. Peter's Basilica at Rome. The conditions for gaining that Indulgence were the same as they are now for gaining all similar ones.

From the very beginning Luther attacked the doctrines of Indulgences, without waiting to consider the consequences. This shows that he was devoid of foresight and discretion.

In his Lenten sermons of 1517, he said: "Christ puts sanctification in the heart, therefore you need not go to Rome, nor Jerusalem, nor St. James, nor wander about after an indulgence." In a letter to Tetsel, he wrote: "Do not be disturbed because the war was not begun on your account. The child had another father." This passage very clearly shows that the idea of attacking Indulgences had been lurking in his mind for some time.

Towards the close of 1517, Tetsel took the degree of Doctor of Theology in the University of Frankfort on the Order. On this occasion he answered Luther by one hundred and six counter theses in which he clearly and nobly defended the doctrine of Indulgences. He correctly said: "Indulgences do not forgive sin, but the temporal punishment due to sin, and this only when the sin has been sincerely repented of and confessed, and communion has been received." Any modern theologian would say the same.

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in the castle of Wartburg. According to Mathesus's History, page 184, Luther saw the devil in his garden under the appearance of a black wild boar. It would seem, then, that his visitors at Wartburg were not of a desirable kind. We do not hear that any saints or angels visited him there.

Luther's doctrine had already taken root among the people. Many religious following, following in his footsteps, renounced their vows and left their orders. Carlstadt, Luther's right hand man, raised a mob at Wittenburg and destroyed the altars and images of Christ and the saints. The same was done elsewhere. Infant baptism was rejected at Zwickall, when Nicholas Storch organized a society that developed into the Anabaptists. These attracted Carlstadt, and other prominent Lutherans, and they committed several outrages at Wittenburg.

Luther took alarm, and leaving Wartburg, reached Wittenburg on Good Friday. All through Easter week he harangued the multitude and condemned their violence. Monks left their convents, took wives, such as they were, and recruited the ranks of Luther.

The teaching of human irresponsibility for sin, and the disregard of all authority had their effects on the masses. The peasants rose in rebellion against their lords, burned convents, and stormed the castles of the nobles. Thomas Munzer took the lead, preaching human equality. Luther himself was compelled to preach against those whom his doctrine had aroused, and he urged the nobles to slay without mercy "those children of the devil," as he called them. This advice was taken, and it is estimated that one hundred thousand peasants were slain.

Luther celebrated, by marrying "an escaped nun," the funeral of the slain peasants for whose death he was responsible by his un-Christian teachings. On June 15, 1525, he wrote to Ruhel as follows: "To make the mad and stupid surviving peasants still madder, I got married."

We must state, however, that this was not the real reason for his getting married. According to Grisar, his latest historian, there were seven of them. Some of them, and especially

the first two, were strong enough from a worldly point of view.

His chosen one was Catherine Bora, a nun of the Nemptschen Convent, who had eloped from the cloister with a young citizen of Torgau, named Bernard Koppe.

The marriage was celebrated secretly on the 13th of June, 1525. It can be said that it did not augment his happiness very much. Only three days after, he wrote to Spalatinus: "By this marriage I have made myself so vile and contemptible as to make the angels weep." Justus Jonas, a friend of Luther's, wrote about this time to Spalatinus: "Our Luther has married Catherine Bora. I was present at the ceremony. I could not refrain from tears at the sight of them. I do not know why." Luther's enemies, however, far from shedding tears, had a hearty laugh at his expense, and thus verified the prophetic words of Erasmus: "If ever this monk take a wife, the whole world and the devil himself will laugh." According to the most reliable authorities, Luther's choice was far from being a happy one. Catherine was of a very disagreeable disposition. She was haughty and imperious in the extreme and ruled her so-called husband with a rod of iron. Some think she is worthy of being considered the patron saint of the modern suffragette. But we will let that pass.

For fifteen years—that is from 1525 to 1540—he usually spent the evenings in the Black Eagle tavern at Wittenburg, where he met and conversed over the lager jug with his bosom friends, Melanethon, Ansdorf, Aurifaher and others. His deluded disciples, with a complete lack of judgment, wrote down even the most insignificant of his utterances with the intention of publishing them for the instruction "of the faithful," as they called their misguided followers. Such was the origin of the famous "Tisch Reden or Table Talk," which caused so many reflections to be cast on Luther, and on the kind of a religion he founded. It forms a ponderous folio of thirteen hundred and fifty pages.

We will content ourselves with giving a few extracts to

show the tenor of it. "May the Pope be damned; may his reign be abolished; may his will be restrained." His hatred of the Pope was so deep-seated and intense that he felt obliged to manifest it whenever an opportunity for so doing presented itself. Luther being the founder of their religion, it is not surprising, then, that all Protestants have a deep-seated hatred of the Pope.

Again he says: "If I thought God did not hear my prayer, I would address myself to the devil." If that is the basis of Protestant piety, no wonder it does not produce many saints.

Once more: "I owe more to my dear Catherine and Philip than I do to God himself." It seems he liked her, then, but it is very certain his feeling towards her changed when they had the next row.

Finally: "God made many mistakes. I would have given him a good advice at the creation of the world." Mahomet, with all his faults, never said anything so revolting as that. We must say about Luther, that when he thus expressed himself to his boon—or more properly speaking, bottle—companions, he must have been so full of Bacchus, to borrow an expression from Horace, or more likely of beer, that he was 'non compos mentis,' or that he considered himself outside the pale of salvation.

Now we will cast a glance at the remainder of Luther's career. It was far from basing replete with the calmness that springs from the consciousness of a well-spent life. His last days were embittered with unspeakable cares and tortures about the desperate condition of his country, and the religious anarchy which his doctrine had brought on his countrymen. He noticed with horror that immorality was on the increase, and that the evil spirit of insubordination was stalking abroad. "We live in Sodom and Babylon," he wrote to George of Anhalt, "everything is daily growing worse." This speaks very badly for the first fruits of Protestantism, of which he was the founder.

In the district of Wittenburg, there was according to his

own statement, "but one peasant who urged his domestics to the Word of God and to the Catechism; all the others were going to the devil." Elegance of diction, it seems, was never the peculiarity of Luther. Again he says: "Nobles, citizens and peasants trample religion under their feet and drive away the preachers by starving them out."

"They wished to be damned," he wrote on January 8, 1544; "may it be done as they wish." This is not a very Christian sentiment coming from the founder of a religion that has some pretensions to Christianity. But in Wittenburg itself a corruption and depravity were making such progress, under "the light of the Gospel," that Luther left it in disgust.

As his last moments approached, his remorse of conscience increased. It cruelly tormented him night and day. But with that spirit of hypocrisy for which he was famous, he pretended to regard his doubts and anxieties as temptations of Satan, and even he tried to reject the objections of reason, by calling reason "the devil's bride." "I have almost lost Christ," he said, "and am tossed about by the billows and storms of despair and blasphemy against God." What wonder, then, that the unfortunate man could not give utterance to a prayer without interlarding it with curses! On January 17, 1546, about a month before his unhappy death, he wrote to a friend: "I am old, decrepit, indolent, fatigued, tremulous and blind of one eye; I hope for repose in my old age, but I have nothing but suffering."

Though broken down in health and depressed in spirit, Luther consented to undertake a journey to Eisleben, to settle a quarrel between the two counts of Mansfield. While passing through the City of Halle, he saw two monks wearing their habits. This excited his ire to such a degree that he requested the city authorities to expel "the lousy, shabby monks," as he called them. It can be said without fear of contradiction, that if they were not better than himself, they would not confer much honor on any place in which they would take up their abode. In another locality the Jews so provoked his ire that

he wished "for their destruction, for the Glory of God," as he called it.

In Eisleben, where he was munificently entertained, yielding to his innate barbarity, he emptied many a bumper to the downfall of the Papacy. When he saw the wien flowing on the floor of the Count's castle, he said: "There soon will the grass grow." On February 17, 1546, seizing a piece of chalk, he wrote on the wall in his own bad Latin the following phrase: "Pestis eram vivus, moriens ero mors tua papa": "Living, O Pope, I was thy pest; dying, I shall be thy death." The following night he breathed his last. "Thus suddenly," says Alsog, "and prematurely was Luther stricken down in the town where he was born and baptized, after he had passed his life in setting people against people, sundering social bonds, and inflicting a severe though not as he fancied, a fatal wound, on the Church of his fathers."



A Heart Wish

May the dear Child Jesus bless thee,
May His loving arms caress thee!
May His Sacred Heart enfold thee,
His sweet peace and joy uphold thee!
May His saving grace attend thee,
From all danger e'er defend thee!
May the smile of Mary Mother
Light thy pathway as none other;
May her fond care thy shelter be—
This my unceasing prayer for thee!

Chaplain of the Forces

Ambassador of Christ you go
Up to the very gates of hell,
Through fog of power, storm of shell,
To speak your Master's message: "Lo,
The Prince of Peace is with you still,
His peace be with you, His goodwill."

It is not small, your priesthood's price,
To be a man and yet stand by,
To hold your life whilst others die,
To bless, not share the sacrifice,
To watch the strife and take no part—
You with the fire at your heart.

But yours, for our great Captain Christ
To know the sweat of agony
The darkness of Gethsemane
In anguish for these souls unpriced
Vicegerent of God's pity you,
A sword must pierce your own soul through.

In the pale gleam of new-born day
Apart in some tree-shadowed place,
Your altar but a packing case
Rude as the shed where Mary lay,
Your sanctuary the rain-drenched sod
You bring the kneeling soldier, God.

As sentinel you guard the gate
 'Twixt life and death, and unto death
Speed the brave soul whose failing breath
Shudders not at the grip of Fate,
 But answers, gallant to the end,
 "Christ is the Word—and I His friend."

Then God go with you, priest of God,
 For all is well and shall be well.
 What though you tread the roads of hell?
With nail-pierced feet these ways He trod.
 Above the anguish and the loss
 Still floats the ensign of His Cross.

—Selected.

Evening Visit to the Blessed Sacrament

O Divine Jesus ! Lonely to-night, in so many Tabernacles, without visitor or worshipper, I offer Thee my lonely heart, and may its every pulsation be a prayer of love to Thee. Thou art ever watching under the Sacramental Veils; in Thy love Thou never sleepest, and Thou are never weary of Thy vigils for sinners. O lonely Jesus! O lovely Jesus! May my heart be a lamp, the light of which shall burn and beam for Thee alone. Watch, Sacramental Sentinel, watch for the weary world, for the erring soul and for Thy poor, weak, lonely child. Amen.



Something Scientific

BY A. C. BANCROFFETT.

EVEN scientific facts may be cast into literary form. The story of the apple which is said to have fallen on the head of Sir Isaac Newton could be made the subject of a poem, but not by me, because I have nothing of the poet in me, and because I do not believe in that apple. I do not believe that it fell, or that it struck Isaac's head, or that it started the train of thought which resulted in discovering the laws of gravity. In truth, that initiating thought was set in motion some centuries before Isaac Newton was born. My objection to the apple story is the implication it carries that he, or any other great scientist, could have discovered the laws of gravity unaided. The thing is not humanly possible. And this does not in the least belittle his achievement. To have taken the scientific work of his predecessors as a foundation, and to have built thereon a whole wing of science, so to say, is a vast achievement. If he had been born a couple of centuries before the date of his birth, he would have been taught at school that the earth is the central body in the universe and that the orbits of all heavenly bodies are circular. It took a big man's work to get rid of this piece of misinformation, and the big man was Copernicus, born in 1473. It would have taken more than a bushel of apples to knock the old astronomy out of Newton's head, and nothing in the direction of gravity's laws could be accomplished by a head containing the old notions of Ptolemy. Copernicus put the earth as a planet in its place, but retained the circular orbits. No one man could have emancipated science from fictitious orbits. They were defensible in the abstract. Years of patient and skilful observation could alone answer the question of fact: are the orbits really circular? An answer to this question was essential to any advance in

scientific knowledge of the forces at work in the universe. Tycho Brahe (1546-1601) spent thirty years in observing and recording the positions of the heavenly bodies, and upon the material thus accumulated Kepler (1571-1630) spent a lifetime of calculation. He showed that the orbit of each planet is not a circle, but an ellipse. He also proved that a line joining the centres of the sun and a planet sweeps over equal areas in equal times, and that the period of revolution of all the planets round the sun have a definite relation to the distances from the sun. This relation he expressed by saying that if the square of each planetary year in days be divided by the cube of the planet's mean distance in miles from the sun, the quotient is the same for all the planets; in other words, that the squares of the revolution periods are in the same ratio as the cubes of the mean distances. There, that is positively the toughest bit of science I am going to ask the "Lilies" readers to digest. Go back half a page and read it once more to make sure, not that you know all about it, but that Kepler did not spend many idle days in becoming the first man to see so far into the way the solar system does its work. No one man could have done half the work of Copernicus, Tycho Brahe and Kepler; but everything they did was necessary for Newton's work. Even with the foundation laid by them, Newton could not have discovered the laws of gravity. Kepler had reached a knowledge of the way the solar system goes on. Newton sought a knowledge of the force or forces which enable the solar system to work in the way described by Kepler, and a new science, namely Dynamics, had to be formed and developed before anyone could make another step along the road indicated by Newton. The ideas men had in Kepler's day about forces and their effects, were crude. When Copernicus argued that the earth revolves on an axis once every day, people asked how, in that case, does it happen that we are not thrown off the surface into space in the way drops of water are thrown off a wet wheel revolving very fast. Copernicus could not give a satisfactory answer, because there was no science of Dynamics. All he could say

was that "we must not compare the natural motion of the earth to the violent motion of a wheel." Kepler did not see how a planet could move in space continually without being pushed along by something. He imagined a flowing invisible current in which the planets floated serenely through space! In other words, he had no idea of the law of inertia. It was Galileo (1564-1642) who made the next great step by teaching the science of Dynamics. He developed true conceptions of the dependance of motion upon force in nature. Galilee died in the year of Newton's birth.

We are now a long distance away from that apple; but it was necessary to go over the ground and see the real foundation of Newton's great work—that is, assuming, for the moment, that it is necessary to know something about science.

Newton built on the foundation laid by Copernicus, Tycho-Brahe, Kepler, and Galilee; but he was a greater builder than any one of them.

From Kepler's law of equal areas, using the principles of Dynamics formulated by Galileo, Newton proved that the force which acts upon the planets is always directed towards the sun. His next step was based on Kepler's third law, the one expressing the relation of the planetary year to the distance from the sun. By calculation he proved that the force acting on the planets and directed towards the sun varies inversely as the square of the distance from the sun.

Up to this point Newton did not know that the force he was studying could be called gravity. He did not know, but was intensely interested in knowing, whether the force which makes a body fall at the surface of the earth is the same as the force which makes a planet revolve in an eclipse around the sun. It was very far from easy to test the hypothesis of identity. Velocity can be tested, and variations of velocity; but in Newton's investigation it was not velocity that was in question, but force. Does the force of gravity vary at the surface of the earth? Not perceptibly, as far as Newton could ascertain by any test at his disposal. No experiment on the earth's sur-

face could throw any light on the question whether the force of gravity varies inversely as the square of the distance from the earth's centre. This was the law of variation he had found to hold in the case of the force acting on the planets and directed towards the sun, and he wished to know whether the same law of variation held in the case of bodies falling towards the earth. To the beginner it seems absurd to say that a continual revolution of a body called "A" around another called "B" is the same thing as a continual falling of A towards B. In the case of a body moving freely in space and deflected from a straight line by some force of attraction, the deflection is nothing but a falling towards the centre of attraction. By the law of inertia a body projected into empty space will go on forever in a straight line if no other force interferes. If some force of attraction makes it deflect from the straight line, the effect is a falling towards the attracting body. It may never reach the attracting body, because the force of the original impulse into space may balance the force of the attracting body, and then the falling becomes a revolving without ceasing to be a falling. This is a fact used by Newton to test the hypothesis of identity. The moon revolves round the earth. Therefore, the moon is continually falling towards the earth. If the force which holds the moon in its orbit ceased to exist, the moon would at once go off in a straight line through space. Newton ascertained how much the moon actually deviates from this straight line in a given time, and he calculates how much it would deviate from that line in the same time if the force which makes it deviate varies inversely as the square of the distance. He did not yet know whether gravity so varies. His object was to prove or disprove it. If the actual falling of the moon towards the earth equals the calculated falling, on the assumption that the attracting force varies inversely as the square of the distance, it follows that the force acting on the planets is subject to the same law as the force which makes a stone fall to the earth, and that what we call gravity at the surface of the earth may be regarded as a force which operates

over the whole solar system. Newton found that the observed deflection and the calculated hypothetical deflection coincided, and the coincidence must have rejoiced him hugely; for it meant a great advance in science.

Newton then went on to study the universe of bodies beyond the solar system in manifestations of gravity as possibly a universal force. Of course he left many things to be done by others after his death; but he placed on a sound basis his theory that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force directly proportional to their masses and inversely as the square of the distance between them.

Miss Utility holds up her hand to indicate that she wishes to ask what all this means, not in dollars and cents exactly, but in present human life. It would require a whole book to show all it means in daily life. One illustration must suffice. There is an annual publication called the "Nauticaal Almanac." Every important nation has a similar publication. Every steamer crossing the ocean carries one or more copies. This publication is the practical expression of Newton's discoveries as studied and applied from year to year since his time. Without such publications navigation would be unsafe, and even the running of fast trains in busy centres would be hampered by inaccuracies in time-keeping, if we had to depend on the knowledge available before Newton appeared.



A Christmas Hymn of the Fifth Century

TRANSLATED BY DR. J. M. NEALE.

Of the Father's love begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He the Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore!

Oh, that ever-blessed Birthday,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bore the Saviour of our race;
And that Child, the world's Redeemer,
First displayed His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore!

Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens!
Praise Him, angels in the height!
Every power and every virtue
Sing the praise of God aright:
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each heart and voice unite,
Evermore and evermore!

Thee let age, and Thee let manhood,
Thee let choirs of infants sing;
Thee the matrons and the virgins,
And the children answering:
Let their guileless song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!

Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be:
Honor, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore!

He beholds thee wherever thou art. He calls thee by thy name. He sees thee. He understands thee. He knows all thy own peculiar feelings and thoughts, thy weaknesses, thy strength. He views thee in thy day of rejoicing and thy day of sorrow. He notes thy very countenance. He hears thy voice, the beatings of thy heart, thy very breathing. Thou dost not love thyself better than He loves thee. Thou canst not shrink from pain more than He dislikes thy bearing it. And—He is God.—Cardinal Newman.



Touring in Jamaica

BY ETHEL C. RYAN.

(Continued from September Number.)

Our road now becomes the principal thoroughfare of a thriving town and again the exceedingly dusty main street of a little settlement. The other car, carrying the remainder of our party and travelling ahead, sometimes stirs up excitement in the smaller villages (as well as dust) especially on the less frequented roads, so that we, in following, usually reap the benefit of an impromptu reception. Apparently the entire population, good natured and curious, gather at the road-side to wave us on our way; there are mothers holding babes in their arms and youngsters lugging out pets and other cherished possessions. In one instance, a small boy lustily directs our attention to a pig, almost as large and just as black as he, that he has brought out for our admiration. Midway between Spanish Town and St. Ann's Bay is the village of Moneague. A digress from the main road is made and we ascend to a wooded eminence where the ideally appointed Hotel Moneague is located. It is a large rambling structure with spacious verandahs overlooking green lawns that, sloping sharply, merge into verdent fields and plains over which sleek cattle and fat sheep graze in contentment, and, rising again towards the east, are lost in the foothills of the Blue Mountain range. Down in the valley a stream catches the sun's rays and glistens like a narrow band of polished silver. Northward from this elevation is seen the Carribbean, its blue waters mingling with the white sands of a palm-bordered coast, and, as the day is clear, the dim outlines of Cuba can be distinguished in the distance. This charming place is possessed of a "dolce far niente" spirit which is soon communicated to the visitor making it a most inviting spot for a brief holiday. While it enjoys

a delightful isolation, there is no sense of loneliness here, and delicious chicken dinners are not the least pleasant memories of the time spent at Hotel Moneague. From Moneague we traverse a rich grazing section and lands given over to the cultivation of the pimento tree, which provides us with that familiar seasoning, allspice, and then, without warning, our road dips into the shadowy coolness of the famous Fern Gully. During the rainy season, this road, for several miles, is the bed of a considerable stream that flows through a narrow gorge between high perpendicular walls of limestone. Overhead the bamboo and the rattadrum span the opening and only in places does the noonday sun relieve the cathedral-like atmosphere. Hundreds of varieties of fern, ranging in size from those as large as a tree down to the diminutive maiden hair, line the sides of the gorge like an immense green tapestry. More than eight hundred different species of plants, we are told, are found in this vicinity. It is truly the botanist's Mecca.

At Ocho Rios, about a mile beyond Fern Gully, the Caribbean again bursts into view, and from here until our destination is reached, we closely hug the coast line, with its succession of typical coast settlements, busy and picturesque, that lie screened behind waving palms fronting the crescent-shaped shores of snug and tranquil bays. As parts of the northern shore of Jamaica are quite rocky, the road at times hangs between cliff and sea, and every turn around a promontory suddenly brings into the picture one of the many inlets indenting the shore. Fishing boats, small lighters and native canoes crowd the coast while on the beach, built in the groves, are storage sheds for sheltering fruits that later will be loaded on to small coasters and shipped to other ports. We leave the main highway and for some distance travel inland through a wood. In a clearing at the end of the road the shimmering waters of the famed Roaring River Falls tumble down in a series of cascades over large rocks and against slender trees that defiantly remain upright, almost wholly enveloped in the foaming spray. After the fuss and noisy frolic of its downward flight, the river

meanders sedately through sylvan fields out into the sea. The parish in which St. Ann's is located is referred to as "The Garden Spot of the Indies," and some of the largest sugar plantations on the island are found here. The town itself, with its quaint streets, so up-and-down-stairsy, has about it a distinct air of prosperity and the harbor, that once gave shelter to the fleet of the Great Discoverer, is the scene of considerable shipping activity. The place is popular with tourists, largely for the reason that it is the axis from which radiate many short and delightful motor tours. One of the most enjoyable of these is the trip along the shore to Dry Harbor, where was enacted the ceremony of the formal taking over of the Island by Columbus. On the way we pass through Sevilla d'Oro, the first Spanish capital of Jamaica, and, farther on, Runaway Bay, so called because it was from here the Spaniards, after making their last stand, hastily embarked for Cuba. Another pleasant drive is from St. Ann's to Don Christopher's Cove, where it is said, Columbus lost the remaining ships of his fleet on his fourth and last voyage to the New World. But the most popular objective, and the trip most frequently taken, is the one to the splendid bathing beach up the coast in the direction of Ocho Rios. The bathing pavilions here are small bamboo huts. The surf is most inviting and after a dip in the salt water, a fresh shower may be had beneath a picturesque waterfall, where the Roaring River empties into the sea. Failing to secure accommodation at the hotel in St. Ann's, we take up our abode in a cozy blue and white cottage with shady vine-hung porches overlooking the harbor. The green, velvety lawn is dotted over with orange and lime trees, beneath whose laden branches is scattered ripened fruit, while the fragrance of roses and sweet-smelling shrubs permeate the air. The moon rises large and refulgent from a cloudless horizon and the starry heavens, circled by the sparkling milky way, shine with a brilliancy unknown in our northern climes. Myriads of fireflies glow and glimmer with an intensity that dispels the shadows, and over and above the din of countless insects can be heard the

incomparable song of the nightingale: "Oh night is lovely then!" We shall not soon forget these pleasant days at St. Ann's nor will the charm of the serene nights soon fade from our memories. In the early morning hours we leave St. Ann's and its many attractions. As we pass through the city we stop at the market place, attracted by the noisy clatter of many tongues, denoting that barter and sale is in full swing, until the town clock, perched in a high tower overlooking this busy scene, tells us it is time we were on our way. In the open country we continue to meet the familiar procession of natives, interspersed with coolies (distinguishable by their turbaned heads) carrying heavy loads of produce to market. Our route takes us along the shore, through Ocho Rios, to Port Maria, snugly nestled on a spacious bay where steamers are loading with fruit for foreign marts. Further on, at Annotto Bay, we turn toward the mountains and travel a road replete with thrills and excitement. As our car spins around "horse-shoe" curves, "hair-pin" curves, and curves of every form known to mountain engineering, we are favored with an inspiring stereoscopic view of landscape and sea, forming a world of scenic grandeur. Secluded in the midst of the mountains are the Castleton Gardens, the finest botanical gardens in the West Indies—arranged in a narrow gorge along side of the Wag Water River, and terraced for some distance up a gentle slope, the setting is ideal and no more favorable opportunity for the study of rare tropical plants and shrubs could be found than is offered by this fine collection. We are particularly interested in the lotus, growing in a most attractive pond, intermingled with other less aristocratic members of the waterlily family.

In the shade of an immense bamboo arch at the river's edge within sound of the waters as they ripple and gurgle over their stony bed, we spread the contents of our hampers and proceed to enjoy our lunch. Natives come down a nearby path bearing jugs, fashioned from the stout bamboo, to be filled with the pure spring water, and small boys diffidently approach to tempt us to buy strings of bright colored beads made from native

berries and seeds. In the shallow stream, squatting among the rocks, are women washing clothes, and behind them, like a drop scene for a beautiful stage setting, the opposite bank of the river rises sheer and high, a medley of many shades of green. Leaving Castleton Gardens we gradually descend from the mountains and follow along the foothills to Hope Gardens, a Government experimental station consisting of more than two hundred acres devoted to the propagation of plants, flowers, shrubs and all kinds of fruit trees. From here we set out on the last stage of the trip which takes us over Liguanea Plain to Kingston, where we arrive in the cool of the evening.

Kingston, now the capital of Jamaica, dates its beginning from the destruction of Port Royal during the earthquake of 1692. The latter place, because of its advantageous position at the entrance of the harbour, is important only as a fortification, and of the town that won fame for being "the wickedest spot on earth" back in the days of piracy, little remains, and that little is the presonification of squalor. During our stay in Kingston we have enjoyed many trips to points of interest not far distant. The prettiest of these is the one along the beach to Rockfort, the site of an old Spanish-built fort, now crumbling and picturesque, surrounded by well-kept grounds whose shady coolness is most inviting during the oppressive heat of the day. On the return drive we pass the Lunatic Asylum and tarry to watch a game of cricket in which the inmates are engaged. War activity is manifested in the cantonments and concentration camps in the vicinity of Kingston. A trip up the mountains to Newcastle brings us to the most interesting of these army posts, attractively located on a commanding position overlooking the harbour, twenty miles away. It was established on account of the heavy death toll suffered by the white troops in the swampy lowlands contiguous to Port Royal. On returning from Newcastle we make a detour to South Camp, used by the West Indian troops and as a place of detention for alien enemies. Here my chronic inclination for picture-taking nearly proves my undoing. How-

ever, through the efforts of a member of our party, the son of Dr. James C. Monaghan, diplomatist and educator, and late American Consul-General at Jamaica, the bevy of guards is convinced of the innocence of my intentions and my unadulterated Americanism and I am rescued from an embarrassing situation. It is very evident that kodaks are tabooed at this camp.

The effects of the earthquake of 1907 are still to be found in Kingston and although most of the city has been rebuilt and improved, the sections not rebuilt remain as distressing evidence of that awful catastrophe. In the new and better Kingston the most notable buildings are the Catholic Cathedral, the finest church in Jamaica, the public buildings and markets, and King's House, the handsome suburban home of the Governor. A visit to these places, and to Belmont Beach, where bathers are protected from the incursions of sharks by a high board fence, embraces all that is really of interest to a stranger in this city.

Nature did much in providing a beautiful setting for Kingston. Skirting a spacious land-locked bay and reposing under the sheltering shadows of the ever blue mountains, it presents a picture of such loveliness as is seldom seen in the Bahamas.

The Lamb Child

When Christ the Babe was born,
Full many a little lamb
Upon the wintry hills forlorn
Was nestled near its dam;

And, waking or asleep,
Upon His Mother's breast,
For love of her, each mother-sheep
And baby-lamb He blessed.

—Father Tabb.

In Thee, O Lord, Have I Hoped

Afraid, dear Lord? No, not afraid
Of Thy judgment's just decree,
But ashamed, my God. Ah! yes, ashamed
To lift my eyes to Thee.

When the sands of life are drifting out
And I stand on death's lone pier,
My heart may shrink with an honest shame,
But never a thought of fear.

Ashamed of One, Whom I dearly love,
Who gave me a work to do,
Who coming at even findeth me
To my noble Friend untrue.
But fear, my God! Why should I fear?
You formed and fashioned the clay,
You knew the feeble thing I was
When you gave me the light of day.

The small, mean gifts that are mine to give
Other eyes would not deign to see,
But You stoop to take with a loving smile,
Well knowing 'tis only me.
If I feared Thee, O Lord, I could not go on.
Then I'll choose the better part.
I will hide myself and my broken life
In the depths of Thy Sacred Heart.

I will kneel at Thy Feet and with head bowed low
In shame at the waste of years,
But hopeful still, for my crucified God
Yet waiteth my penitent tears.
With Life's page all blurs and blots throughout
I will trust Thee on to the End,
For there waits at the lonely pier of death
My kindest, truest Friend. —Selected

Memories of Sister Emerentia

By S. M. H.

My first meeting with her was in old St. Mary's Church. A tall girl, dignified and devout in demeanor, came into the pew where I sat, a stranger among strange surroundings, all things Catholic being new to me. I had seen her at school, but was not acquainted with her. As she knelt beside me, when she returned from the Altar-rail, for the time "a tabernacle," I had faith and fervour enough to realize the nearness of the Saint of saints in one of His "saints in the making."

Next day, at old Jarvis St. Collegiate, as we were taking our brief recess in the corridor, my devout communicant of the day before spoke to me. "So you are of us," she said. That was the beginning of a friendship that lasted for a life-time. Never has school girl had greater reverence for another than I had for my new friend. In our daily meeting our talks were always of holy things. She would thrill me as she spoke of "Our Mother's own month, how soon it is over! but then we have the devotions to the Sacred Heart now!" Youthful emotion, sentiment, devotion, perhaps common enough to those of "the household," but to me it was strange indeed to hear a mere girl speak with such earnestness, such unction, such faith.

She was no coward Catholic, wishing to escape observation, to appear indifferent to all religion; no attending "Prayers" to avoid a sneer. I remember what a sensation it caused when one day in History Class her clear voice rang out, "Excuse me, that is not the teaching of the Catholic Church!" Our professor—Major Hughes, now Sir Sam, was a soldier then, as now, and admired courage even in an opponent. He listened to the daring young Defender of the Faith, and no further defence was required on her part for the remainder of that term.

Though so firm and uncompromising in her Catholicity, she made many friends at that old Grammar School, among those who admired her for her valiant defence of what she valued, as well as for her other many noble qualities; Dr. Helen McMurchy, among others, kept up the friendship begun in those days, when Jarvis St. School was presided over by her revered father, Mr. Archibald McMurchy, for whom Sister Emerentia had the greatest respect.

On leaving the Collegiate the next step was to St. Joseph's Novitiate. There, a few months afterwards, I became her fellow novice, and found in her an adviser wise beyond her years, and a confidant who never betrayed, one with whom one's spoken word was as safe as the unspoken word, which the Arab writer says is the only one of which "we are master."

Sister Emerentia taught in De La Salle, in the Girls' High School, which, under Sister Holy Cross (White) had been then lately established. The old Board Room was one of the classrooms, and there Sister would assemble all the classes for prayers before closing. One prayer she used to say must have been especially impressive, as some of the pupils remember yet with what devotion it was offered. Mrs. Harrington (Kate Kelly of those days) recalled the evening prayers, as she bent lovingly over the cold, still form of her dear teacher. "Do you remember," she said, "that prayer Sister used to say, 'O my Jesus, lonely to-night in so many tabernacles without visitor or worshipper! I offer Thee my lonely heart and may its every beating be an act of love for Thee.' " Well, indeed, did I remember it!

Sister Emerentia was for some years at St. Joseph's Academy, first as teacher of the Graduate Class, afterwards as Mistress of Boarders. Then she was appointed Secretary-General of the Congregation. Our school days together were over! Her work from that time on was literary; writing annals of the Community, obituary notices, letters, addresses, in all of which styles her exquisite taste, delicacy and refinement were shown. Then two years ago she was appointed to the onerous task of editor, and "The Lilies" bloomed under her care.

Sister Emerentia has a special predilection for converts, among whom she had many friends. Sister Imelda of the Order of the Precious Blood was one whom she guided into the Church and with whom she has kept up a correspondence for years. Mr. Hugh Mackintosh of the Record is another convert friend. Most of her favourite authors, too, were converts, Newman, John Ayscough, Joyce Kilmer. Non-Catholic writing did not appeal to her at all. With some of her friends' liking for Carlyle she had little patience. Even if these friends were Doctors of Divinity. They could argue that "Past and Present" might almost be the work of a monk, she would not, or could not, admire the portrayer of Abbot Samson and Monk Joseline since the same hand has sketched such "Heroes" as Luther and Mahomet.

A keen sense of humor, such as one would not expect to find in one usually so grave, was a characteristic of Sister Emerentia. When Newman was her greatest, almost her only favourite, how she enjoyed in "Loss and Gain" the dry humor, the ridicule of the Anglican Monk and Nun about to be, as they planned together their future cloistered life. Then when she read John Ayscough's charming novels, their humour, too, appealed to her. That passage in Marotz where the cloistered Nun and the Sister of Charity is each extolling her own order, had for her an amusing aspect. For broad humour she cared little, and though glorying in being of the race of the laughter-loving Celt—a true O'Donnell of the North, much that is sometimes considered Celtic wit did not appear to her such, but rather as a lowering of the grand old race from which she had sprung.

But the humorous were not the passages of Newman or Ayscough or Kilmer that were liked best. The chapter in John Ayscough's "Marotz," Sister seemed to love most, was where "Little Sister" or "Sister Servant," I forget which the Superior was called, spends the night before the altar, praying for one of her postulants; the cultured, devout, humble nun,

superior of a great convent, glorying in her own holy state, her own Holy Order, but realizing fully that there are other states for other souls; that in the Church below as in the Church above, there are "Many Mansions," and fearing to influence too strongly the young soul, that she yearned to number among her white-veiled flock.

Another marked trait of our dear Sister was her conscientiousness, almost bordering on scrupulosity. As a child she had been excessive in her examinations of conscience, and but for the careful guidance of Reverend Father Vincent, C.S.B., whom she revered more than anyone else she had ever known, and for whose sake she loved the Basilian Order above all others, she might never have been freed from that harrowing state of soul.

How honoured the editor of the Lilies was when she received from the Chaplain of Salisbury Plain, no longer stationed in any place, but tramping with his "unit" through the poppy fields of Flanders, a copy of his "French Windows" before it had left the publishers. How she prized it, and how she prayed for its author!

Of Catholic writers, not converts, Sister Emerentia's favorites were our Canadian poet, Dr. Dollard, and Ireland's Walter Scott, Canon Sheehan. Of the latter's writings, "Luke Delmege" was the one most admired. But with all her love for later authors, Sister Emerentia still delighted in Newman.

I trust that in the near future some of Sister Emerentia's former pupils will give to the readers of the Lilies the memories and impressions left upon them by those Sunday Christian Doctrine classes, where they collected "Roses from the King's Garden" and listened to the beautiful, earnest, impressive instructions which were given them. I have heard many of these "old" pupils, some in our own Novitiate, some seemingly absorbed in "Society," refer to Sister Emerentia's Sunday morning classes as Golden Hours never to be forgotten.

Then, if some who were present and took part in the "Ox-

ford Readings" would tell of how the admirer of Newman and of Newman's Oxford impressed them as she spoke of *Catholic Oxford*, of the Ages of Faith, of the saintly days of old, when "Merry England" was Catholic England.

The proceeds of the "Oxford Views" were, I remember, to go to the building fund of the garrison chapel on Salisbury Plain. How little did Sister Emerentia think, as she worked for that chapel, or rather for the sake of the revered builder, her friend, Mgr. Bickerstaff-Drew, that some of our boys, our Canadian boys, would be soldiering "over there," perhaps attending Mass at that very chapel, her mite had helped to erect. Little did she think that her other literary, convert friend would some day be in need of a soldiers' church; that Joyve Kilmer, the poet, would be serving in England, carrying his pack while meditating on Him who carried for his sake that other heavy, heavy Pack; little did she dream that America's Catholic poet would die a soldier in France.

How beautifully she would read "The Dream of Gerontius" and how often must she have meditated on that awful moment when the soul, exhausted, cries, "I can no more," and then, the struggle o'er, says peacefully, "I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed; I feel in me a sense of freedom, as I were at length myself and ne'er had been before."

Let us, then, console ourselves with the words of the Angel to Gerontius, as in loving arms he enfolds the dearly-ransomed soul.

"Angels to whom the willing task is given
Shall tend and nurse and lull thee as thou liest;
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not forever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow!
Swiftly shall pass the night of trial here
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow."

These, then, are a few of my memories of Sister Emerentia; some of my many fond recollections of a dear school-girl friend and kind Sister in Religion; scattered thoughts spoken aloud, just as they have come to me, with little or no attempt at conventional classification, and so expressed, I know full well, as to do her but scanty justice, but commendable, in this at least, that they were prompted by a desire to reveal to others a few qualities of heart and mind, less known mayhap, but none the less beautiful and worthy of our late revered Sister.

All To Myself

All to myself I think of you
Think of the things we used to do,
Think of the things we used to say,
Think of each happy yesterday;
Sometimes I sigh and sometimes I smile
But I keep each olden, golden while
All to myself.



Christmas, 1918

It is Christmas time again, the season of peace and good-will and this issue of St. Joseph Lilies extends to contributors, readers and kind friends its warmest greetings and most cordial good wishes. This is the fifth Christmas Day that has dawned for us since the great world war began—but no! we must no longer date our festivities and great events from the beginning of that tragic epoch in our life's history; rather this is the first Christmas since hostilities ceased, the first Christmas since crowning Victory went hand in hand with our men, the first Christmas since Peace, that righteous, honourable peace, for which we longed, took possession of our land.

Yet that cessation of hostilities, that crown of Victory, that olive branch of Peace, have all been dearly bought—bought as most of us have good reason to know, with the very life-blood of those nearest and dearest to us. Yes, the cost was high, but better far Honour, purchased with Death, than Dishonour with Life, given as a premium.

And so we have peace—the peace of nations, and let us trust, too, that in our hearts to-day there is to be found the peace of Christ Jesus, our Infant King, Whose Kingdom is of the soul. With peace within, and peace without, our joy indeed should be full, and yet, for many a one the brightness of Christmas Day, 1918, will be clouded with a shadow of gloom and saddened by the sacred memories of one who will return no more and the thought of other brighter Christmas Days will haunt each lonely hour.

Out of sympathy, then, for those who are bereaved and sorrowing and in whose homes the sound of mourning mingles with the note of rejoicing over the “tidings of great joy,” our greetings this year, though none the less sincere, must needs take on the more subdued tone of one, who so feelingly wrote:

"This year I cannot wish you *Merry* Christmas—

'Twould seem as if I knew not how to share

The loneliness and longing that are making

This Christmastide so hard for you to bear.

And so I do not send a joyous greeting—

I know that sorrow finds but slow release—

Yet I would have you know my heart is beating

With hope that Christmas bring the Gift of Peace."



Officers of the St. Joseph's College
Alumnae Association



1918—1919



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Alumnae Items

This is the first opportunity that the "Lilies" has had of extending its heartiest congratulations to the Right Reverend Monsignor Sullivan, Thorold, Ont., on the celebration of the golden jubilee of his ordination to the holy priesthood, August 28, 1918, which occasion was marked by his investiture, by His Grace the Archbishop, with the insignia of a Domestic Prelate to His Holiness, the Pope. This mark of esteem and honour was conferred on Reverend Father Sullivan in recognition of fifty years of most faithful and zealous pastoral service, forty-seven of which were spent in the parish of Thorold. Among the many friends and well-wishers of Monsignor Sullivan none are more sincere in their expressions of felicitation than the Community and Alumnae of St. Joseph. May God spare this venerable and much-beloved priest to enjoy for many years this last well-deserved mark of esteem and honour!

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Among those who received the Holy Habit in the semi-annual ceremony of reception and profession, held at St. Joseph's Convent, Aug. 15, we note the names of the following young ladies, who were former pupils of the College-Academy, Miss Agnes Devaney, Toronto (Sister M. St. Mark), Miss Julia McDougall, Orillia (Sister M. Dolorosa), Miss Loretto Hart, Orillia (Sister M. St. Jerome), Miss Alma White, Toronto (Sister M. Jovita). August 15th was also marked in the Community by jubilee celebrations, the diamond jubilee of Mother M. Assumption and the silver jubilee of Sisters Hilda, Casimir and Geraldine. The latter, who is a sister of Rev. Father Fraser, the well-known missionary to China, was privileged to have her jubilee Mass celebrated by her brother, who had just returned on a visit from his foreign mission, after an absence of seven years.

The first scholarship given by the St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association was won by Miss Lillian Latchford, a pupil of St. Joseph's High School, Jarvis street.

* * * *

Just as we were going to press, the sad news came of the death of Rev. J. Purcell, C.S.B., of Sandwich, Ont. This is the fourth active member that the Basilian Fathers have lost within a few months, and we cannot sufficiently express our sympathy for them.

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On the tag day held for the Catholic Army Huts, St. Joseph's College Alumnae collected the grand sum of \$2,854.77.

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Despite the rain and cloudy weather, the patriotic garden party under the auspices of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association, held Sept. 12th, was a huge success. Instead of the party taking place on the lawn it was transferred to the beautiful and spacious auditorium, where the orchestra of the De La Salle cadets, under the capable leadership of Brother Amsden, played during the afternoon and evening. Twelve large tables prettily decorated with flags and asters were arranged in a large "E" shape in the gymnasium, which was appropriately decorated with many flags and bunting, and made a most attractive supper room. Final receipts of the garden party showed a net profit of \$200. The gold watch donated by Miss N. Higgins was drawn for and won by M. Hayes, 139 Roxboro St. East, and the water color by a Sister of St. Joseph, went to L. Crawford, 41 Duggan Ave.

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On Oct. 10th in the Chapel of St. Joseph's College, the Very Rev. Dean Harris, LL.D., chanted Mass of Requiem for the repose of the souls of relatives of the Alumnae who have died overseas. Prayers were also offered for those in hourly peril

of their lives. The Alumnae choir provided the music for the Mass. A business meeting was afterwards held at which Mrs. J. E. Day presided. Arrangements were made to fill overseas stockings for all the Alumnae relatives.

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We learn with regret that our esteemed Alumna, Mrs. Madden of Bedford Road, is still seriously ill.

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On Sunday, Aug. 25th, a quiet wedding was celebrated in St. Basil's Church by Rev. Father Hayes, when Miss Clare Murphy, B.A., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Murphy, was united in marriage to Wm. P. Slyne, C.O.T.C., of Dublin, Ireland.

Another one of our young Alumnae, Miss Lois Gibson, became the bride of Lieut. J. Murphy, Monday, Nov. 4th. The marriage took place in Texas, where Lieut. Murphy is now stationed with the R.A.F.

The marriage of Miss Madeleine, only daughter of Mrs. W. Houston (K. Mulcahy) to Captain W. A. Knox, was celebrated at St. Basil's Church, Nov. 4, by Rev. Father Hayes.

A pretty wedding took place at St. Francis' Church, Oct. 12th, when Miss Ella Murphy was married to Cadet S. W. MacDonald of Toronto.

On Nov. 4th, at St. Anthony's Church, Miss Genevieve McGoe, B.A., was married to Dr. Lonergan of Toronto.

We extend all good wishes to these fortunate young men and their charming brides.

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It is gratifying to learn that Major Harold Orr, Canadian medical officer, and a cousin of our energetic Alumnae, Mrs. T. McCarron, and Miss M. Orr, has devised a new method of sanitation. It is in operation in all divisions of the Canadian Army Corps, and "Orr's huts" are now, according to the recent bulletin of the Canadian Army Medical Corps, being employed throughout the British army overseas.

We would remind the members of the Alumnae that specimens for St. Joseph's College Museum will always be gratefully received. Under the capable direction of one of the Sisters, this Department is making substantial progress and a keen interest is being shown in the collections by the pupils of the school.

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We wish to offer our deep sympathy to His Grace, the Most Reverend Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto, in the sudden death of two of the most promising young priests of the Diocese, the Reverend Father Boylan, Uxbridge, Ont., and Reverend Father Nobert, Penetang, Ont. Both of these priests' homes are in Toronto, and great sorrow is felt by all who knew them.

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We wish also to express to the Basilian Fathers our sympathy in the death of Reverend T. Finnigan, C.S.B., which occurred in Toronto on Sept. 28th, after a brief illness. For the past year Father Finnigan fulfilled the duties of Assistant Master of Novices in the Basilian Novitiate of this city. No religious ever held securer place in the hearts of his confreres than Father Finnigan. Those who enjoyed his intimacy or who came under his influence as teacher or director, felt the indescribable charm of a character that, in a singular degree, combined the qualities of saintliness and geniality. Father Finnigan was known in every College where he taught as a centre of sunshine, but he will be remembered longer for his devotion to his work and to his rule. He was a good priest and a good religious. These are supreme tributes, but they come spontaneously to the lips of all those with whom his memory lingers.

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We regret, too, to learn that the terrible Influenza claimed two victims among the younger members of the Basilian Community, Thos McGwan, C.S.B., B.A., and Joseph Lodato, C.S.B.,

who died at Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont. The former had just received Tonsure, and the latter had been raised recently to Minor Orders.

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To the Redemptorist Order too, we offer our sincerest condolences on the sad death of Rev. Francis Corrigan, C.S.S.R., which occurred Oct. 27th, after a short illness from pneumonia. Father Corrigan, although only thirty years of age, and ordained but three years ago, had already made his mark as a zealous missionary and preacher, and his loss is one that will be felt not only by his sorrowing family and Community, but by a large circle of friends, to whom he had endeared himself by his kindness and Christian charity.

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Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to Mrs. H. Morin and Mrs. P. Howe in the death of their beloved father, Mr. John Burke, North Bay, Ont.; to Mrs. Landreville in the death of her daughter, Madeleine (Mrs. Whissel of Buffalo); to Mrs. Hastings (E. Bridge) in the death of her sister, Mrs. McGrory; to Miss Bradley in the death of her brother, Augustine; to Mrs. Roman Sehl (Rose Bauer) in the death of her husband, and of her brother, Lieut. Wilfrid Bauer, a returned soldier and hero; to Mrs. Pauline Kane Flannigan in the death of her husband; to Mrs. Kelly (Florence Foy) in the death of her husband.

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We regret deeply to learn of the untimely death of Miss Ethelburge Garner of Thorold, Ont., which occurred Oct. 18th, after an illness of typhoid fever. Ethelburge was a resident pupil of St. Joseph's in 1916, and by her sweet, unselfish disposition and lively childlike ways, won the hearts of both teachers and pupils. We offer our sincerest sympathy to the bereaved father in the loss of his beloved child.

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To Mr. and Mrs. George Bunker of Lippincott street we also offer sincerest sympathy in the sudden death of their eldest

daughter, Theresa, who was a pupil at St. Joseph's a few years ago.

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Congratulations to Mrs. E. W. Pratt on the valour displayed in Italy by her young son, Lieut. David, who won the Italian medal for bravery and who is now invalided home.

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The Community of St. Joseph desires, through the medium of St. Joseph Lilies, to acknowledge with gratitude the efficient services rendered to St. Michael's Hospital by the Sisters of Loretto, members of our Alumnae and other young ladies, in the recent stress of overwork due to the Influenza.

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We offer heartiest congratulations to Mr. M. J. O'Brien, the great Canadian financier of Renfrew, Ont., on his recent appointment to the Dominion Senate. We regret, however, to learn that since that time he has suffered a deep bereavement in the death of his beloved wife.

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A new edition of the well-known St. Basil's Hymn Book has been published recently. Many attractive and harmonious hymns have been added to the collection and those who helped in the work of revisal are to be congratulated on the splendid results. The book is published in two sizes, one containing music and words, the other, words only. A copy of this hymn book ought to be found in every Catholic home.

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Letters from out-of-town Alumnae tell of the generous and charitable assistance given to families in distress, throughout the recent epidemic, by the Sisters of St. Joseph in their mission towns. In St. Catharines, Orillia and Penetang the Sisters devoted themselves to the care of the sick. Two of the Sisters attached to the mission in Prince Rupert, B.C., accompanied by their zealous Bishop, the Right Reverend Father

Buenos, crossed to Queen Charlotte Island, a voyage of seventeen hours, to tend the poor Indians stricken by the fell disease. As former pupils of St. Joseph it is always with a pardonable pride that we hear of the good work being done everywhere by our revered teachers and friends.

* * * *

Almost every day for the past few months the casualty list has brought to our notice the death in action of some one of our valiant young Canadian friends. And while we glory with the parents and relatives in the brave unselfish spirit displayed by these young heroes in making the supreme sacrifice for God and country, yet we sympathize with them deeply in the loss of their dear ones and in the keen anguish of heart, which must needs at times overrule their sense of patriotism, however sincere and strong it may be. And so we offer condolences: To Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., on the death of his brother, Lieut. I. McCorkell, killed in action Aug. 12th. After doing admirable work as Commander of Company A in the great offensive at Amiens, Lieut. McCorkell was struck by a bursting shell during a night attack on the village of Parvillers; to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Murphy, on the death of their son Jack, killed in action August 27th. A letter from their daughter, Miss Blanche Murphy, nursing sister in France, states that Jack met his death from a bursting shell while heroically returning to the lines for a stretcher for wounded companions; to Mrs. Elmsley on the death of her son, Lieut. Remy Basil Elmsley, killed in action Oct. 4th. This young officer, who went overseas in 1915, served through the important battles of the last offensive. A brother, Brigadier-General Elmsley, is in command of the expedition to Siberia; to Mrs. A. Wallace on the death of her son, Lieut. M. Maurice Wallace, M.C., killed in action Sept. 2. Lieut. Maurice belonged to the 54th battalion, and was fighting in the front line when he fell; to Mrs. M. Belton on the death of her son Kirkwood, who succumbed to wounds September 29, received in action in France; to Mr. and Mrs. W. Houston on the death of their son, Lieut. Cyril Houston, formerly reported

missing, who is now known to have been killed while returning from a bombing raid near Lille, on July 22; to Miss Kathleen Moore on the death of her brother, Sergt. Herbert Moore, killed in action Aug. 30, the two last named young heroes were pupils at St. Joseph's as little lads; to Miss Margaret Cummins on the death of her two brothers, Captain W. Cummins, D.S.O., M.C., killed in action Aug. 8th, and Captain C. Cummins, M.C., killed in action Oct. 1st. Another brother, Maurice, is in training in the Royal Air Force; to Miss Madeleine Murphy, B.A., on the death of her brother, Lieut. Frank Murphy, killed in action Sept. 2nd; to the Misses Madeleine and Eleanor Burns on the death of their brother Basil, who succumbed to wounds received in action Sept. 6th; to Mrs. Murphy (Mona O'Shea) in the death of her husband, Capt. Sterndale Murphy, also killed in action Oct. 14th.

"Let me come to Thee young
When Thou dost challenge "Come!"
With all my marvelling dreams unsung;
Let me rush to Thee when I pass
Keen as a child across the grass."



The Crib at St. Joseph's

By S. M. H.

Whenever I kneel beside that crib,
Before I begin to pray,
The words of a Christmas Carol
To my thoughts float from far away.
And I hear the "waits" on the threshold
Singing the old, old song,
Of the Blessed Babe in the manger,
In clear tones loud and strong.

"The ox and ass His courtiers,
This Prince of wine and corn;
Lift up your gates, ye princes,
And let the Child be born."
So they sang in our little garden,
In the frosty winter night;
Those old time "waits" that we loved to hear
Singing of angels bright,

And of ox and of ass that adored Him,
When men deep in slumber lay;
These lowly courtiers bent the knee,
To Him whom the spheres obey.
And here in the Crib I see them,
Adorers dumb and meek
That well may cry to a sleeping world
"Arise ye, your Saviour seek."



THE MADONNA

**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE DEPARTMENT EDITORIAL
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Christmas

In vesture white, the Eternal Child
Lay on His Mother's lap and smiled;
What joy to see the longed-for sight—
Her spotless Lily of delight,
Her Love, her Dove, her Undeiled.

She recked not of the anguish wild,
The sorrow upon sorrow piled,
His dead form swathed one awful night
In vesture white.

Oh let our hearts this birthday bright,
The sorrow and the joy unite;
While by the two-fold grace beguiled
Of suffering Man and Infant mild,
We walk with Him on Faith's calm height,
In vesture white.

—Richard Wilton.

The Lost Child

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS COPPEE BY RUTH AGNEW.

THAT morning, Christmas Eve, two important events happened simultaneously; the sun arose—and so did M. Jean-Baptiste Godefroy. Undoubtedly the sun is quite a considerable personage. In olden times he was a god; they called him Asiris, Apollo, Louis XIV. M. Jean-Baptiste Godefroy, however, an immensely rich financier, bank manager, director of several large corporations, member of the Legion of Honour, etc., was a man of no small account. And moreover, the opinion which the sun may have of his own importance is certainly not more flattering than that which M. Jean-Baptiste Godefroy had of himself. So we are justified in saying that on the morning in question, about a quarter to eight, the sun and M. Jean-Baptiste Godefroy arose.

But indeed the awakening of these two great gentlemen was quite different. The good old sun began by doing many cheering things. As the sleet, during the night, had candied with powdered sugar the bare plane trees on Malesherbes Boulevard—where the Hotel Godefroy stands—this old magician of a sun amused himself first by transforming them into gigantic bouquets of pink coral; and while doing this pretty sleight-of-hand trick, he spread his rays, not warm, but cheerful, with the most impartial kindness on all the humble passers-by who had to get out at this early hour to earn their daily bread. He had the same smile for the little clerk in the thin overcoat hurrying to the office, for the shop girl shivering in her cheap ready-made coat, for the workman carrying half a loaf of bread under his arm, for the street-car conductor ringing in his fares, for the chestnut-seller busy roasting his first panful. In short, the good old sun brightened up everything. On the contrary, M. Jean-Baptiste Godefroy had rather a disagreeable awakening. The evening before he had been present at a

dinner crowded with truffles from soup to salad, and consequently he had a touch of indigestion. So, from the way M. Godefroy struck the bell, Charles, the valet, said to the cook, "Look out! The master is in his worst humour this morning. My poor Gertrude, we are going to have a disagreeable day."

Then, walking on his tiptoes, his eyes modestly cast down, he went into the bed-room, opened the blinds, lit the fire, and prepared everything with the discreet and respectful gestures of a sacristan placing religious articles on the altar.

"What is the weather like to-day?" asked M. Godefroy, curtly.

"Very cold, sir," replied Charles. "But you can see, sir, the sky is quite bright, and I think we will have a fine morning."

While stropping his razor, M. Godfrey went over to the window, pulled aside one of the curtains, looked out at the bright street, and made a slight grimace which looked something like a smile. And why not? However stately and dignified one may be, the appearance of Old Sol in the middle of December gives one such an agreeable sensation that it can hardly be concealed. So M. Godefroy deigned to smile. If any one had told him at that time that he was enjoying this instinctive pleasure in common with the printer's apprentice in a paper cap who was sliding on the frozen gutter across the street, M. Godefroy would have been deeply shocked. That was really the way of it, however, and for a minute this busy man, this important politician and financier, indulged the childish pastime of watching the passers-by and the carriages spinning gaily along in the golden mist.

But rest assured that only lasted a minute. Smiling at the sunlight was for people not so busy nor so serious as he. It was all right for women, children, poets and common people. M. Godefroy had other fish to fry, and this day particularly he was going to be very busy. From half-past eight till ten he had a meeting in his office with a number of busy gentlemen who had dressed and shaved at dawn, like himself, and who

were to talk with him about various things, but always with the same end—making money. After lunch M. Godefroy had to jump into his coupé and rush over to the Stock Exchange, to have a talk with other gentlemen who had risen early also, and who had only one idea and one motive—making money. Then, without losing a moment, he was to take the chair in front of a long table loaded with inkwells, with another group of unemotional companions, and to discuss with them various ways of making money.

After having shaved quickly, he went to his office, where there was a continual procession of business men, preoccupied exclusively with money-making. These gentlemen would talk about several enterprises, all equally worthy of consideration; perhaps concerning a railway line to be laid across some desert, or a factory to be erected near Paris, or a mine of something or other in some little South American Republic. Naturally, they never bothered for one moment to find out whether the future railway was to carry many travellers or much merchandise, if the factory would produce sugar, or cotton bonnets, whether pure gold or second-rate copper would be mined. No; the conversations of Godefroy and his daily visitors concerned only the profit to be realized in the week following the issuing of the stock, speculating about the shares of these different affairs, shares which would very probably in a short time only be worth the paper they were printed on.

These business conversations lasted till exactly ten o'clock, when M. Godefroy inexorably shut up the office (he had to be at the Exchange at eleven) and passed into the dining room.

It was magnificent. There was enough treasure for a cathedral in the massive silverware which filled cupboards and sideboards. However, even after a copious dose of bicarbonate of soda, M. Godefroy's indigestion was not much better, and he had only a very dyspeptic lunch. With all that luxury, all that splendour, and under the impassive gaze of a butler who earned two hundred pounds (and got twice as much more by levying profits on dealers) M. Godefroy, with a doleful air, only

ate two soft-boiled eggs and the middle of a cutlet. He was picking at his dessert when the door opened, and little Raoul, his son, aged four years, entered with his German governess. He was a handsome little fellow, but he looked a little too frail in his blue velvet suit, and a little too pale under his big felt hat with a white plume.

He appeared every day at exactly a quarter to eleven, when the coupé was waiting at the front steps, and the chestnut horse (which had been sold to M. Godefroy, through the exertions of his coachman, at a thousand francs more than it was worth) was pawing impatiently at the pavement of the courtyard. The great money-maker was taken up with his son from ten forty-five to eleven o'clock. Not that he did not love him; goodness, no! He adored him, in his way. But—you know what business is.

At forty-two years of age he had thought that he was very much in love with the daughter of one of his friends, the Marquis of Neufontaine. This gentleman, bankrupt, but always aristocratic, was only too glad to get a son-in-law who would pay his debts. M. Godefroy loved his little Raoul, especially on account of the respect which he had for the heir of a fortune of several millions. The baby cut his first teeth on a golden teething-ring, and was brought up like a prince. However, his busy father could only devote to him fifteen minutes a day, and then left him to servants.

"Good-day, Raoul."

"Good-day, papa."

And the bank-manager, throwing aside his table napkin, put little Raoul on his knee, took his little hand and kissed it several times, honestly forgetting the rise of five cents on the three per cent. state bonds, the green tables, and all the inkwells.

"Papa, it's Christmas Eve. Will there be something in my shoe?" asked Raoul, suddenly, in his childish speech.

The father, after a "Yes, if you are good," took a mental note of the fact that he would have to buy some toys. Then addressing the governess:

"Are you satisfied with Raoul, Miss Bertha?"

The German answered by a foolish giggle, which seemed to fully satisfy M. Godefroy's curiosity about his son's conduct.

"It is pleasant out to-day, but cold. If you take Raoul to Monseau Park, be sure to wrap him up well."

The girl having reassured him on this important point, he rose from the table just at eleven o'clock was striking, and hurried to the vestibule, where Charles helped him into his overcoat and shut the carriage door after him. After which that faithful servant rushed off to the little café in Miromesnil St. where he was to play billiards with the groom across the street.

After M. Godefroy had transacted his business at the Exchange, he remembered what he had said to Raoul about Christmas presents, and told the coachman to drive to a large toy-merchant. There he bought a wooden rocking-horse on wheels, a box of lead soldiers as much like one another as that Russian regiment of grenadiers in the time of Paul, who all had black hair and turned-up noses; and twenty other magnificent toys. Then, on his way home the rich man, who had after all, a father's heart, began to thing proudly of his little son.

The child would grow up, would be educated like a prince; in fact, he would be a prince. Because, since liberty and equality had conquered in '89, there was no longer any aristocracy save that of wealth, and some day Raoul would possess twenty, thirty millions. If his father, in spite of his bourgeois birth and youth of poverty, had been able to accumulate an immense fortune, to become almost a king in the Parliamentary Republic, and to marry a very aristocratic young lady, then to what might not Raoul aspire, who was being brought up like a young gentleman, whose mind would be cultivated like a rare flower who was already learning foreign languages, who might one day assume his mother's name and so be called Godefroy de Neufontaine—what a name!—royal, mediaeval, recalling the Crusades. So dreamed the plutocrat in his carriage filled with Christmas toys—without remembering, alas!

that that very evening was the feast-day of a very poor Baby, born in a stable, where His parents had been allowed to take refuge through charity.

But the coachman was saying, "Open the door, please." They were home; and, going up the stairs, M. Godefroy was saying to himself that he would just have time to dress for dinner, when he saw all his servants in the vestibule, looking very anxious, and the governess cowering on a chair in the corner. When she caught sight of him she uttered a scream and hid her face, swollen with tears. M. Godefroy had a presentiment of misfortune.

"What does this mean? What is the matter?"

Charles, the valet, looked at his master compassionately and stammered: "Master Raoul—"

"My son?"

"Lost, sir—that stupid German girl—lost since four o'clock this afternoon!"

The father reeled, and staggered back as if he had been shot; and the girl threw herself at his feet, begging wildly for mercy; and all the servants began to talk at once.

"Bertha had not gone to Monceau Park. Over there on the fortifications she had lost the child. We looked for you every place, sir—I have just been to the bank—And that ward is full of terrible foreigners—Goodness knows who may have stolen the child."

His son! Lost! Hot rage mounted to M. Godefroy's brain. He seized the governess roughly by the arm and shook her furiously.

"Where did you lose him, you wicked girl? Tell me or I will kill you! Where? Where?"

But the wretched girl could only sob and plead. Well, he must quiet down. His son, his son, lost, stolen! Impossible! But he would find him, he would bring him back. He would give all the money he had, he would call out the whole police force. He must not lose an instant.

"Charles, tell them not to unharness the horses. The rest of you watch that girl. I am going to the police station."

And M. Godfroy, his heart beating so that it almost choked him, jumped into the carriage and was whirled away again. What irony! The carriage was filled with glittering toys on which each gas lamp, each lighted shop sparkled brightly. It was the children's feast, that must not be forgotten, the feast of the New-born Lord, Whom the Magi and shepherds came to adore, led by a star.

"Raoul! My son! Where is my son?" the father repeated over and over, trembling with anxiety and clawing at the leather cushions. What good to him now were his titles, his honours, his riches? Only one thought came again and again, burning into his brain: "My boy, where is my boy?"

Finally he reached the police station, but there was nobody there. The porter told him that the offices had been deserted for a long time.

"I am M. Godefroy. My son is lost—in Paris—a child only four years old. I must see the Chief of Police."

And the worthy man, on finding a coin in his hand, conducted him to the chief's private apartments, although this was against the rules. At last M. Godefroy stood before the man in whom he now placed all his hopes. He was in evening dress, about to go out; he had a reserved, rather cold air, and a monocle in his eye.

M. Godefroy, his knees trembling with emotion, fell into an arm-chair, burst into tears, and told his story brokenly.

The Chief of Police, who was also a father, was quite moved; but personally he hid this feeling, and put on a very important mien.

"And you say, sir, that the child must have been lost about four o'clock?"

"Yes."

"At nightfall—and he is very backward for his age—speaks badly, doesn't know his address, nor his family name?"

"Unfortunately, yes."

"And in a suspicious part of the city, too. But calm yourself. We have a very intelligent police commissioner there—I will telephone him."

The unhappy father was left alone for some time. What a terrible headache he had! How his heart was beating! Then the chief came back smiling. "Found," he said.

Oh! the joyful cry from M. Godefroy! How he threw himself on the other man, and wrung his hand gratefully!

"And you must admit, M. Godefroy, that we were very fortunate. He is a fair little fellow, isn't he? Rather pale? Dressed in blue velvet, and a felt hat with a white feather?"

"Yes, exactly! That is he! That is my little Raoul!"

"Well, he is with a poor fellow who lives over that way, and who has just reported the matter to the commissioner. Here is his address: "Pierron, Rue des Cailloux, Levallois-Perret. You can see your son again within the hour. But you will not find him in any very aristocratic place—not in high society. The man who found him is just a vegetable huckster. But that does not matter, does it?"

Of course that did not matter! M. Godefroy thanked the Chief of Police effusively, went downstairs four steps at a time, got into the carriage; and I verily believe that if the vegetable huckster had been there at that moment he would have embraced him. Yes, M. Jean-Baptiste Godefroy, bank manager, member of the Legion of Honour, etc., etc., would have embraced that common fellow. Could there, then, have been something else in the wealthy man besides a craze for money-making. At that moment he learned how much he loved his son.

Hurry, coachman! The man whose carriage you are driving this cold Christmas Eve is no longer thinking of piling up millions upon millions for his son, of bringing him up like a prince, of introducing him into society. Henceforth there will be no danger of his being left to servants. In the future M. Godefroy will neglect his own interests to occupy himself more seriously with his little Raoul. He will bring from Andelys his old peas-

ant aunt, of whom he used to be ashamed. She will scandalize the servants by her Norman accent and her linen caps, but she will take good care of her little nephew. Hurry, hurry coachman! This busy man, whom you have often driven impatiently to business meetings, is to-night still more impatient to arrive, and for another motive besides money-making. For the first time in his life he is going to embrace his son with all his heart. So hurry, coachman. Faster! Faster!

The carriage sped on through the streets of Paris in the clear, silent night, and, passing the rampart with its large houses and splendid hotels, it was suddenly swallowed up in the threatening silence of the dark suburban lanes. They stopped, and M. Godefroy saw by the light of his carriage lamps a little tumble-down hovel. That was the number of Pierron's house. Suddenly the door opened and a man appeared, a tall fellow with a reddish moustache. He had only one arm, and the left sleeve of his rough woollen jacket was doubled up under his armpit. He looked at the elegant coupé, at the man in the beautiful overcoat, and said gayly, "So you are the father, are you, sir?" Don't be afraid. Nothing has happened to the little chap."

Then, drawing back to let his visitor enter, he added, putting his finger on his lips, "Hush! He's asleep."

M. Godfrey stepped inside and looked around. By the light of a little oil lamp which shone faintly and smelt horribly, he could see a broken chest of drawers, some dilapidated chairs, a round table with a half empty bottle of wine and three glasses; and on the bare plaster of the wall, a chromo representing the Exposition of 1889.

But the one-armed man took the lamp, and, tip-toing over to the corner of the room, he showed two little boys fast asleep on quite a clean little bed. In the younger of the two, who was nestling with childish confidence in the arms of the other one, M. Godefroy recognized his son.

"The two youngsters were half-dead with sleep," said Perron, trying to soften his rough voice, "so as I didn't know

when the young aristocrat would be reclaimed, I gave them my bed and, as soon as they fell asleep, I went off to the police station. Usually Zidore sleeps in the garret; but I said to myself, 'They will be more comfortable there. I will sit up, that's all. I will be all the sooner at market in the morning.' "

But M. Godefroy scarcely heard him. He was staring at the two sleeping children with a new anxiety. They were in an old iron bed, on a gray coverlet. But what a touching sight! And how feeble and delicate Raoul seemed in his pretty velvet suit, cuddling up against his smocked companion. The father almost envied the brown complexion and strong face of the little plebeian.

"Is he your son?" he asked the cripple.

"No, sir," answered the man. "I am single, and likely to remain so, with this arm—a truck ran over it, you see. But the boy—well, two years ago one of my neighbours died of overwork. She brought up the child for five years, —supporting him by making metal wreaths, and then—well, then the neighbours had to buy wreaths for her. So I took charge of the boy. Oh, there is no great merit in that. I have been well repaid. Now that he is seven years old he is quite a little man, and very useful. On Sundays and Wednesdays, and other days after school, he comes with me and helps to push the cart. It is not easy for me, with my one arm. And to think that I used to be a skilled mechanic, at ten francs a day! Oh well; Zidore is pretty smart. It was he found the little chap."

"What!" exclaimed M. Godefroy, "That child!"

"A little man, didn't I tell you? He was coming from school when he saw the other boy walking along in front of him, weeping like a fountain. He spoke to him kindly, and comforted him as well as he could; but nobody could understand a word your young man was saying: English words and German words, but nobody could get his name and address out of him. Zidore brought him to me. I was not far away, selling my vegetables. And then all the old busybodies came

flocking around, chattering like crows, "Take him to the police station." But Zidore refused—said it might frighten the little fellow. He is like all Parisians—he hates policemen. And then your little boy wouldn't leave him; so I had to give up my chances of selling anything, and come home with the two children. They ate a bite together, like old friends, then went to bed. They are fine little chaps, though, aren't they?"

It was strange what was passing in Godefroy's mind. A little while before, in the carriage, he had intended, of course, to give a fine reward to those who had sheltered his son—a handful of that gold he had made so easily. But there had just been raised before his eyes a corner of the veil which hides the lives of the poor, so brave in their misery, so charitable towards one another. The courage of that woman killing herself with work for her child, the generosity of the cripple adopting an orphan, above all the intelligent kindness of this street boy, this little man shielding one smaller than himself, making himself his friend and elder brother, and by instinctive delicacy sparing him coarse contact with the police—all this moved M. Godefroy and gave him food for thought. No, he would not content himself with opening his purse. He would do more for Pierron and Zidore, he would assure their future. Ah! if the unsentimental people who came to talk business with the bank manager could have read his mind at that moment, they would have been greatly surprised. And yet the director had just done his best stroke of business; he had discovered a good man's heart. Indeed he might well offer a reward to those poor people, for they had just made him a present of one of the sweetest and noblest sentiments—pity.

These were his thoughts, as he stood by the two sleeping children. Finally he turned and looked at the vegetable huckster. The honest face of the rough Frenchman, with his clear eyes and his red moustache, pleased him.

"My friend," said M. Godfrey, "You and your adopted son have just done me a great service. Soon I will show you that

I am not ungrateful. But, for to-day—I see you are not very well off, and I am going to leave you a little souvenir.”

But, with his one hand the man held M. Godefroy’s arm, which was plunging under the lapels of his overcoat, towards his bank-notes.

“No sir, no! Anybody would have done the same. I will not take anything. I hope you are not offended. We are not rolling in money, it is true, but excuse the pride—when one has been a soldier (I have my Tonkin medal in the drawer there) one can only eat bread when he has earned it.”

“Very well,” replied the financier. “But surely a good man like you, an old soldier, can do something better than pushing around a peddler’s cart. I will see about you, never fear.”

“And Zidore!” exclaimed M. Godefroy, with more heat than he had ever displayed in making speculations, “surely you will let me do something for Zidore?”

“Oh, for him, certainly!” answered Pierron joyously. “Often when I remember that I am the only one he has in the world, I say to myself, ‘What a pity.’ For he is very intelligent. His teachers are delighted with him.”

“And now,” said the one-armed man, “I think we had better carry your boy to the carriage. You must admit he will be better off at home than here. Oh, you can just lift him in your arms. He sleeps well at his age. But we had better put on his boots.”

And following the vegetable huckster’s glance, M. Godefroy perceived near the fire-place, where a little coke fire was burning, two pairs of children’s shoes: Raoul’s light boots, and Zidore’s hob-nailed shoes; and each pair of shoes contained a two-cent puppet and a little cornucopia of candy.

“Do not notice them, please, sir,” murmured Pierron, sheepishly. “When Zidore was going to bed he put his shoes there, and your son’s. And then when I was coming back from the police station—after all, I didn’t know but what your little boy might pass the night in my shanty—so I bought those

little things—you understand—so that the children when they woke up——”

It was now that those deputies would have been astounded. It was now that they would have given up in despair. Could the end of the world be coming? M. Godefroy, with his eyes full of tears!

Suddenly he rushed out of the shack, and in a minute he re-entered, laden with the rocking-horse, the lead soldiers, and all the other toys that he had bought that afternoon; and he spread them around the little shoes, while Pierron stood stupified. Then, seizing the man's hand, he said in a voice trembling with emotion:

“My friend, my dear friend, these are Raoul's Christmas presents. I want him to find them here when he wakes up, and share them with Zidore, who will be his companion henceforth. Now you will believe me, will you not? I have taken charge of you and the boy—and I am still under an obligation to you; for you have not only helped me to find my lost son. You have also reminded me of all the poor people whom I had never thought about. But I swear, by those two sleeping children, I will never again forget them!”



St. Emerentia

(Feast-day January 23.)

Blessed Agnes now lay sleeping;
To her grave there came to pray,
Emerentia, foster-sister,
At the dawn of winter's day.

While the holy child is kneeling
At her martyred sister's tomb,
Pagans brutal rush upon her
"Stoned-to-death," to be her doom.

Thus the little catechumen
Went like Stephen to her home;
He, on hill side of Judea,
She, in catacombs of Rome.

And the old mosaics show her,
In her hand a lily fair;
Stones upon her lap are lying,
But the victor's palm is there.

On the Via Nomentana
Crypts and churches soon arose,
Holy Ground the faithful honour,
Where the valiant maids repose.

Sarcophagus of burnished silver
Pius Quintus later made;
There the relics of St. Agnes
And of Emerentia laid.

Modern search mid crypt and chapel
Finds a fresco old and rare,
Shows the Blessed Mother kneeling
At the Feet of Infant Fair.

So this crypt serves two-fold purpose,
Honour to the saint is done,
And as living history teaches,
“Early Church and ours is one.”

Still to Rome—Eternal City—
Pilgrims come from East and West,
Honour pay St. Emerentia
And her foster-sister blest.

NOTE: This poem was found among the scanty “treasures” of our late revered teacher, Sister Emerentia, evidently prized by her for the good-will and affection that prompted one of her young friends to present it to her on her last Feast-day here on earth. How sweet to think our dear Sister Emerentia will celebrate Jan. 23, 1919, with her beloved Patroness, in Heaven.—Ed. of College Department.



Polish Patriotic Demonstration

BY JULIA LESNIACK.

ON May 12th, 1918, an event took place in Toronto which must have aroused the curiosity of its English-speaking citizens. For the first time in the city's history, the Polish population, marching through Queen and Yonge streets to Massey Hall, celebrated the 147th anniversary of the Polish National Constitution, thus showing that Poland still lives and never shall cease to live, not only as a nation, but in the hearts of her loyal children scattered throughout the world.

That the reader may better understand the object of this meeting and other similar meetings held by the Poles on this continent, I shall briefly state the condition of Poland before the outbreak of the present world-wide struggle.

For many years the Polish people suffered much injustice at the hands of the Russian Government. Their religion, which they held most sacred, was trampled upon, yet they endured persecution of various kinds rather than give up their Faith. Many were exiled, others had to seek homes in foreign lands, while those who remained behind knew not the moment when they might be the unfortunate victims of the Russian policy, and be transported to Siberia and there become serfs to an inferior race.

At the beginning of the war the Russian ex-Czar, fearing a revolt and to gain the support of Poland, issued a proclamation to grant self-government after the war. But unfortunately, in the Eastern Campaign of 1915, the Russian lines were broken and Poland, after the overthrow of the Russian yoke, found herself in the Prussian Iron Hand, whose barbarous atrocities shocked the civilized world.

Poland, as I have stated before, is now in the hands of the Germans, desolated and practically in a state of ruin, but the

opportunity has come for the Poles to fight side by side with the Allies for the Liberty of their Homeland, which the Allies have promised, once the Prussian is crushed, and still more, to fight for the civilization of the world, which Prussian Militarism threatens to efface.

Coming back to the event of May last, Massey Hall was appropriately decorated for the occasion and many felt a thrill of joy as they beheld the beloved "White Eagle" wave side by side with the flags of the Allies. Yet this joy was not without a pang of sadness at the memory of the bitter past, and it filled each heart with longing for future freedom—if need be at the price of life.

The meeting was presided over by Officer Korzybski, who fought with the Russian Army on the Eastern Front, and later with the French forces, where he was twice wounded. Officer Korzybski, who opened the meeting with a vigorous and patriotic speech in his native tongue, spoke as one who had a message to deliver and was aflame with the urgency of it.

In the hearts of the Poles, Father Minehan will always be kindly remembered for his heartfelt sympathy with long-suffering Poland. He regretted that he could not address the audience in Polish, but declared that the Polish people were dear to him since his childhood, for they, like the Irish, had struggled for liberty.

"The Irish," he said, "may be beaten, but they won't stay beaten, and the Poles never acknowledged defeat." Faith and Freedom owe a great debt to Poland, as only for that brave country, the Turkish flag would be floating over the greater part of Europe. Father Minehan encouraged the Poles to fight with the Allies for the great cause, and assured them that with the help of God liberty is certain. His encouraging speech was received with great enthusiasm and applause.

Among the speakers was Hon. Mr. Davies, Mayor of Cleveland, who threw a cheering message to Canadians, declaring that any one feeling a touch of war-weariness must remember that the United States is back of them to the very last man

and the war shall not cease till the declarations of President Wilson are forced on the German nation. He pointed out that out of a population of 800,000 in Cleveland, 80,000 are Poles, and at the declaration of war they were among the first to volunteer service, and for this reason alone, if for no other, the United States will stand by Poland's cause to the very last.

A compliment for the Polish people of Toronto came from Mayor Church, who stated he always found them law-abiding citizens, who had enlisted in goodly numbers, and assured them of better days to come.

Lieut.-Col. G. H. Williams referred to the history of Poland, pointed out how essential it is for the Poles of to-day to stand united and fight with the Allies for their old-time freedom, now that the opportunity is at hand. The popular Lieut. Buczacki of the Polish Recruiting Office, Toronto, addressed the audience in his unique manner, telling of the Polish army already on the battle-fields of France, while in Niagara a force of 5,000 is in training and longing to have a shot at the Huns. He appealed to the boys to fight for freedom and avenge the destruction of Poland. He was enthusiastically applauded and many answered the call by declaring their readiness to join the Polish Army. Father Chodkiewicz contrasted in vigorous words the once free Poland with the down-trodden Poland of to-day. He spoke of the barbarous crimes committed by the Huns in Belgium and Poland and appealed to the humanity of his audience to make the sacrifice required to help their starving brethren and to do their utmost to help the Polish Army and its newly organized Red Cross. All responded generously and the collection taken was worthy of the audience.

Mr. D. Karohewicz spoke of the National Constitution and declared that the young Polish army would show that the Poles are entitled to freedom.

If the reader has thought that the Polish women are left out of this National Meeting, he is certainly mistaken, for they are a strong factor in the organization.

Mrs. Epsmont represented the Society of the Polish women, and her speech was equal to the best in patriotism and enthusiasm. She appealed to the women to join the Society and thus help the Polish Army and its Red Cross work. Mrs. Epsmont concluded her speech by saying: "I am quite sure that we will do our bit, but I have a little doubt whether the men will come up to the mark. Mrs. Epsmont's speech was well received and applauded.

Father Heintzman spoke last, though not least. He expressed his thanks to the audience, encouraging them to stand firm and loyal to the Polish Army, whose end is liberty for Poland. Thanks are due to Father Heintzman for the splendid manner in which the white-clad Polish children sang one of the popular National Anthems. Immediately after, the "White Eagle" closed the meeting by the general National Anthem. All the volunteers marched out and formed into columns, and were escorted by Lieut. Buczacki to St. Stanislaus' Hall, where he administered the oath of allegiance, thus leaving a glorious record for the younger Polish generation.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our readers may be interested in hearing that Miss Julia Lesniack, the writer of this account, is a native of Poland and speaks both Russian and Polish fluently. Five years ago she began her education in English in the primary classes here, and is now in Form III., High School.



Nagrant Nerves

My little boy is eight years old,
He goes to school each day,
He doesn't mind the tasks they set,
They seem to him but play.
He heads his class at raffia work,
He also takes the lead
At making dinky paper boats—
But I wish that he could read.

They teach him physiology;
And oh! It chills our hearts
To hear our prattling innocent
Mix up his inward parts.
He also learns astronomy
And tells the stars by night;
Of course he's very up-to-date—
But I wish that he could write.

They teach him things botanical,
They teach him how to draw,
He babbles of mythology
And gravitation's law,
And science's discoveries
With him are quite a fad;
They tell him he's a clever boy—
But I wish that he could add.

—Selected.

College Notes

August 28th was Red Cross Day at Toronto Exhibition. For several days previous to this date many of our young ladies had busied themselves in preparing various articles that would be of use to those who are caring for the wounded in France and England. When the "float" bearing the name of St. Joseph's College took its place in the procession the workers had reason to be gratified at the result of their labours. The Misses Estelle McGuire, Loretto Dillon, Anna Moloney, Marjorie Krausmann, Kathleen and Eileen Scanlon, who were chosen to represent the school, were attired as Red Cross Nurses.

* * * *

September 3rd was the day fixed for the opening of school and before the first week of September had passed it was evident that the numbers in the various classes were likely to surpass those of former years. The attendance in the high school department was especially large—First Form High School numbering 81 pupils. All seemed ready to enter on the new scholastic year with a spirit of diligence and a desire to do their best. Very soon the new-comers forgot their home-sickness and took part in the merry recreation as whole-heartedly as their companions.

* * * *

The epidemic of Influenza which has swept over the continent and called for its toll of victims in our city, made its presence felt even within the walls of our college. A number of the students were attacked. The majority, however, developed only a very mild form. To prevent the further spread of the disease it was deemed advisable to close the classes about the middle of October. They re-opened on November 4th.

* * * *

In resuming his course of weekly lectures after the re-opening of the classes, the Rev. Fr. McBrady took for his subject "The Influenza." In his own masterly manner he drew from

his subject some very practical reflections, and while reminding them that if others have been called home to God and they themselves are still spared, they have not been so spared without a purpose. He clearly pointed out that they must so regulate their actions as always to be ready to answer God's summons when it shall please Him to call.

• • • • •

Several of the members of St. Joseph's College Patriotic Association have been for some time past showing in a very practical way their interest in the welfare and comfort of those who have been fighting our battles in Europe. A large number of Xmas stockings have been prepared and filled with such things as will add to the pleasure of the soldiers. In good time they have been forwarded to Red Cross Office under the direction of Mrs. A. Vankoughnet.

• • • • •

Early on the morning of Oct. 4th the students of the college went out to do their part in disposing of tags for the Catholic Army Huts. Their six hours of labour were well rewarded, for as a result of it about five hundred dollars were added to the Fund.

• • • • •

On account of rainy weather, the Red Cross Social, which was to have taken place in the college grounds, had to be held in-doors. It was thoroughly enjoyed by the pupils and proved a great success.

• • • • •

During September Mr. and Mrs. Moore of Woodlawn Ave. received the sad news that their son Herbert had been killed in France while on active service. To the bereaved parents and their family we offer our sincere condolence, especially to Misses Callista, Olive and Clare, who are in attendance at the College.

• • • • •

We also offer condolence to Mr. and Mrs. Clairmont and Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, whose little daughters, Isabel Clairmont and Mary Dunn, died victims of the Influenza.

The Life Philosophy of Rabbi Ben Ezra and Cleon

BY MARY HODGINS.

GROW old along with me!" With these words Rabbi Ben Ezra, the learned Jewish philosopher, invites us to view life as a whole from youth to age, and reflect on its progress. Cleon surveys life and his own achievements in order to answer some questions as to how the man of high intellectual attainments views death. Cleon represents the highest product of Greek culture. He is a poet, artist, musician, painter and sculptor. His questioner is King Protus, whose opulence is indicated by the opening paragraph of Cleon's letter in which he thanks his royal patron for his many precious gifts. Protus represents the summit of worldly wealth and power, and Cleon that of the intellectual world!

Cleon and Ben Ezra agree that life is a growth, a progress. Cleon says:

"Why stay we on earth unless we grow?"

The Jew says:

"It is better, youth

Should strive through acts uncouth

Towards making, then repose on aught found made."

The Jew views each individual life as an entity. The progress is from youth with its indecision, perplexities, yearnings and strivings to old age, and then on through the gate of death to the future, fuller life beyond. There is no fear of death in the Jew's philosophy. It is rather to be welcomed as the end of probation and the entrance into the real, the enduring life. Cleon's progress is that of the advancement found in a greater complexity of being, rather than in excellence in individual lines of progress. His goal is a combination of individual perfection. Where Ben Ezra sees continuity and a fuller life beyond the

grave, the Greek sees the final end. The Greek can offer his correspondent no consolation but that of reflection on what has been; Ben Ezra looks forward. Cleon's hope is not for the individual soul, but for the development of a humanity of the future which shall have profited by the experience of its individual members in the past.

The Greek thinks that sorrow came to man with the gift of consciousness of self. Ben Ezra's view is contained in the lines:

“Thence I shall pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute
A god though in the germ.”

Protus asks Cleon if the thought that his works shall survive him does not bring consolation at the approach of death. Cleon's answer is that far from consoling him, the added capabilities for enjoyment, that his achievements have brought, embitters the thought of death. Possessed with the faculty of “loving life so over-much,” makes the thought of the end of life “too horrible.” He takes no personal pride in the multiplicity of his gifts; and in this he resembles the Jew, who thinks of himself as clay in the Potter's hand.

According to Ben Ezra life must be viewed as a whole. God arranged both youth and age and man cannot ignore either period. Man is not a beast or a bird to be satisfied with mere feasting. Case, doubt, our rebuffs, our stings and strivings onward are the measure of our ultimate success; aspiration not achieved divides us from the brute and will count in God's balance. Man's life is the lone way of the soul; and soul-achievements alone are real and will endure.

The beautiful Greek philosophy is saddened by the sense of hopelessness which marred man's highest achievements. A restless yearning accompanied the attainment of artistic perfection at that time, and prepared the way for the Christian religion, whose day was just then dawning. Cleon referred

to it in the postscript to his letter where he says he knows nothing of the whereabouts of one Paulus, whose doctrines are rumored to be the same as those of Christians, which "no sane man could hold." There is a sharp contrast between Cleon's gloomy philosophy and Ben Ezra's cheerful doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

Just Be Glad

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow!

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When our tears fell with the shower,
All alone!—
Were not shine and shadow blent
As the gracious Master meant?—
Let us temper our content
With His own.

For, we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our tears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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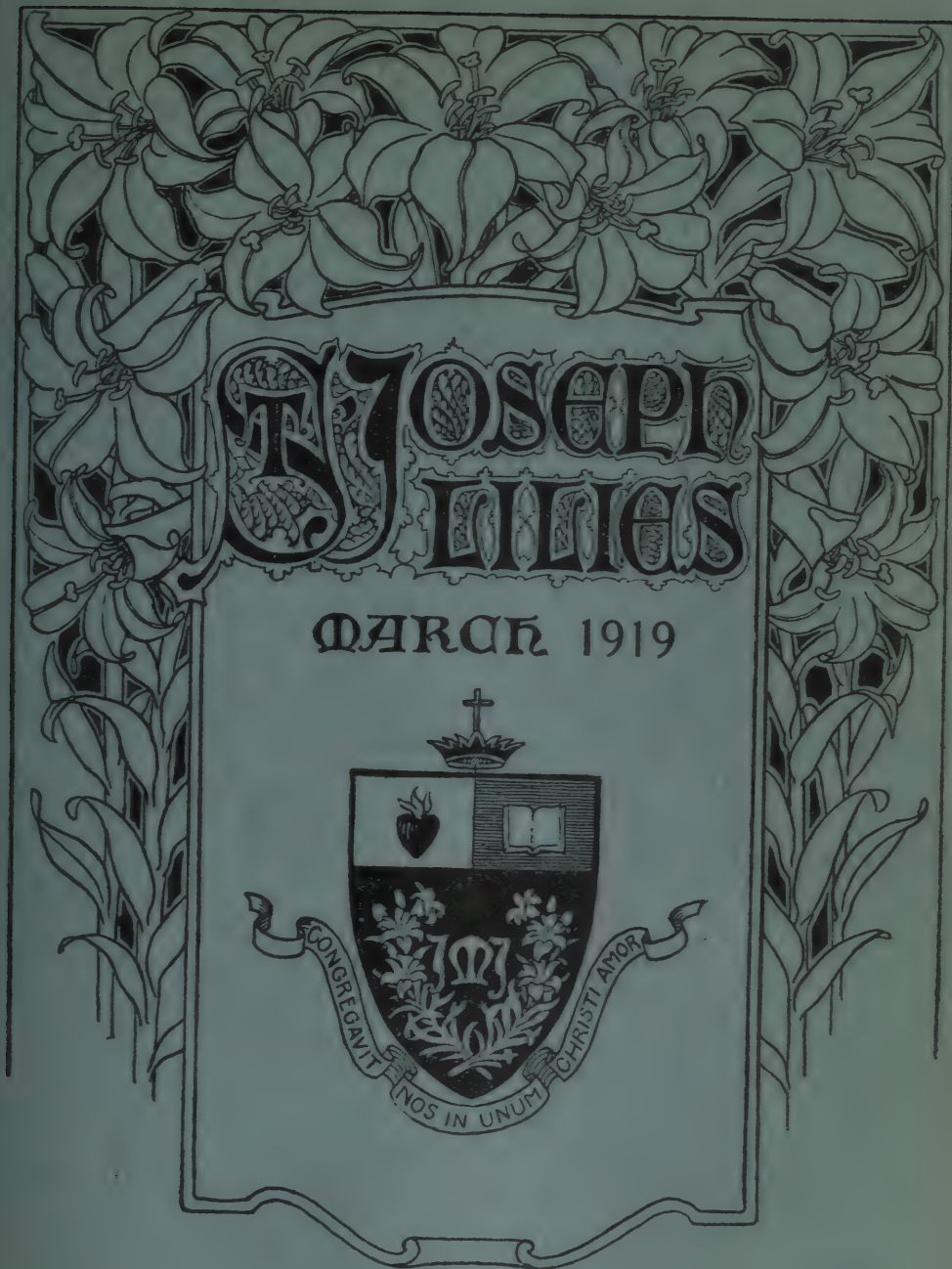
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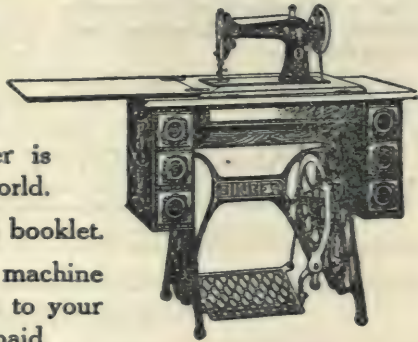
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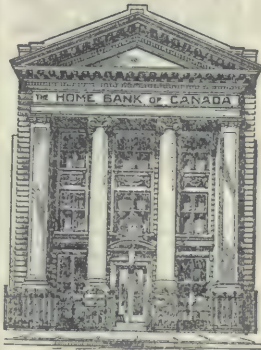
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CONTENTS

St. Joseph (Portrait)	Frontispiece
Joseph's Glories—Rev. E. F. Garesché, S.J.....	5
The Ouija Board—Rev. C. Kehoe, O.C.C.....	6
The Consoling Christ—Dr. Wm. J. Fischer.....	18
Monastic Life—Dom Leonard Sargent, O.S.B.....	19
The Thrush—Rev. Julian Johnstone	25
The Rune of the Rain—C. D. Swan	26
The Return from Calvary—J. Corson Miller.....	32
Spiritism and Dean Harris' Book—Brother Francis, O.S.F.	33
St. Joseph's Lullabye—S. M. Lucy, O.S.B.	38
Procrastination—Alexander Macpherson Kennedy	39
Mixed Marriages—Rt. Rev. H. G. Graham.....	40
Quand vint sur Terre—E. R. Wilson	48
Self and Self Sacrifice—John Ayscough	50
The Late Rev. John J. Purcell, C.S.B.—Very Rev. H. Carr, C.S.B.	55
Near—M. S. Pine	57
The Springtime and the Dawn—Rev. Dr. Ryan.....	58
Navigators of the Blue—John M. Copeland	71
A Catholic Woman in Science—E. R. Wilson	72
In the Garden—Cecile Joyce Keenan	77

A Noted Missionary's Address	78
Father Fraser (Portrait)	79
Thoughts of Wintertime—F. B. Fenton.....	81
The Poems of Alice Meynell—Sister M. Aquinas, O.S.B...	82
Litany of St. Joseph	86-87
Officials of St. Joseph's College Alumnae	88
Alumnae Items	89
Community Notes	98
Father Garesché's Books	104
College Views	106
St. Joseph's College Department	107
Editorials	108
The Tests	110
From a Convent Window—Margaret Keenan	111
Britain, Mistress of the Seas—Helen Duggan	113
Spring—Nora McGuane	117
A Modern Ghost Story—Hilda Meyer	118
Easter—Margaret Mitchell	120
Exchanges	121
Pittsburg Visited—Loretto Dillon	123
College Notes	126
The Obstinacy of a Fountain Pen—Eileen Egan	133
Our Lady of Good Counsel	134



ST. JOSEPH

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Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. VII.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1919.

NO. 4.

Joseph's Glories

BY REV. E. P. GABESCHE, S.J.

What golden goodness shone in thee
That Mary chose thy bride to be,
And Christ thy foster-child;
That angels, forth from Heaven sent,
Woke oft thy love and wonderment,
Thy grief and care beguiled!

Take heart, ye lowly and ye poor;
For Joseph's glories more endure
Than wits and counsels keen.
He from a cottage knew to rise
Above the natives of the skies,
The consort of their Queen!

—The Four Gates.

The Ouija Board

BY REV. C. C. KEHOE, O.C.C.

THE Ouija Board is about as passive and indefinite as a musical instrument, and is just as devoid of artistic effect or intelligence; it is the player that tells. The piquancy and surprises that it contains come from the hidden player, and we ask in astonishment when a sudden, surprising, and startling answer is flashed on it, who said that, who is speaking? The problem is to find the mind that is thinking and speaking. Nature never speaks any more than it plays on a musical instrument. Nature and natural causes were invoked and insisted upon by Materialistic theorists some years ago, but not any longer. Hidden currents of forces pervading the universe like electric currents that carry messages of wireless telegraphy might be the carriers of thought, but they are not the transmitters nor the operators. Thoughts come from minds. How they are carried to the key-board is perhaps an interesting question, but it is merely secondary. This secondary question of transmission should in fact be set aside as impertinent in the case of the ouija board, since the board is so simple and unorganized, so artless and lacking in mechanism for receiving currents, that we might as well talk of the mechanism of a pencil suspended over a sheet of paper by a string from the ceiling. In fact the suspended pencil often supersedes the ouija board when the hidden mind is unusually sociable and communicative. Is it human minds or other minds that speak by the board?

The Theory of Human Minds.

There are words without thought behind them, meaningless words, and there never was a more meaningless word than the sub-conscious mind. Subconscious human minds are

said by many to be the minds that speak by the ouija board. To add to the abstruseness of this hypothesis the subsonscious mind is frequently designated as subliminal, and here again is another meaningless term. Subliminal is a figurative word that indicates a stream of thought flowing below the level or threshold of consciousness. The mind is represented to be a river of thought that flows on in illimitable unconscious depths below, and also in an upper basin of sunlit consciousness. The underground and overground rivers are one in themselves, but our consciousness like sunlight in the sea is only so deep. The dark depths below are the subliminal or subconscious mind. There are indeed streams flowing beneath the beds of rivers so that rivers are not dry when they seem to be, and there are dark depths in the ocean, but not in human minds. The only mental condition that could be called subconscious or subliminal is memory or habit. There are, we can allow, more things in the dark store-room of memory than we are at any moment conscious of, but they must pass before the luminous orifice of actual mental vision before thought is accomplished. Subconscious thought is a figment and a contradiction both in word and deed. The simple and obvious conception of thought is an actual representation in the mind of the unchangeable nature of the object outside. The forming of a duplicate in the mind is thought. The mind is a wonderful receiving subject in which the natures of things exist a second time, free from the fluctuating accidents of the real order. The formation of the universal, or the class representation, in the mind, is thought, thus the mental universal is the thought or the idea. The basis of thought is consciousness, and the signal for cessation from thought is unconsciousness. There is even a modicum of reflection in every thought amounting to psychological or ontological consciousness. We are conscious of ourselves, as thinking, and of the thing thought of as present within us. For example, I am thinking of the ouija board and in this thought I am conscious of myself, or the psychological

subject, and also what I know of the board as the ontological part of my thought. If the thought is cut free from this double anchorage it floats away into a will-of-the-wisp of inanity. Unconscious thought sufflates itself. When an anaesthetic subverts our consciousness it extinguishes mentality. And yet this fiction of subconscious mind, like the maunderings about a sixth sense, has been foisted on science and made to operate ouija boards. The only subconscious order of the mind that we know of is memory or habit, which are potential, and thus less than the actuality of thought. The mind can be potential in two senses; in the first it is simply ignorant, but capable of receiving a representation, and when it has been actualized by the presence of a representation or idea, it can subside into a lesser and second potential state of habit or memory. In the second potential state, it is suspended and released from actual thought as truly as in the first. Aristotle, the great master of this line of mental discipline, admits that the mind in this second potential state needs no further actualization for the exercise of thought than the removal of an impediment. We could represent the mind as a spring that is always set for action when once instructed with ideas, and as always acting if not resisted by an impediment. This state is the nearest approach to subconscious mentality that we know of; but, as the statement indicates, it is a negation of actual mentality because of some existing impediment. The impediment that prevents the presentation of an idea to the mind is a clouding of the brain by sleep, a pre-occupation of animal activities—or the presence in the mental focus of a different idea. God alone thinks by one idea which is of infinite capacity; all other minds, because they have not infinite intelligence, unfold their mentality by the orderly transit of distinct finite ideas, each taking its turn in the mental focus. When they are not in mental focus there is no thought as the very word and idea of thought indicates because there is no actual representation. Thus one idea can be an impediment to the other. The ob-

jective impediment mentioned as resident in the brain, implies that the mind in regular activity does not commune with the physical order outside, but with phantasmata or sense representations that congregate in the common sensorium of the brain. Abstraction of the universal from these individual sense pictures might be called a cancelling process in which the variable elements of the sense representations cancel each other, and bring out into relief the invariable residue that constitutes the universal. When the mirror of the brain in which the material world is reflected is either clouded by sleep or pre-occupied in lower functions of brute life, there is an impediment to the mind, and it remains potential. Such a potential mentality, it is clear, never flashed like lightning through the cloud of the subconscious mind, and never actuated an ouija board.

The Presiding Mind of the Ouija Board.

The present line of speculation is an indirect one in which we come to the ouija mind by the elimination of human minds. The subconscious or subliminal mind is certainly a mere fiction and one that cannot act because it is unactual; but we know that this terrestrial sphere is crowded with conscious and nimbly eager minds willing to be the oracle of the ouija board. How shall we eliminate them and suppress the many wistful, hazy doubts that come to us on their account? We are always inclined to allow human intervention, no matter how distant and mysterious, rather than admit the presence of ghosts. Persons present in the room or the great outside throng of humanity may be consciously sending their thoughts to the planchette or pencil. This surmise, however, is like that of the subconscious mind, and it is a fancy; it is not a rational argument of the mind supported by any similar experiences, but on the contrary is opposed to all knowledge and facts. We cannot send our thoughts like fairies

“Over hill, over dale,
Through bush and through brier,
Over park and over pale
Through flood and through fire.”

And even a poet's muse would balk at such a vault of phantasy. Morse and Marconi labored long to send signs by intricate inventions and discoveries that must be observed with care and accuracy; even they did not affect to send their thoughts either by wire or wireless. When the telephone is out of order we must walk or take a street car. Thought is a spiritual and vital action inherent in a spirit, intransient and incommunicable. A sensible sign of arbitrary and conventional import may be sent by suitable mechanism; we may interrupt an electric current and produce dot and dash for other minds to read. We may add here also that no one has ever shown, or dreams to show in the future, that nature has set up our heads as receiving stations of wireless telegraphy, and much less writing pencils and ouija boards. There are two causes acting in the ouija board that must be accounted for, the efficient and the directive, that may be indicated as hand and mind. Thus if one places his hand on the board and supplies the force who supplies the thought direction for the surprising answer given? When one present places his hand on the board and an alien thought quite distinct from his own is flashed out, there must be another mind present; or if one has the thought that the board gives out, but is not in physical contact, some other intelligent carrier must transmit it to the board. Mr. Godfrey Raupert, whom we should consider a great expert in collecting, sifting and explaining the data of modern spiritualism, maintained in an article in the November American Ecclesiastical Review that the diabolical spirit acting as the oracle of the planchette derives his knowledge from the minds around, from human minds present and detonates or transcribes them on the instrument. He gives an example of such a spirit conjured in the name

of God and constrained by God's power, petulantly answering that the knowledge came from our own "silly thought boxes." He also designates this extraction of intelligent answers from our minds as a communing of the evil spirit with our subconscious mentality. A distinct line of investigation is suggested by this statement.

Does the Spirit of the Ouija Board Gather Its Knowledge From Human Minds?

In the indirect line of argument or the line of illiminative process, we are compelled to look to suprahuman or extrahuman minds for the operating of planchettes and yet a new question still remains pertinent to the human mind and possibly involving its activity. Do the spirits of the other world, whether diabolical or of the departed dead, obtain their knowledge from the human minds of the living, and what is the state of the human mind in this operation,—is it conscious, subconscious or unconscious? The incident that is given by Mr. Raupert would seem to indicate that the evil spirit obtained his knowledge from the subconscious mind of persons present at spiritualistic seances. The persons present from whose minds the information was extracted were certainly unconscious that their minds were thus pilfered, and should it then be said that their minds were subconscious or relatively unconscious? They could be unconscious of the outside mind that stole their thoughts, but in themselves they were not subconscious, but conscious. Perhaps Mr. Raupert means unconscious of outside influence when he uses the word subconscious. Such uses of the word subconscious clearly show how vague the term subconscious mind is. It is not very speculative nor a long-shot contention and argument on our part to say that the devil himself with all his penetrating mental acumen cannot see what does not exist. We contend that it is only when actual ideas are present in the mind that the contents of the mind can be seen. Can spirit good or evil investigate the

contents of the human mind? The question broadens itself out when treated of by great expert psychologists such as St. Augustine or St. Thomas of Aquin, and is proposed in the problem whether one spirit can see another spirit's thoughts. St. Augustine informs us that his intelligence faltered in carrying forward a line of conclusive investigation; he admits that at the end of all his speculations he remained in doubt. It was not to him a problem of one mind investigating the subconscious contents of another mind, but of one mind viewing the substance and ideas of another mind and knowing what that mind was thinking of. St. Thomas, following his great master Aristotle, seems perfectly satisfied and convinced in saying that one mind can view the substance of the other and also the ideas at that moment actually resident in it. Nevertheless he affirms most positively that one mind cannot see the thoughts of another, and that God alone has such vision. His arguments will explain his statement and also their evidence for truth. There is no obstacle, he argues, against one disembodied spirit's seeing other spirits and the ideas that are then expressed in them. Human souls, when immersed in the body, can see only the universals that are generalized and set free from sense images in the brain, and their mental vision is always directed to the objects of these sense images, thus they cannot intuitively look back upon themselves and a fortiori they cannot look into the substance and ideas of other spirits. Experience shows the truth of this statement, because we cannot exhibit in all our mental furniture a single conception that is not drawn from sensible objects and which is not attached in some way, when used, to sensible signs. When the soul is exempted from this winnowing process by death it feeds at large on the immaterial world beyond, on spirits, and the ideas that are in them. To make this last statement clear, he reminds us that the whole process of thought for spirits here is to disentangle the universal from material things, and as soon as these are separated they impregnate the soul and set the representative or thought

process in action. Space is nothing in the immaterial world and thus is no barrier between spirit and spirit. The objects of the other world are all generalized or disembodied and thus are like prepared food for the brain. St. Dionysius, the Areopagite, or that early writer who has had this name attached to him, says in his standard works that in the immaterial world spirit feeds upon spirit. The lower spirits prey on the higher as pupils on masters for additional information. It might appear, then, from such doctrine that there is no privacy in the great light world beyond, no possibility of mental reservation or secret thought and no facility for fibs. The spiritual pictures of things that are cast over the soul are like the objects they represent, and, as several persons can view the same object and each be ignorant of what the other is thinking about, so the mental pictures of a spirit might be viewed by another without any clue being given of personal thought. The attention that the mind gives to the different features of the idea and the object it represents constitutes volitional thought, the free and conscious thought that is strictly reserved and screened by will-power. All authorities on this subject agree that human wills stand patent to God alone. Our own consciousness, too, reassures us sufficiently of this statement. Thus, categorically speaking, spirit does not see the thoughts of spirit against the will of the spirit that is scrutinized. We know only too well that we think by the direction of our secret inclinations of free will. The idea is like the subject of thought, but the thought proper is like the theme or the view-point; we might easily confess the subject of our thought and totally reserve the thoughts themselves.

When the conjured spirit spoken of above, the evil spirit that an exorcism of the Church arrested and the power of God compelled to speak truly, declared so contemptuously that his knowledge was drawn from our own "thought boxes," what did the answer really impart? Did he wriggle a modal lie into the substance of truth? Our thought boxes! Did he

mean mind or brain? Did he get his information conjecturally like a stalking sleuth that tricked us into a betrayal of our thoughts, or did he enter subreptitiously into the hidden chambers of mind and brain to view the disporting sprites of fancy and idea? Philosophers generally admit, and for obvious reasons, that a spirit may traverse the brain without resistance and the spiritual axiom is that an idle brain is the devil's workshop. Circulatory disturbances, nervous storms and tremors, narcotics, stimulants, changes of temperature and climatic conditions, and titilating factors of innumerable kinds startle fancies forth from their cells in the brain. That the evil one is capable of such an accomplishment is not strange. But if the very ideas of the inorganic mind do not supply a key to our thoughts, the distant and objective instruments that we employ in the brain, no matter how much they are inspected, certainly cannot effect a disclosure. We have, then, before us the avails of mind and brain that are at the evil one's disposal for conjecture, for surprise and ambushade, and even for easy conclusions that may be drawn when external actions and habitual conduct are added.

Spiritualism vs. Spiritism.

These two terms have settled apart with the widest intervening gap of distinct denotation and meaning. The whole implication of each also indicates two distinct views of the spiritual world. Spiritualism stands for heaven and hell, and its meaning is revealed, traditional, and Catholic. Angels fell long ago from Divine favor and human spirits fell and are still falling, and their common receptacle is hell, a hell of state and a hell of place. Faithful spirits both angelic and human are gathered into the happy harvest home of God in heaven. The all-providing will of God controls these worlds in their mutual circulations and in their activities here. Angels good and evil have ordinary commissions or ordinary permissions to influence souls on their way to the double goal

to which they are moving. That human souls of the departed should come back freely as minions of greater presiding spirits, good and evil, is not presented to us in the great revelation of Bible and tradition; their return is quite exceptional and marks some special intervention of God's will in human affairs. The Jewish mind and the Christian mind are at one in their belief of this and the attempts of later writers in Jewish literature to identify demons and the spirits of the dead were always repudiated by Orthodox Rabbis as rationalistic, as not revealed and not traditional. Ancient Jewish Orthodox mentality represented this world as swarming with demons and is far more advanced than Christian mentality in the realistic sense of their perpetual presence. Presumably both minds are correct since the realm of evil spirits was more intermingled with human affairs before the coming of Christ. If the sense of spirit presences is a superstition the orthodox Jewish mind of the Bible is more superstitious than the Christian mind. Familiar spirits, then, according to Jewish and Christian minds, are not the spirits of the dead, but greater spirits that belong to the original spiritual world that either governs or disturbs this. Spiritism means rationalism or a system of philosophy that neglects Divine revelation and argues to such a spiritual world beyond as the facts of spiritual manifestations seem to indicate. It not only argues to the fact of a spiritual world that can be in free and easy communication with this world, but eagerly grasps also with certain and scientific satisfaction the suspicious revelations that spirits make as a real addition to the sum of our knowledge. It is impossible to outline definitely any theory of spiritism because it is as variable as the teaching of the spirits invoked.

Spiritism and Science.

Spiritism like its ancient predecessor, Magic, can never become a science. It is pitiable to hear hopes expressed by sensible men like Canon Doyle that we are now just touching

the edge and outcroppings of the spiritual world, and that when spiritism is developed into a science by the discovery of the main avenue that leads to the home of spirits the mysteries of the other world and of this will be displayed. He complains, however, that the means of communication are very intermittent, that the answers to our questions very contradictory and often time illusory and whimsical. If spirits lie, contradict themselves, give frivolous answers, never add anything to the sum of knowledge, and only entertain their devotees with prattles and prabbles, the outlook for science is poor. The reason why spiritism, like magic, can never be a science, is because it rests on no natural laws, but on the free and fitful will of spirits. We must conclude with certainty from the whole mass of communications thus far gathered that no departed soul has ever shown itself in a natural, truthful and satisfactory manner. The general tidings are that they are happy, all happy and always happy. Their memories and their interest in their devoted friends here that crave for some expression of information and love are so elliptical, so whimsical and so impertinent that we who still ride on this orb naturally think that spirits grow queer when they come to their destination. But when spirits lie, indulge in vicious, cruel and cynical remarks, and emit obscene and irreligious, and even blasphemous, language, we naturally conclude that those spirits at least that haunt the portals of the other world, are a tough lot. When they grow too eager to talk and follow up the mediums and give them no rest nor sleep and seem set on getting control of their minds and personality, we conclude that they are a wicked lot. When they come from the twentieth plane, according to the late revelation to Dr. Watson of Toronto, where all is pink, both sky and atmosphere, and bring a pink glow into the room to prove it, telling us that they live on chemicals and extract of rice, and deliver rambling clap-trap orations that are hard to follow, we conclude that they are trifling with us and our scientific pursuits. Science so far is very skeptical about the valuable informa-

tion it is going to receive from the lecture halls of the other world.

The Good and Evil of Spiritism.

Spiritism ouija boards and such have brought back many erring minds to the spiritual world and this should be held as a real restoration of our natural inheritance; we would all rather see a Jacob's vision of spirits ascending and descending an aerial ladder than a troupe of wretched monkeys ascending and descending a tree as Darwin saw. Some one has said that it was a presumptuous undertaking for a monkey-mind to solve the problem of the universe. What is the outlook for truth of we have only an animal brain to work with? Scarcely a decade has passed since the whole scientific world affected to scoff at spirits and allowed to man but a few more convolutions of the brain to explain his eminence. The Simian faces of Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, Tyndal and their great leader, Haeckel, still haunt us, and we welcome spirits whether fair or dark as a relief. Darwin said shortly before his death that even the Christian's hell was a more cheerful prospect than utter extinction. The latest tidings of Darwin is from the twentieth plane and so he was not extinguished. He extinguished divine saving faith in many minds and his Christian countrymen gave him a glorious interment in Westminster Abbey as though they publicly testified their belief in the mortality of the soul. Westminster Abbey is a strange charnel-house of ancient saints and modern infidels. The horrible doctrines of materialism had filtered through non-Catholic minds to an alarming extent either for doubt or for certainty. Such an entertaining and exquisite writer as Robert Louis Stevenson takes himself seriously enough for mental capacity to enter into such matters as to record in a light diary of travels, his disbelief in spirits. He should actually be afraid of ghosts, he tells us, when camping out at night if he had not read his Huxley. It would be childish and credulous to accept seriously all the frequent seances now being held

with the spiritual world; the revelations from the twentieth plane lately communicated in Toronto, for instance, may easily have come from this terrestrial plane, from human fancies and fictions; still it must be acknowledged that a real consensus of scientific testimony has grown up of late to verify the communications of spiritualism. No one is ridiculed now for believing in spirits. This is a service for which we could almost thank the devil. However, the evil one has no claim on our belief nor even on curiosity to tamper with mediums and ouija boards. Real spiritism is magic, and magic is intentional communication with hell. Every Christian renounces in baptism the devil and his works and his pomps. When the priest in exorcism is confronted with the presence of satan the only form of address allowed him is "obmutesce et exi ab eo," be silent and go from him. Catholics obtain their faith in the spiritual world from their Church, and they have their guardian angels to keep them, and don't need the guidance of lost spirits.

The Consoling Christ

BY DR. WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

Before Thee, here, he kneels, O Master great,
 At Thy bright altar's foot, heartsore, alone.
 O stifle Thou his sigh—his piercing moan!
 Do'st hear him plead at Thy white, pearly gate
 Of Grace, through which Thy servants pass sedate
 To paradisial fields, whilst he is blown
 About Sin's angry sea—his young heart grown
 To crime? I wonder, is it now too late?
 Too late? Ah no. Upon the altar fair,
 Christ waits fore'er with anxious, tear-stained face,
 Forgiving, kind, to welcome and embrace
 His erring children—and pure lilies rare
 Sprout in the gardens of their soul, in place
 Of Sin's red weeds, nurtured by faith and prayer.

Monastic Life

BY DOM LEONARD SARGENT, O.S.B.
(Monk of Downside Abbey).

IF the reader were to visit a monastery for the first time, it would probably surprise him to find that in many particulars the daily life of its inmates was not unlike his own in the world. He would discover that monastic life rules had not dehumanized the monks, but had made them possibly more human in their sympathies, not less eager in their interest in secular affairs, but more restrained in the way of showing their interest. He would find in the library books of many kinds, religious and secular, of doctrine and piety, of history, science, and fiction, all well-represented. In the common-room, used for recreation, he would pick up a journal, a review, a newspaper such as he was accustomed to read at home or at his club. At recreation times, talking there with the Fathers, he would hear politics, diplomacy, current events, and literature discussed quite as much, if not more, than religious and Church affairs. Visiting this or that monk individually, he might come upon one painting a picture, another writing a paper on sun-dials or an early period of the national life, and yet another reading Mr. Belloc or the Atlantic Monthly. When of an afternoon, out for a constitutional with a member of the Community, the visitor would probably be conscious of the pressure of no rule, save that of charity, nor be reminded of any monastic observances beyond getting home for a cup of tea before vespers. If he were to choose his *al fresco* in another form he could join a company of younger monks at tennis or golf.

One other discovery this gentleman would undoubtedly make, that men in the cloister are men, not only in interests and sympathy, but not less in some of the faults that belong to human nature. In brief, along with ideals of goodness and a steady effort to do the right, the monastery, like the world

outside, may represent "the middle of humanity" and also "the extremity of both ends."

So much may have been necessary in order to interpret a passage in one of Newman's essays, "The Mission of the Benedictine Order,"* wherein he distinguishes three expressions of the "Religious" life, as they are to be found in three great orders. To the Benedictine, a monastic Order, he assigns for its characteristic note, the "Poetical," to the Dominican, the Friars, the "Scientific," and to the Society of Jesus, a Congregation of priests active and constantly mingling in human affairs, the "Practical and Useful." Nobody will suppose that Cardinal Newman intended to describe the sons of St. Benedict as dreamers of dreams, or those of St. Dominic as all intellect and no heart, or the Society as standing only for active service. Since, then, we are treating in this paper of monastic life, we may try to interpret Newman's term, "Poetical."

In their past history, certainly, the monks have represented in a high degree what poets have represented. Now poets may be pure idealists and nothing more, and their poetry may be sentimental or sensuous. On the other hand, poetry has often been robust and sober, and has exercised creative influences over men such as to stir them to great enterprise for God and their fellows. Poets, using the word in a broad sense, that is, men of ideals who try to put them into practice, have been very useful people. St. Francis of Assisi was a poet, a troubadour with a merry heart, a singer of songs to human souls; Don Quixote lives amongst us in a world as the type of unselfish service and of devotion to a cause; General Gordon has been called visionary—but some visionaries have really seen visions, and Gordon's words, "It is better to fail and to die than to have anything to do with doubtful men or doubtful methods," may have been a spring of high endeavour to some young man tossed into the maelstrom of business or political life, such, also, may

* This and another paper, *The Benedictine Centuries*, have been published together in book form by The English Catholic Truth Society.

have been those words of Shakespeare to a soldier in the trenches or a youth flying under the stars, the words put into the mouth of King Henry V. before Agincourt:

O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!

The real poetry of the monastic life could not be an evil or a debilitating thing. Monasticism is found on a great love for God and a tender compassionateness for human needs; it is essentially the "laying down one's life" for others, the surrender of all to God, and the resuming of what was surrendered in obedience to His will, to be employed in the service of His people. Therefore, if monasticism is good, its poetry is a useful means of bringing about these two objects, the glory of God and the welfare of the human race. Other forms of Religious life have aimed at these objects, but in different fashions. Many Religious have been full of action, missionaries, preachers, leaders of their brethren in the world, not pragmatists, but truly beneficent men, not dull and commonplace, but devoted to their work rather along the straight line of duty than by the curved line of beauty. The Catholic religion produces many variant types of persons enlisted in its work, and the Catholic Church makes room for all of them—the adventurous and the sober-minded, the active and the contemplative, the high and the humble, the poetical and the practical. But each group must, in its own way, be somehow useful to her interests if it is to have her approbation. The monastic life serves her after Newman's way of the poetical, but none the less with efficiency. Its gaze is fixed on God; its concerns are directly with heavenly things; it proceeds in its course tranquilly, even, deliberately; it speaks constantly with God, but it has a message for men. That message is the same as that which others of his servants bring, but is given in a way that is peculiar to itself. This is the message, that man is made for God and must live for

Him, give Him the first place in human life, that if he is a Christian his *conversatio* must be "in Heaven," that life here is a preparation for that to come, and that it will profit a man nothing to gain the whole world, if in gaining it he loses his own soul.

This is, indeed, the same solemn and awful message that the busy preacher delivers from the pulpit. The monk's pulpit is his monastery and the choir, and there not as an escape from the world, but as a place to which the world can come and hear for itself, he preaches his sermons. The monk sings the Divine Office in his stall, and just outside are the monastery guests sharing with him in his opus Dei. His life is a life of worship and of prayer. Jesus Christ has given us two chief rules of conduct, to love God and to love our neighbour. The love of God has no limit set to it; the love of our neighbour need not exceed that we feel for ourselves. Therefore worship, and the observances that go along with it, must come first. The beauty, the stateliness of the worship, the chanting of the Office, the High Mass sung daily, the richness of the vestments, and the practised Ritual of the sanctuary, are a reminder to all those who come to the abbey-church that God is supreme and is "jealous" for the devotion of His creatures.

Joined to what is strictly worship is prayer for the world in its needs and misery. All the days that Religious men and women have done these things on earth other men have turned to them for their help. It has been so during the Great War, and it will be more so after peace is actually accomplished. There will be a great readjustment of life, and awakening, and a new spiritual movement. Men have been asleep in luxury and selfishness and indifference. America, in her "fullness of bread," has grown fat and comfortable and proud and self-confident. The war has already made the world consider, perhaps has almost convinced it of the emptiness of earthly things, apart from God, and of the impotence of human power, taken by itself. Shall we not look to see many people, in the renaissance, confessing the failure of past standards, and leaving their

false gods, the gods of their own fashioning, to seek the True and the Holy, whom aforetime ignorance and folly hid from their eyes? Standards of conduct may be higher and men's hearts and lives better, through the sobering of their minds that have been shocked by cruelty and carnage and suffering, —will be better if religion plays its part valiantly. The world and the Church are standing to-day before the divine tribunal; both are face to face with God, the just and the omnipotent, and both are learning their lessons. The world has ignored Him, has sometimes felt bored or has chafed under His rule; the Church, the Church in this land at least, has suffered more from prosperity than from adversity, and the pestilence of war is a summons to her to raise up to her vocation and plead before the world the claims of her divine Head.

Here is a place for monasticism, with its labourful peace," its other worldliness, its unshaken confidence in the Almighty. We must be ready for the day of renewal that is coming with a necessary reconstruction of thought and life. The "practical" and the "scientific," and all who serve the Lord Christ must be at attention. And to a civilization chastened and made reflective by calamity, the "poetical," those quiet and orderly and peaceful folk of the monastic life, must be prepared to say to the perplexed and weary outlanders, Come in and rest; take that *refrigerium* your soul craves. You may not stay forever, for outside you have work to do and are needed there, but when you leave us we will share with you the peace of God that has ever been our portion. Our craft signifies worship and prayer and study; yours is of another sort, but while we work here in our church or library, or wherever we may be, we shall remember you. And you, on your part, will know that here is a shelter to which you can return as you will find a welcome awaiting you. Men have told us in the four years of unheaval that they have been waiting this call to deliberation and refreshment. Who can question it? If we are preparing restoratives and shelters for numberless physical needs, shall we not find multitudes of jaded souls to care for?

There are many such services monasticism can render to modern life as we see it lived in our own country. In no way can it be more useful to this young and ardent people than through its patent and persuasive example of what may be termed domestic Christianity. The monastic is a life that makes its appeal both by contrast and by similitude, one that exercises its influences rather by slow penetration than by aggressive effort, one that is different, in its regularity and system, from the conditions of life outside the monastery gates, yet is neighbourly in its sympathies, often calls in its friends from without to share in its religious observances, and in a sense is a big family surrounded by smaller households, such as is able to give more time to God than they. And all the while they know that the monastic family is like Jacob's prophetic description of his son Joseph, a fruitful vine whose branches run over the wall. Or, to employ another simile, the monks at home more resemble a village priest who says Mass, reads his breviary, visits the sick, and for the rest spends most of his time in his garden and at his books, than they resemble the Regular on the Mission or the Secular with his ceaseless, necessary activities.

If the reader will reflect on the restless and tired people who, for the most part, make up American life, and will give a just interpretation to the parable drawn, he will acknowledge that monasticism can provide an excellent balance to the boundless and often dissipated energy of our civilization in this western world. For certainly, with Europe in good part disrupted, new ideals taking possession of men's minds, the struggle continuing in some fashion into the future, an ideal of life that is essentially one of peace, and one that, naturally and by habit, conserves rather than overthrows, must offer a serviceable contribution—by example, if in no other way—to the settlement of the era on which the world is about to enter.

The Wood Thrush

BY REV. JULIAN JOHNSTONE.

There's a voice upon the hill
Like an elfin bugle's thrill;
A few prelusive ripples, then a shower of silver song.
O the sweet, delicious gush,
O the warble of the thrush,
Heart of mine he makes it Heaven with his music all day long!

Soaring upward in a spire,
Ever springing higher, higher,
Like a fountain spurting fire flashes out the golden song,
Till the music of the spheres
Is a-ringing in mine ears,
And it seems as if the Seraphim the singing would prolong.

Richer music ne'er was heard
Than the lyric of the bird,
Than the wild and witching matin that upon the morning rings.
All the fairies in the dells
Ringing all their silver bells
Make no madder, gladder music than the melody he sings.

What is all our finished art
To the song that from the heart
Gushes out, and like a river rolls in melody along?
What are all the poet's lays,
Made to win a people's praise
To the sweet and magic music of a thrush's simple song?

Never Shelley sang like this
Little bonny bird of bliss;
Never Burns or Byron uttered so euphonious a strain.
For his song is like a fountain,
Raining gold upon the mountain,
Like the music made of angels on the pearl enameled plain.

All the sunshine of the May,
All the beauty of the day,
All the sweetness of the sassafras is gathered in his glee;
All the joyance and delight,
All the buoyancy and light,
All the jubilation of Spring-time dancing gaily on the lea.

The Rune of the Rain

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

THE Spring rains have come and melted even the "robin-snows." Verily, old Winter is done with us! Every splash of saucy shower means that April is standing there laughing at him! She is full of fun, loves mischief—such as catching dear Alice out of doors minus an umbrella and besprinkling her curls—also, incidentally, the Easter rose on her hat.

That rose deluded her, my dear! She took it to be real, as she knew you to be, a reality of pure loveliness.

How soon Nature answers the dewy exhalations of Spring in her resurrection of daffodils and pansies! The pallid green of the reeds beside some cold pool in the country, just starting afresh, is so tender—the young shoots of the rushes so delicate that we almost worship their frailty. And the well-blanketed, curled-up beauty of the baby ferns! It is like some flute-strain which we listen to entranced, scarce daring to draw breath.

What a world of difference between the early and the latter rains! Autumn has a power of pensive memory which we feel with soreness, often with bitterness even, beneath her waning suns and sobbing storms; but a promise of harvest and bloom hides in the transient clouds of Springtime—Thank Heaven that our misfortunes are often of the same ilk.

Could anything be more vivid than this description of a Spring shower, by Lisette Woodworth Reese?

A PICTURE.

Straight from the east the wind blows sharp with rain,
That just now drove its wild ranks down the street.
And westward rushed into the sunset sweet.
Are blown this way from blossoming lawn and lane.
Spouts brawl, boughs drip and cease and drip again.
Bricks gleam, keen saffron glows each window pane
And every pool beneath the passing feet.
Innumerable odors fine and fleet,
Wet roofs lift black against a tender sky;
The almond bushes in the lean-fenced square
Beaten to the walks, show all their draggling white!
A troop of labourers comes slowly by;
One bears a daffodil and seems to bear
A new-lit candle through the fading light.

As for the Summer showers which temper the heat with delicious coolness and revive the sunburnt vegetation, we can not give a more charming picture of them than this is by the New Jersey poet, Mr. Stewart B. Dougherty:

AFTER THE RAIN.

Beams of sunshine o'er the sward
Gild the moistened grass;
You would think the locust trees
Made of molten brass.

Purple clouds,—the distance through
Wove with opal mist;
Here and there a dash of blue
Like an amethyst.

Through it all the swallows fly,
Dipping, as they fling
O'er my laden window-sill
Their joyous twittering.

“Grasses grow greener as the showers go by!” sings one of our poets. It is a great pleasure to watch the process. Its beginnings are well out of sight, like those of the soul's regeneration. For, far away, rain is falling on the mountains; tiny tear-drops of heaven are soaking into mosses and rock crevices,—finally appearing as a visible trickle of silver. Still rain-fed, soon a line of tenderest green marks its secret progress. It remains a thing of great delicacy, silent and exquisitely shy. It reaches some valley or depression, and suddenly “the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire, in swamps and hollows gray.”

The rain continues and our rill has become a swelling brook. The binding trees flash into rose—should they be maples—or into rich ochre, if red or white oaks. Willows and aspens put out glimmering leafage of pallid green, every tone made clearest water-color by its rain-bath—then, the sun peeps out and oh, the glitter!

We recall what the Lord has declared by His prophet, Isaias, “As the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater—so shall my word be that goeth forth out of My mouth. It shall not return unto Me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please and shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.” O beautiful promise! The Lord's rune of the rain! Are we doing all we can for its fulfilment? His missions at home and abroad, are our hearts and our hopes with them?

One more vision comes to us. But for the rain we should have no rainbow, never see the Lord's Bow in the Cloud, never rejoice in its aerial glow! Never know its sweetness

or feel its comfort. An exquisite writer has called it "a bridge to tempt the angels down." It is as if they were showing us the prismatic glories of light.

* * * * *

The drip of our Autumn rains brings, as we have said, a pensive quiet. It is not really sadness, certainly not gloom. It falls over us like a soft shadow, calms our excitement, soothes our nerves, and, when it brings us the whisper of a rising wind in the tree-tops, we think of many things—the sober things, which business and pleasure usually crowd back, well out of sight.

We think of the Past with some regret—over things we have missed, and much penitence for our misdoings. We look to the Future with vague fears and try to shake off their weight. Well for us if we can do this and rest calmly on the Divine Will. For we know, when we stop to think of it, that behind the clouds, the grayness and the rain, the sun is still shining. That blaze is Eternal, the sobbing rain-clouds but a temporary shadowing of it, at best.

"The skies for burdened hearts and faint
A code of faith prepare;
What tempest ever left the heavens
Without a blue spot there?"

* * * * *

An impressive and vivid passage occurs in a fine novel by Peter Rosegger called "Die Beiden Hanse"—in English, "The Two Johns." They are old friends of schoolboy days. Big Hans has studied medicine and become a free-thinker; little Hans has entered the Church and is deeply religious. The two are out for an evening stroll, by the edge of a wood, and the Doctor good-naturedly remonstrates with his old chum about his pious notions.

"Do you know, Hans," he said regretfully, "I am sorry for you. The stupid peasants know no better; but you, with

your straightforward mind, your education! You can not want to go on playing this comedy."

The little one made no reply and they continued their wandering along the dark, deserted road.

The Doctor noticed that the young theologian was softly sobbing. Instantly pity seized him. "He is crying over his own misfortune," said the Doctor to himself. Then he continued with fresh vigor, "Hans, see here. I know, you and I both know, that truth is your highest ideal. I have never caught you in a lie. Truth, too, is that which I mean to live for, when I am my own master. Have you never reflected, my friend, on how great a thing Truth is?"

The little theologian was silent.

"Have you really never asked yourself?"

Little Hans spoke not a word.

Thus they walked on in the dark night. Now, they plunged deep into the wood, where under high trees there stood an object tall and narrow, barely visible.

Little Hans stood still. He took a box from his pocket and struck a match. In the circle of light a wayside pillar was disclosed,—in a niche the figure of the Risen Christ, above it the roughly painted words, "I am the Truth. He who believes in Me shall be saved."

That much was seen; then the little flame went out and it was darker than before.

* * * * *

Commenting on this, it has been beautifully said, "Such moments come into every life. And in the tense darkness that chills the soul and brings to the eyes reluctant tears, it is always the man of faith who is able to strike the match and bring light for us to behold Him who is the Truth. And even though, as in the story, the little flame goes out, the memory of the visioning remains."

Doubts vanish in the light of God. Kneeling before the wayside shrine, be it ever so humble, our path presently shines

out before us and we seem to hear His voice saying, as of old, "Thy faith hath saved thee. Go in peace."

There is a beautiful verse from Angelus Silesius, which all this about the rain and Rosegger's darkened road brings back to mind. It is this:

"Let but thy heart, O man,
Become a valley low,
And God will rain on it
Till it will overflow."

* * * * *

And the Church in her great Benedicite even now cries out, as of old, again, in her zeal for His glory and in thanks for His grace:

"O ye Showers and Dew, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

"O all ye green Things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever."



The Return from Calvary

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

Once more she needs must scan His bloody face,
To catch, perchance, of life some hidden trace,
Till John full gently leads her from the place.

With weary feet she takes her homeward way,
The hills are wrapped in dusk—'tis close of day,
And grief and loneliness hold bitter sway.

Betimes she walks a little space apart,
Yearning for Him until the hot tears start,
Feeling the Sword of Sorrow pierce her heart.

For three black hours, standing beneath the cross,
She felt the pangs of anguish, shame and loss,
And saw her gentle Son in suffering toss.

Grief weighs full heavily upon her head,
Her Son, Who did no wrong, to-night is dead,
And, weeping, she will not be comforted.

By star-lit paths the little group come down,
To go once more within the clattering town,
To face the curse, the jeer, the angry frown.

And John walks first, the noble foster-son,
Leading his foster-mother; heralds run,
Shouting the news: "The death of Christ is done."

Spiritism and Dean Harris' Book

BROTHER O. FRANCIS, F.S.C.

NO question in modern times seems to have attracted such universal attention as the old, but ever fascinating, doctrine of Spiritism. The cataclysm in Europe has exercised a wonderful influence in changing the materialistic ideas which were so prevalent before the Great War, and so the pendulum seems to have swung in the opposite direction; but the danger is, that it may swing too far. Such multitudes of noble souls have made the supreme sacrifice and have passed beyond the Great Divide that their relatives here below are more than ever inclined to try to establish some communion with their heroes. These practices have about them a peculiar and almost irresistible fascination for a certain order of minds and that fascination becomes intensified by the very elusiveness of the phenomena and the lack of definiteness and finality which characterize the communications. It is, therefore, a most opportune moment, the distinguished and scholarly author has chosen to present his latest book entitled "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology."

Dean Harris needs no introduction to the readers of these pages. His place among the foremost authors of Canada today is admitted by everyone. Gifted with a faculty of style and a remarkable versatility in choice of words, his ability is unquestioned throughout the Continent of America. The book under consideration is an instance. It evinces an intimate knowledge of the different phases of Occultism as well as a wonderful familiarity with the numerous authorities who have written on the subject in any of our modern languages. But above all his book is a harbour for those, tossed about on the uncertain sea of this illimitable subject and harrassed by a million doubts, because it is based on the eternal rock

of the Doctrines of the Catholic Church as expounded by its most eminent Divines.

The author has divided his book into twelve Essays or Chapters, which deal with the phases of Occultism so widely known to-day. The entrancing subjects of "The Sixth Sense," "Bilocation" and "Bicorporiety," as well as the mysterious marvels of "Spiritism," "Apparitions" and "Demoniacal Possession," are all elucidated in a style characteristic of the scholarly Dean.

In his Preface the author tells us that: "As far back as history goes, materializations have occurred, Catholic psychologists and theologians who for nearly two thousand years have investigated the subject, hold that materializations have always taken place and are occurring to-day, but they also counted that the phenomena are produced and controlled by fallen angels, spirits of evil and that so far from being communications from the dead, they are actually malign manifestations of diabolical force." The Dean concurs with that eminent student of psychic phenomena, Dr. Raupert, for he tells us in concluding his preface that "Centuries of experience have taught Catholic psychologists and doctors that devotion to Spiritism has worked ravages upon the minds of weak-willed and impressionable people, and has driven many to suicide and insane asylums."

In a preliminary discourse, the eminent scholar shows that man is surrounded by mysteries, and therefore the possibility of miracles is not contrary to reason. As he says: "The smallest grain of sand has defied the power of the human mind for six thousand years. Science has examined it, turned it to the light, placed it under the microscope, divided it and subdivided it; she has tormented it with experiments, wearied it with interminable questions to extract from it some answer touching its intimate composition. Assuming, then, as a hypothesis which science admits to be possible, and which the Church exalts into an Article of Faith, that there exist hosts of angelic creatures, good and evil, there is no violence done

to the human mind when it is asked to believe that such beings are able to accomplish things and perform acts which to us, with our limited powers, are prodigies or miracles."

"The Sixth Sense" forms an interesting chapter in which the Dean shows from actual data that "Since there can be no doubt that in animals certain organs have been atrophied through disuse, there may be in animals and men latent spiritual, psychic or atavistic powers which have through disuse or under altered conditions of life, almost disappeared." The subject of the Sixth Sense is so mysterious and obscure that the author draws no absolute conclusion, but intimates that the nearest faculty is intuition, "which is that which presents itself spontaneously to the mind without the assistance of reasoning or reflection." He then goes on to give an account of an incident which occurred to one of his friends while travelling in Honduras, and related to him by the person (M. Dupotet) one evening in Mexico. "My daughter," he said, "occupied at the fundá (hotel) a room which opened into mine. After midnight I awoke suddenly, felt a touch on my shoulder and heard the words, 'Mon père viens, viens vite,'—'Father come, come quickly.' Thinking my child called me, I lighted my lamp and entered her room. She was sleeping soundly, but to my horror, crawling on the sheet that covered her was a hideous white scorpion, the most deadly of its kind in Central America. Quickly lifting a rug from the floor, I fell upon it and smothered it. Unless the voice I heard was the voice of her guardian angel, I can in no way explain the mystery."

One of the most extraordinary phenomena dealt with by the author in a special chapter, is entitled the "Wonders of Bilocation." Bilocation is defined as the act whereby "The same person at the same instant of time appears in two places, no matter how near or how remote." He appeals to the eminent historians, Dr. Shea and Dom Gueranger, to substantiate the marvelous account of Maria d'Agreda, a Spanish Nun. "During the waning years of her conventual life, she offered

to God her prayers, mortifications and sufferings for the conversion of the American Tribes. She became an "Ecstatica," and while under miraculous influence, experienced sensations like unto one carried on an aerial journey to unknown and distant regions, where she was commissioned to preach." She succeeded during these journeys in winning to Christianity all the tribe, and sent messengers to the Franciscans to come and baptize these pagans. Father Alonzo de Benavides accompanied the messengers and found the tribe well instructed in the doctrines of Christianity. The priest was anxious to trace the identity of the nun whom they described as their teacher, and a few years later he discovered her in Seville, where with permission of her Superioress, he questioned her. "She frankly confessed that she was unable to explain the process—"el modo"—by which her spirit appeared and was able to exert influence at so great a distance." To his astonishment he found her as well acquainted as himself with the topography of the country, the landmarks of the locality she claimed to have visited as also with minute particulars of the dress and habits of the tribes. She concluded her statement as follows "That which appears to be more certain as regards the manner by which these occurrences took place is that an angel from heaven appeared among these people under my figure, preached to and instructed them, and that I saw here, while in the ecstatic state, all that there happened in the country so far away."

"Bicorporiety" and "Dual Personality," although treated in different chapters, have an intimate affinity or relationship to one another. The examples selected by the learned author to prove his thesis are well developed and sufficiently authenticated—particularly that chosen from the life of St. Alphonsus Liguori and recognized by the Church—to dissipate any doubt that might linger in the mind of a sceptic or unbeliever.

The Dean concedes the phenomena of "Spiritism," but denies that there is evidence that the spirits which respond

to the questions asked are the souls of deceased persons. In a most emphatic way he shows that "Spiritism," contrary to the pretensions of its votaries, proves neither that the dead live again, nor that the soul survives the body. In spite of the claim put forward by Spiritists that they have opened and enlarged the latent and hitherto undeveloped faculties of man, the author is convinced "That they have added nothing to the sum of information already held by men familiar with the history of the human race." He also claims that all the phenomena of modern Spiritism were well known to the Chaldeans and Egyptians in the time of the Pharaohs. In concluding this chapter he tells us "Spiritism is a heresy with which the members of Christianity have nothing in common. The Church of God warns her children to have nothing to do with mediums, seances, planchette and ouija boards, or with Spiritism in any form, which often lead to insanity and to utter moral depravity. She has behind her the experience of two thousand years and, when she speaks, she speaks with authority and with a knowledge that covers the religious and social history of the human race.

In his Essays dealing with "Apparitions" and "Demoniacal Possession," the scholarly author bases his arguments not only on actual occurrences as recorded in the Gospels, the veracity of which is beyond dispute, but also on more modern events with which he shows himself intimately acquainted.

This is a very brief outline of the most interesting book published in recent years by the accomplished writer. He brings out so many secret and subtle things about the unseen around us and treats them in such an attractive way that we feel he is a master in this domain. The Dean handles the subject with amazing adroitness. He keeps it resolutely under control, discreetly fanning the various flames he has set aglow and watching them carefully to prevent the chance of any uncontrollable conflagration. The defects, if any, of these interesting essays may be left to the cooler critics of the next generation. Its sterling and urgent merits

have been of much more concern to us, and we feel that this volume entitles the writer to a place among those who have attained a high level of success through personal achievement.



St. Joseph's Lullaby

By S. M. LUCY, O.S.B.

Hush Thee! Hush Thee! Little Son,
God Eternal—Blessed One.
Ah! My Treasure! Child Divine,
Willing to be known as mine . . .
Hush Thee, Son, on Joseph's Breast—
Thou hast made it for Thy Rest.

When dim chaos heard Thy Word
All its slumbering pulses stirred;
Light sprang joyous from Thy Will;
Unborn Nature felt the thrill,
Waiting, waiting, Thy Decree
That it might begin to be.

Then on raptured winds did float
Ocean's first great organ-note;
Smiled the Earth at kiss of Sea,
And the Stars held jubilee . . .
Thou, Sweet Wisdom, ordered all,
And it answered to Thy Call
Till Thy world before Thee stood,
Young and fair and very good.
(Hush Thee! Hush Thee! Little Son),
Thou didst speak and it was done,
Now it hangs on Thy Behest—
Hush Thee, then, on Joseph's breast!
Hush Thee! This poor heart of mine
Cradles Thee, The Word Divine;

All its dimness, all its night
Flies before The Light of Light.
Dost Thou feel the fibres throb
As they beat against their God,
Waiting for His Royal Will
As the hart to drink its fill?
Glories of the earth and sky,
Sweetness, Radiance, Melody,—
All that men can hear or see—
Fade away at sight of Thee,
Loveliness beyond compare
Treasure Rare as God is Rare!

Hush Thee! Hush Thee, Little One;
God's Anointed—Mary's Son—
Bend, ye, Heavens, this Sight to view,
Child and Mother—Joseph's Two! . . .
Hush Thee! Hush Thee, Son, to sleep—
God doth now new Sabbath keep!

Procrastination

BY ALEXANDER MACPHERSON KENNEDY.

Around the corner I have a friend, in this great city that has no end. Yet days go by, and weeks rush on; and before I know it, a year has gone. And I never see my old friend's face, for Life is a swift and exacting race. He knows I like him just as well as in the days when I rang his bell, and he rang mine. We were younger then. And now we are busy, tired men—tired with playing a foolish game; tired with trying to make a name. "To-morrow I will call on Jim, just to show that I'm thinking of him." But to-morrow comes, and to-morrow goes—and the distance between us grows and grows. Around the corner, yet miles away—"Here's a message, sir," . . . "Jim died to-day." That's what we get and deserve in the end—around the corner a vanished friend.

Mixed Marriages

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND G. GRAHAM, D.D., AUXILIARY BISHOP OF ST. ANDREW'S AND EDINBURGH.

FIRST of all, let us see what is a Mixed Marriage. Broadly speaking, it is a marriage between a Catholic and a non-Catholic. Canonically, of course, a distinction is made, and a very important distinction, according as the non-Catholic is baptized in his own sect, or is not baptized at all—i.e., is a non-Christian; but for our present purpose we may say a Mixed Marriage takes place when a Catholic marries a non-Catholic, whatever the latter's religious condition may be. It is not a Mixed Marriage, of course, if the Protestant party becomes Catholic before marriage; it is then a real Catholic marriage, for both parties are Catholics. Neither is it a Mixed Marriage if it is not before a priest and two witnesses, for then it is not a marriage at all.

Now these Mixed Marriages the Catholic Church has, from the very beginning, always and everywhere, condemned, abhorred, and reprobated as contrary to the Divine and natural law, and she has striven by every possible means to deter the faithful from them. How could she, the Divinely instituted Teacher of God's Truth, do otherwise when Almighty God Himself condemns and forbids them? (Deut. vii.). St. Paul, speaking by the Holy Ghost, has for all time expressed the attitude of the Church (II. Cor. vi. 14-15): "Bear not the yoke with unbelievers. For what participation hath justice with injustice? or what fellowship hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath the faithful with the unbeliever?" And so from that day to this, Pope after Pope, Doctors and Fathers of the Church, Councils, Roman Congregations, Bishops, Priests, and Missionaries have never ceased, century after century, to denounce and oppose these unblest unions as mischievous and danger-

ous, to be detested and shunned by all the faithful who value their souls and the souls of their children.

Some of the Sovereign Pontiffs, for example Clement XI., Benedict XIV., and Pius VIII., in their Decrees and Encyclicals, can hardly find words strong enough in which to condemn the evil thing and to urge Bishops and priests to prevent it. Our own Catechism states the Catholic teaching in a single sentence (Q. 310): "The Church has always forbidden Mixed Marriages, and considered them unlawful and pernicious." So let every Catholic have these words thoroughly engrained in his memory and his understanding, and hold them as the fixed and unchangeable judgment of the Church on the subject, and let him never forget them or allow them to grow dim or faint, no matter how many Mixed Marriages he may come across; they are forbidden by the Church and considered unlawful and pernicious. And, if the Popes, to whom alone it belongs to dispense in the general law of the Church concerning marriages, sometimes grant dispensations, they make it very plain that it is not because they approve these deplorable unions, but simply that they tolerate them to avoid greater evils: for example, to prevent the parties going off to a minister or registrar and then living in concubinage. And even when granting, for grave reasons, permission to the priest to assist at such marriages, the Popes impose the most rigid conditions and demand solemn promises from both parties to safeguard the faith of the Catholic and of the children that may be born.

The lately published Canon Law, now binding everywhere, enforces in various canons the age-long teaching and discipline of Holy Mother Church on this matter. To begin with, she most severely prohibits marriages between two persons of whom one is a Catholic and the other belongs to a heretical or schismatical sect, or is not baptized at all, and if there is danger of perversion to the Catholic party or offspring, the union is forbidden also by the Divine law (1060, 1071). Bishops and clergy are told to frighten away (absterreant) to the

utmost of their power the faithful from marriages with non-Catholics, and also with those who have given up the Faith or joined condemned societies, and the priest dare not assist at the marriage of either of the two last-named without special permission of the Bishop (1064, 1065). Banns of Mixed Marriages are forbidden to be published without the Bishop's leave (1026); and permission to the priest to celebrate the marriage will only be granted for just and grave reasons, and on condition that an undertaking is given in writing securing the Catholic party from danger of perversion and guaranteeing that all the children shall be baptized and educated in the Catholic religion; the Catholic party meanwhile being bound by the obligation of striving by prudent means for the conversion of the other (1061, 1062). All this is meant to emphasize the Church's abhorrence of these unions, and even at the marriage ceremony itself — before or after which, of course, the parties dare not go through any other marriage service (1063)—our holy Mother still continues to show her disapproval and disgust. Strictly speaking, she prescribes such marriages to take place outside the Church altogether as unbecoming the sacred place, though here again the Bishop may dispense (1109); but even so, she cuts down the Sacred Rites to the bare necessities, forbids altogether a Nuptial Mass, denies to the misguided couple the Marriage Blessing (1102), and in short, does all she can to make them realise that she is standing gloomily aloof, her eyes turned away as if she would not look at them; her arms folded instead of raised in benediction; not blessing nor favouring the marriage, but frowning on it; tolerating it and no more; putting as many difficulties as possible in the way of it; only grieving in her Motherly heart that any of her children should be so perverse as to wring out of her, as it were, with tears, permission for a thing that she detests.

Some people seem to imagine that, provided a dispensation has been obtained, a Mixed Marriage is irreproachable from

the Catholic standpoint, and as laudable as a real Catholic marriage. That this is a grave misconception will be evident from what has now been said. The Church, I repeat, tolerates that the priest should marry a Catholic to a Protestant only to prevent worse things happening; it is a case of two evils, and she chooses the lesser. A wayward son may beg and harass and importune his mother to allow him to do a certain thing; it may be a foolish thing, a rash thing, a thing certain to bring him trouble, yet if she refuse, she knows the lad will take the law into his own hands and do something worse, and so she makes the best of a bad job and resigns herself to adopt the course of least disaster. So acts our holy Mother the Church. But please bear in mind that, dispensation or no dispensation, if in the choice of a partner you expose your own faith or that of your offspring, to serious injury or danger of loss, you are guilty of sin. "Catholics should clearly understand," it has well been said, "that such dispensation, while it exonerates them from disobedience to the prohibition of the Church regarding Mixed Marriages, can never excuse them from a sin against the natural law if they know in their hearts that, by contracting marriage with particular non-Catholics, they individually are running serious risks to their own faith or to the faith of the children whom God may grant them. For the Church has no power to exempt us from the Divine or from the natural law."

It is always the same story—to avoid worse evils. But, my dear Catholic people, what awful words to use about a wedding—to avoid worse evils! Could anything be sadder? Think of it, you who are tempted with fair and flattering offers of Protestant partners. I can understand those fallen-away Catholics, who never or seldom go to Mass or Confession, and live drunken or sinful lives, and never hear sermons or instructions, and have forgotten all they learned at a Catholic school, if they were ever at one—that such persons should lapse into a Mixed Marriage I can easily understand; indeed it is what one might expect, for they are no longer

practical Catholics, and have ceased to regulate their life by Catholic ideals and principles, and only follow the impulse of their wild passions. They care not two straws for the Church's blessing, and will not even ask the priest to marry them by dispensation, but will go off to a minister or a registry office and then live together in concubinage, for such their union is in the sight of God and of the Catholic Church. But of you who practise the Faith and love your religion, I expect something better. I expect you to view these unions as the Church views them; to have a holy hatred and horror of them, and never to think yourselves wiser than the Catholic Church whose experience of nineteen centuries has but confirmed the wisdom of her judgment that they are unlawful and pernicious; and be sure that those who flout her warnings and prohibitions will certainly come to grief.

II.

Now, why does the Church so unsparingly condemn these marriages? Because of the evils that flow from them. But people will never properly appreciate these evils unless they remember what Marriage is. It is not a mere civil contract, a mutual agreement, a private bargain entered into for a time to see how the parties get on; a kind of experimental cohabitation, as some seem to regard it, which may be broken up if things turn out badly. Marriage is a holy, sacred thing; it is a Sacrament, even "a great Sacrament," as St. Paul calls it, as much a Sacrament as Baptism or Penance or the Holy Eucharist; a Sacrament which "sanctifies the contract of a Christian marriage and gives a special grace to those who receive it worthily." Is it not an unseemly and disorderly treatment of the Sacrament to attempt to share it with one who is outside the Church? In marriage, let it be remembered, although the priest must assist at it, it is not the priest, but the contracting parties themselves, who are the ministers of the Sacrament, for the reception of which they should have purified their souls in the Sacrament of Penance

and partaken together of the Body of Christ. But how can a non-Catholic or an unbeliever properly prepare himself to participate with the Catholic in the "Communion of the grace of Christ and in the Benediction of the Church?"

More than that, the Sacrament of Marriage has this distinctive excellence, that it typifies and represents the union between Christ and His Church (Ephes. v. 25-32). That intimate, lifelong, and indissoluble union of man and woman, by which they become "two in one flesh," actually reflects and signifies the mystical, sublime union of God made Man and His Immaculate Bride the Church; so that true Catholic nuptials show forth a profound and beautiful mystery. But how, we may well ask, can a Mixed Marriage express this Heavenly union? What a contrast! How can the marriage of two persons, one belonging to the true Religion, the other to a false, be a symbol of the essential harmony and Divine union between Christ and His Church? In a Mixed Marriage, as has been said, "the non-Catholic appears in a Church in which he does not believe, and unites in a solemn rite in whose Sacramental virtue he has no faith, and marries one in whose religion he has no interest." Perhaps, let us add, he approaches in mortal sin; most probably, he believes in Divorce; certainly, he is a stranger to the Catholic ideal of matrimony and the sanctity of the marriage bond. Where, then, is the unity of thought, of feeling, of faith, the sympathy of heart and soul, the perfect concord and happiness that mark the mystic union of the Second Person of the Ever-Blessed Trinity and His Spotless Spouse? In the very hour of marriage, as St. Augustine says, "bodies are united and Christ is divided."

Then, again, what special grace is this Sacrament intended to bestow? The grace to enable the couple "to bear the difficulties of their state, to love and be faithful to one another, and to bring up their children in the fear of God"; in other words, to fulfil worthily the duties of their state of life, and so assist each other towards their eternal salvation.

But how can a Protestant help a Catholic on the way to salvation? What assistance can he give his Catholic wife in her religious duties? The house is divided against itself. They cannot kneel down and pray together, or attend the same church, or approach the same altar. They are not united in the deepest and most important things of life; they neither think, nor feel, nor speak, nor believe alike. They live together, but their souls are far apart. If they are conscientious, they must each believe the other's religion to be false. They would, if Catholics, help each other in arranging for Mass and Confession and Holy Communion, and the various Devotions in the Church, and a score of other practices of Faith; but in the case I am supposing, instead of help there is hindrance, if not active conflict. In times of affliction and trial they should find in the one Religion their common consolation and support; but instead, there is sullen silence; there is no sympathy; they are not of one soul and one mind; heart cannot speak to heart, for they are separated. "There can be no unity of love where there is no unity of faith," to quote the well-known saying of St. Ambrose. Then come dissensions and quarrels over Religion, especially when there is drink in the house, and the hatred of Catholicity, which is always there, vents itself in vile abuse of the Catholic Church, its priests and its practices, and very possibly also in the violent smashing-up of Catholic emblems in the house. What effect has all this on the Catholic party, the wife, I am supposing? Can she keep up the fight for long? The chances are she will not fight for the Faith at all. The fact of her choosing a Protestant husband was in itself a sign of slackness and of weakness; she is not the stuff that fighters are made of. Even though he were, she gets sick to death of trying to practise the Faith under such circumstances, and finds it much easier to live like a Protestant; she "wants no trouble in the house," and so she will do as her husband does, and "goes nowhere," and thus she gets peace. God and His Religion are banished from the home and the devil

reigns instead, and she calls it "peace." But what of her soul's salvation, living in what she knows, all the time, is mortal sin?

Then think of the children, those dear little souls whom Jesus loves and has regenerated and made Catholics in the Sacrament of Baptism? "What dost thou ask of the Church of God?" "Faith." "What doth faith bring thee to?" "Life everlasting." Such was the colloquy between sponsor and priest at the font. But what is their chance of faith and of life everlasting? Ah! here is the saddest thing of all. The man has promised, otherwise the priest would not have married him, to have all the children reared Catholics; some men in such a situation will promise anything you like. If he does not keep it, and the children are sent to a Protestant school, then of course the Faith is gone. Or, if the Catholic mother dies, then equally the Faith is gone. But granting that the marriage promises are kept, what must the children think as they grow up and know their father is not a Catholic? The more they love him, and the better a father and husband he is, so much greater is the danger. His influence and example tell heavily against their Catholic upbringing—no Mass, no Confession, no prayers, no Friday abstinence for him. The house is always full of Protestants, and the priest when he visits cannot speak freely. The children, especially the boys, wonder whether they should follow father or mother. They look kindly on their father's religion, if he has any, and it is easier in every way, for this world. As they grow up, a coldness, carelessness, indifference, begins to show itself in their Catholicity; you can notice it at once from their bearing towards the priest. They drop away from Mass and duties, and associate with Protestant companions, and almost to a certainty some of them will end by marrying Protestants, as their mother did. I have seldom known it fail. In this way hundreds and thousands are lost to the Church; Scotland is full of them.

(To be continued.)

“Quand Hint Sur Terre”

(A free rendering of an old French Hymn.)

BY EDITH R. WILSON, M.A.

When Gabriel, from heaven sent,
Before our Blessed Lady bent,
He said, “All hail, all hail to thee,
Hail full of grace, all hail Marie!”

With the Archangel, let us say
Those words of praise to her to-day:
“All hail, Madonna-Queen to thee,
Hail full of grace, all hail Marie!”

Thou art God’s Dove: the only one
Of Him Who chose thee for His sonne,
The lily on whose chalice bright
The brooding Spirit erst did light;
O Sweetest Lily, hail to thee,
Hail full of grace, all hail Marie!

Thou art that Star, so bright and fair,
Which Christ, the Light of all men, bare:
Across earth’s waste of waters wild,
Behold the Mother and the Child!
O Stella Maris, hail to thee,
Hail full of grace, all hail Marie!

Thou art the throne of His dear rest,
Who held thy God upon thy breast;
The pillow where He laid His head
And there, amidst the lilies, fed;
O Throne of Ivory, hail to thee,
Hail full of grace, all hail Marie!

O radiant Gate, of rare device,
Which framed the Pearl of this world's price;
O mystic Rose, whose petals red
Glowed with the Blood by Jesus shed;
All hail, all hail, O Rose-Marie,
Hail full of grace, all hail to thee!

O Dove, O Star, O Spotless one!
Lay in mine arms thy little Sonne;
So earth shall pass and heaven beginne,
When He shall free me from my sinne;
All hail, all hail, all hail Marie,
Hail full of grace, Oh pray for me!



Self and Self-Sacrifice

BY JOHN AYS COUGH.

IT is no grand discovery—that war, whose ruin and pain all can perceive, may be a medicine of Omnipotence for surfeited peoples grown wanton in prosperity. That has always been known, and it is a thing we may need to remember, but are not now to learn unless, indeed, we can be said to learn that which we have wilfully forgotten and are forced to call to mind.

Among the worst effects upon a person, or upon a people, that a long course of prosperity may produce, is that of selfishness, which is nothing else than an oblivion of the Two Great Commandments of the Law. The love of God above all things, and the love of our neighbour as ourself, are ousted by the portentous self-consideration, conquered by too great facilities for indulging it.

And security of ease in self-indulgence is apt to produce in a nation, which is only a many-headed (or many-stomached) form, what it tends to produce in an individual. So God, Who cares more for our good than for our goods, intervenes; and we are reminded of things.

His commandments are as Divine Sanctions of facts that we cannot ignore without ruining ourselves. In our petulance of youth, perhaps, we wish, in our unavowed secret hearts, that He had not made so many commandments; as if their number had been arbitrary and casual, and there might have been fewer had irresponsible Omnipotence so chosen. But presently we perceive that, if God had been silent, man would have had to make the commandments for himself. That is a discovery about the Ten Commandments.

The Two Great Commandments of the Law are more summary, and at first may strike us as less intimate, a sort of transcendental generalization towards which we admit a

nodding acquaintance, and pass on not unwillingly. And, if we do, we are ruined again. For they also are only a statement of impregnable facts. God matters to man more than man matters to himself; and no individual man can stand alone heedless of his fellowmen. God, in the beginning, said, "It is not good for man to be alone," because he cannot be; if he tries, he becomes a monster, not less horrible to angels because he may be removed from a savage by a whole civilization. To angelic loyalty, and to angelic intelligence, indeed, that which we call civilization may not appear peculiarly beautiful. There was only one perplexing rebellion in heaven; to the fallen angels loyalty is the only beauty, and terrestrial civilization has often been disloyal to Heaven's King and ours. To celestial intelligence mundane efforts to find happiness and freedom without God can only appear perverse stupidity, a pitiable attempt to make emptiness look full and rottenness smell sweet. Still, the attempt is made; each new civilization tries the experiment. God, it asserts, in more or less decorous phrase, civic or national, is not essential to it; and each individual man proceeds to feel "Neither is anyone else essential to me."

And, because God's facts are facts for all men and for all time, then come the barbarians and blow up the civilization that had two mines under it. Now, war, itself very often the direct consequence and ripe fruit of a monarch's or a nation's selfishness, serves often for the sharp and searching medicine against these two poisons of forgetfulness. While it rigorously reminds us of underthroned Omnipotence, and sends us piteously entreating to the steps of that throne; it also brings us back to the sense that isolation in ourselves will not do. A common sorrow, a common danger, and a common dread compel us to remember our need of others, and of their need of us; and we perceive that this need is greater and more real than our need of mere things; forced to recognize Death's august and dread presence in our midst, at our threshold, we no longer can think life less than the trappings of it.

And this awakening to a poignant mutual need, and interdependence, between us and our brothers, sets alight a generosity by whose warmth our self-absorption is kindled to self-sacrifice.

We may see that happening all over England to-day, and all over the great family of peoples that is called by the name of British Empire. But what happens closest to our own eyes is what we must most plainly notice.

Here, then, we witness a great and significant change in the attitude and demeanour of the people. It is more grave; and everywhere there is a marked disposition to share in the common work and the common self-denial. A noble example of this disposition of heart and mind is that given by them who enlisted for military or naval service during the great war. It was a thing that could not be done lightly; and it was done with the deliberate purpose of going to help, or to relieve, them who had borne the first terrific onslaught of the enemy; out of a high and noble determination that they should not be left unaided, that on them should fall the whole burden and the whole danger.

But a short while since and no young man became a soldier except to please himself; that is no longer the idea; immense numbers of those who in these past four years have taken service, whether as officer or as private soldier, did so against all and every inclination of mere taste and liking. They were young men who, had we enjoyed unbroken peace, would never have turned, by choice, to the profession of arms. They were, many of them, undergraduates of great Universities, whose imagined careers were to have been wholly different; numbers of others left posts of comfort and emolument, not too easy to have gained, which they were filling to their own satisfaction and that of their employers. Nothing is more striking than the way in which men, and mere lads too, of the highest and of the upper and lower middle-classes laid aside their own pleasures and profit, and that very largely out of the simple motive of not leaving

to comrades already in the field, comrades bound to it by previous engagement, the grim dangers and sufferings of a calling which they themselves had never meant to follow, which they never chose when it involved neither suffering nor danger. And what is true of the young men of those classes is true of the young men of a lower class who enlisted in large numbers. It was no fancy for a red coat that called them from their homes, from the fields whose ridges have been their horizon, from their factories and their workshops; there was no red coat. To them the soldier-life, untried and unknown, was strange and mostly uninviting. They also had much to sacrifice—everything that they knew and were used to; and they, too, had but one life apiece, and in leaving home and the friends they cared for, had to take it in their hands—whither they hardly knew, and whence there might be no return. And this heroic, plain thing they were brought to do, most of all lest they should seem to be leaving in the lurch men not yet their comrades; because they would not sit selfishly by a secure hearth while those others bore and were in danger.

There are a thousand arguments against a voluntary army; there may arise an absolute necessity to lay aside its principle to save the life of our nation; but in the meantime it has this singular and splendid quality, that every soldier offering himself to it at a juncture like the present is doing what I have tried to describe. And hundreds of thousands have done it, up and down our country.

Each man, I say, who so acts is the centre of a scheme of self-sacrifice that extends far beyond himself. In so abdicating himself and his own selfish likings he mounts, however silently and humbly, a throne from whose steps selfishness shrinks away out of sight, and to which innumerable acts and impulses of self-sacrifice crowd as courtiers. He infects—'tis an old pleasure of mine to insist how good and noble conduct and ideas are just as infectious as bad and mean ones—he infects a whole neighbourhood; and the mere

movements of natural affection set going springs of generosity and self-sacrifice; fathers, mothers, sisters, friends, who could not soldier, did what they could for the lad who had chosen that hard and noble part in the past conflict. We saw it in operation all over the Empire, in every class and condition of life, though it never may be known, here on earth, what has been done, is still being done, by the rich and by the poor and by those, perhaps, whose self-denial costs most of all, the poor who are forced by tyrannous but not ignoble convention to seem to belong rather to the rich than to the poor, who may not go ragged, who must uphold the slowly-dying tradition of a gentle name and gentle habits.

What, I wonder, have the presents of the past Christmases to our troops and to our ships cost all these? What pinchings at home? What laying aside of little pleasures and luxuries grown almost sacred by custom and association?

A Merry Christmas! Who dared use that beloved phrase—coming down to us from days when Merry meant in England a word that might be fitted to angelic Christmas in heaven—who, I say, dared use it these five Christmases past? Whatever motto was on the cards, the real one, unwritten, was self-sacrifice.



The Late Rev. John C. Purcell, C.S.B.

BY VERY REV. H. CARR, C.S.B.

ANY readers of the Lilies have known Father John J. Purcell, C.S.B., and will sympathize with the Community of St. Basil in the loss it has suffered by his death on November 14th last. No one who did not know him intimately can appreciate how great that loss is.

Father Purcell was born in County Kerry, Ireland, forty-two years ago. He came to Canada with his parents at a very early age, attended St. Basil's Separate School, and from thence to St. Michael's for his classical studies. After five years at the College, he went to the Grand Seminary at Montreal for Philosophy and Theology, spending five years there. All who knew him during those early years will testify that though thin, small and delicate, he always stood out prominently as one of the leading students of each of these institutions, and at the same time, was quite remarkable for that singular innocence, consuming faith, and saintly piety which never diminished.

In 1901 he entered St. Basil's Novitiate, and with the exception of one more year in Montreal, the rest of his life was spent in teaching in different colleges of the Community of St. Basil— St. Basil's College, Waco; St. Thomas' College, Houston; St. Michael's College, and during the last few years, in Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont., where his death occurred.

The advantages of boarding college life consist in the formative influences outside of the class-room, particularly in familiar relationship between students and teachers. It is certain that at St. Michael's, during the years Father Purcell spent here, no figure so struck the imagination of the students as did his.

His helplessness in practical matters, the weakness for cigars, and contempt of the pipe, the ceremonies, the wild outbursts of indignation usually feigned, never other than a summer thunderstorm that leaves a smiling, laughing landscape behind, the big-hearted generosity which kept him continually in trouble, the faithful, vehement loyalty that could see nothing except perfection in those he loved, the love for the college and his Order, his holy life, these will never die in the minds of those students who were privileged to spend some time with him on the Irish flat.

As for his work in the lecture room, it will suffice to say that he was selected as the most competent man in the Community, to be Superior of the Scholasticate, that is, to have charge of the young members of the Community during their theological studies.

In religious life, the tie that binds is supernatural. Try as he may, man can never eliminate the natural in him. Life in a religious community is not natural to human nature. It is only those who understand religious life who can appreciate the value of the social side of a man like Father Purcell, his unique wit, that peculiar trait which diffuses good nature and god humour in a company, usually at the author's expense, in short, those qualities that bring men, unconnected by natural ties, to live a happy life together as real brothers. In this, Father Purcell filled a place which will always be vacant.

Father Purcell was an educator, and as such, was performing duties for Church and State which few can ever know. Engaged in higher education, his best influence, all unconsciously, was in maintaining and elevating the intellectual spirit and outlook of his colleagues. One of the most important efforts of all universities and one of the most difficult to attain, is to promote an intellectual fellowship among the staff, whereby the members will come together, and by discussion, influence each other and themselves and stimulate ever to new effort in thought and inquiry. All education is

philosophy. Only in so far as a subject partakes of philosophy is it educational. What is usually very difficult or even impossible of attainment with all kinds of organization, came spontaneously wherever Father Purcell was. He was a philosopher. Times without number he has been a necessary cause to his little circle, of sweet hours of philosophic enjoyment which would be envied were it known the world over. I never knew a man who took such pleasure discussing abstract problems of metaphysics, I never knew a man who could talk Latin with such fluency. I think he understood scholastic philosophy better than any other man in America. We shall not soon see his like again.



Near

BY M. S. PINE.

After the day's sweet toil I sought my bed
Sweet thoughts still floating thro' my wakeful brain—
Sweet thoughts, but O far-reaching! O'er the main
Of time and space they stretched out hands to wed
The Infinite Thought, thro' vast creation led
 'Twixt pendent star-worlds in unending train
That awed my being 'neath His Power's great reign;
My soul shrank into silence as the dead.

When lo! within its depths a deeper sound;
 "Why seek Me far, beloved, when I am near?
I am within thee; know and love Me here
Where I, the Living One, in Three am found;
Stray not from thy sweet centre; live with Me,
For I, the Sun of Heaven, abide with thee."

The Springtime and the Dawn

BY REV. M. J. RYAN, D.D., PH.D.

After the night cometh the dawn, and after the winter cometh the spring, and after the storm cometh a calm.

THEY say that the young, when they are such as love to notice the appearances of nature, admire sunsets and twilights more than the dawn, and autumn more than spring. The poets, who usually are more poetic when they are young than when they have grown old, seem to have written more odes to evening than to morning, and more to autumn than to spring, or at least to have praised the evening before they thought of praising the dawn, and the autumn before the spring. Sappho's ode to the evening star is certainly more famous than any poem ever written about the dawn. Milton tells us that youthful poets love to dream

On summer eves by haunted stream.

It is said, too, that the old prefer the spring and the dawn, and likewise men say that the old enjoy comedy more, and the young enjoy tragedy.

Is all this really so, I wonder? Perhaps it is only because young folks would rather stay up late at night than get up early in the morning that they are said to feel the beauty of twilight more than that of the dawn.

Still I think that there is some truth in these reports that the young love autumn and twilight and tragedy, while the old prefer the spring and the dawn and comedy. We naturally desire that which we feel to be lacking in ourselves. The youthful have so much of life and growth within them—so much of the springtime and the dawn,—that they value less the spring and the dawn which is outside, for

'Tis not in blue and sunny skies,

'Tis in the heart the springtime lies.

The sunshine of the mind enables the young to do without the material and sensible sunshine. And so they like occasionally to indulge in an affected sadness, like Master Stephen, as little girls delight in being frightened by a mask; and thus tragedy affects them more than comedy.

But, however tastes may differ on these points, I for my part loved the dawn and the spring when I was young, and I, of course, have not loved them less now that I am no longer young. I grew up on the seashore, and was encouraged by my mother to rise in the summer mornings early enough to see the sun rising out of the waters; and at a later time I lived in the shelter of an eastern hill, and often before the sun was visible I watched the sky above the hill growing first pale and then red. When I was a student in Rome, our country house at Tivoli stood upon the western side of a hill, and many a morning I looked out upon that eastern sky when the morning star was still glittering in the deep and stainless blue of Italy; and I understood in watching the throbbing or pulsing, as it seemed, of the Italian stars how certain nations in that latitude, such as Palestine and Mesopotamia, had come, in pagan times, to regard the stars as the abodes of the gods, and gradually came to worship the stars themselves. From that hillside, too, many an evening I watched with others the sun sinking into the Mediterranean, whose waters we sometimes could desery; and sometimes, too, we saw the sun go down behind the great pile of St. Peter's, throwing back its beams to us through the windows of the dome which blazed like a fire. This, however, we saw not in the spring, but in the autumn.

When I was returning from Rome, I travelled all night upon a train which had not, like ours, cars for sleeping, in order that I might get into Milan at three o'clock in the morning, and climb up to the top of the spire of the Cathedral to see the dawn coming up in the East and the snow-clad peaks of the Western Alps in the morning light. It was an outside stair, much like a fire-escape,

only more beautiful, winding around the spire, and I should not now care to climb up by it; and I should like still less the coming down by it. But it was well worth anyone's while to put himself out a little in order to see the everlasting snows of Monte Rosa and other peaks in the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc, turning from white to rose color, and from that to bright gold, in the morning light, while the plain and the valleys below were still in darkness. This was in the spring of the year, for I had reasons for not waiting like others for the summer.

The spring in our North and Western world is not like what it is in sunny Italy.

For the spring comes slowly up this way. You should see April or May-day upon the shores of Lake Como, loveliest of all lakes in all the world, where Cadenabbia is nature's cosy corner, from which you can watch the far-off gleam of the water-falls, now that the snows are melting, in the mountain-passes that lead into Switzerland.

This path, how soft to pace!

This May, what magic weather!

Browning in Florence exclaimed,

Oh to be in England now that April's there!

For it is the way with many people, and especially with poets, to be discontented with what lies around them and to idealize the distant. But if he had been in England in April, he probably would have wished himself in Italy.

Spring is lovely not merely by contrast with the winter that is over and gone, but also with the summer; for to us the spring has what Wordsworth calls the beauty of promise,

That which sets

The budding rose above the rose full-grown.

This is a state of relative and comparative feeling which Wordsworth thinks governed the taste of our first parents

even amid the bowers of Eden. But in that I do not at all agree with him. In that happy state, I believe that the human race, free from our changeability and fever of discontent, would have enjoyed the beauty of the full-grown rose equally with that of the rose not yet unfolded. But we differ from them in that we enjoy the spring and the dawn, and especially the dawn of a spring day, more than the summer. I have heard friends who stayed in the Val d'Anzasca, in Switzerland, though I did not stay there myself, tell how they rose in the dark to look up at the summit of the Matterhorn and see the dawn coming forth, as it seemed, out of the ice-caves and stealing down the mountain-side; as I have heard others who stayed at Chillon, on the lake of Geneva, tell how, in the evening they watched the snowy heights above Meillerie turning to rose color in the rays of the sun, which was then behind the western hills.

Tennyson was staying in the Val d'Anzasca near Monte Rosa when, after listening at night to the rushing of the stream over its rocky bed and watching the peak brightening in the dawn, he composed—or rather one should say, created that mystical nature-poem, the *Voice and the Peak*:

The peak is high and is flushed
 At its highest with sun-rise fire;
 The peak is high, and the stars are high,
 And the thought of a man is higher.

.

All night have I heard the voice
 Rave over the rocky bar,
 But thou wert silent in the heaven,
 Above thee glided the star.
 Hast thou no voice, O peak,
 That standest high above all?
 "I am the voice of the peak,
 I roar and rave, for I fall.

A thousand voices go to North, South, East and West,
 They leave the heights and are troubled
 And moan, and sink to their rest.
 The fields are fair beside them,
 The chestnut towers in its bloom,
 But they—they feel the desire of the deep,
 Fall, and follow their doom.
 The deep has power on the height,
 And the height has power on the deep,
 They are raised forever and ever
 And sink again into sleep.”
 Not raised forever and ever,
 But when their cycle is o’er
 The valley, the voice, the peak, the star
 Pass, and are found no more.

.

A deep below the deep,
 And a height beyond the height,
 Our hearing is not hearing
 And our seeing is not sight.
 The voice, and the Peak
 Far into heaven withdrawn,
 The lone glow and the long roar
 Green-rushing from the rosy thrones of dawn.

Tennyson himself here is a voice, and one of the voices of the age. If poetic genius be measurable by the quality rather than the quantity of the work, then we must say that Tennyson’s genius at its best, as it is here, has not been surpassed by Goethe or by any other lyric and reflective poet in the history of the world. The genius of Shakespeare could not have written this poem without living in this age; for in it the age as much as the man utters its voice.

Tennyson has set forth the sentiment of the spring for us as well as that of the dawn:

Dip down upon our northern shore
O sweet new year, delaying long
.

O thou new year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood
That longs to burst a frozen bud
And flood a fresher throat with song.
.

Now fades the last long streak of snow
Now burgeons every maze of quick,
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow;
.

and in my breast
Spring wakens too, and my regret
Becomes an April violet
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

Is it then regret for buried time
That keenlier in sweet April wakes
And meets the year, and gives and takes
The colors of the crescent prime?

Not all; the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust
Cry through the sense to hearten trust
In Him Who made the world so fair.

The charm which the spring and the dawn possess for every heart is best illustrated, I think, by the old notion that this earth was formed for our habitation in the spring time and the dawn, "when the morning stars sang together,"—a notion natural enough to imaginative minds, unused to reflect upon the fact that spring and dawn are relative terms, since the sun rises

in one place to set in another, by the revolution of the globe, and another motion of the earth brings the heat to the northern hemisphere when taking it away from the southern.

The spring time and the dawn have always been emblems of hope, and have been associated with our dreams of a good time coming. The growing light of the morning, the breeze which runs ahead of the sun, and dies away around us as it arises further on, the fresh, cool air, the dew upon the grass, all breathe of health and joy and high spirits. A soldier of the French revolution said in later times of the spirit of those days, "We always seemed to be marching into the dawn." I am no admirer of the French revolution; I neither believe that its wars upon Europe were just, nor that its results on the whole have been beneficial to France. But I can easily understand that there were down-trodden classes to whom, in their poverty and short-sightedness, it seemed that a long night of darkness had rolled away forever, to be succeeded only by a lasting light. This is not wonderful; for an English poet then an enthusiastic admirer of the revolution, but afterwards sobered by experience, has told us that

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But for the young, 'twas very heaven.

Tom Moore, too, has told us in one of the noblest of his Melodies how joyous was the spirit at first of those who admired

The light we saw breaking

Like heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead.
And how saddening it was to see the world shocked out of its confidence in freedom and democracy.

We have seen in our own experience how some men rejoiced at first in the Russian revolution, and how they have had to change their opinion.

The spirit of hope, which springs eternal in the human heart, and which sometimes longs for peace, as at others it

throbs for freedom, is described by another English poet who tells us how the hope of peace at another era

Rose with the sundawn of a reign
Whose grace should make the rough ways plain
And fill the worn old world with spring
And heal its heart of pain.

Peace was to be on earth; men's hope
Was holier than their fathers had;
Their wisdom not more wise than glad;
They saw the gates of promise ope,
And heard what love's lips bade.

Love, armed with knowledge, winged and wise,
Should hush the wind of war, and see
(They said) the sun of days to be
Bring round beneath serener skies
A stormless jubilee.

.

War upon war, change after change
Hath shaken thrones and towers to dust,
And hopes austere, and faiths august
Have watched in patience stern and strange
Men's works unjust and just.

As from some Alpine watchtower's portal
Night, living yet looks forth for dawn,
So from Time's mistier mountain-lawn
The spirit of man, in trust immortal,
Yearns towards a hope withdrawn.

The morning comes not, but the night
Wanes, and men's eyes win strength to see
Where twilight is, where light shall be
When conquered wrong, with conquering right,
Acclaims a world set free.

Tennyson, with Monte Rosa in his mind, describes the hope that persists through all struggle and failure, in this favorite image of the sunlit summit:

Hope was ever on her mountains, watching till the day begun
Crowned with sunlight—over darkness—from the still unrisen
sun.

The hope of the dawn has sustained many a true statesman or philanthropist under a defeat. Thus Gladstone, when the Reform Bill of 1866 was defeated, proclaimed to the House of Commons that it would yet pass, "so surely as the hands of yonder clock are sweeping onward to the dawn." And Pitt in his great speech against the slave trade, after the long debate when the first beams of morning entered the windows of the House, spoke by an apt quotation, of lands where the Bill would relieve human misery:

Nos ubi primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,*
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.

During the great war now ended, we marched long under starless skies, or with no star but the star of duty, but we were always sustained by the hope that we were marching into the dawn of a day of ampler justice, which, as Plato says, is fairer than the morning or the evening star.

The spring time, too, has always been an image of hope, or of things hoped for. O Wind, says Shelley in the autumn,

O Wind,

When winter comes, can spring be far behind?

As we cheer ourselves by saying that the darkest hour is that before the beginning of the dawn. A German poet says, no matter how long the winter may last, the spring must come. And a poet of our own, in the North-west, thus depicts our own history:

* A poetic conception of the breeze which runs before the sun.

We toiled for years in the snow and the night,
Because we believed in the spring.

And we now again, after the life-and-death struggle of four
years, look forward with hope.

Even now we hear, with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with life.

And our will is as resolute, our heart as stout; our judgment
(let us trust) with God's blessing as sound, and our hopes even
higher than ever before.

The light upon the mountain-tops has also appeared always
as a symbol of truth and knowledge and wisdom.

The highest-mounted mind (he said)
Still sees the sacred morning spread
The silent summit overhead.

(To) make the morn from its cold crown.
And crystal silence creeping down
Flood with full daylight glebe and town.

Thus another poet addresses the worldlings:

Once like us you took your station
Watchers for a purer fire
But you drooped in expectation
And you wearied in desire;
When the first rose-flush was steeping
All the frore peak's awful crown,
Shepherds say they found you sleeping
In some windless valley farther down.

But the poets, too, were seduced by the new sirens:

From the watchers on the mountains
And the bright and morning star,
From the dragon-wardered fountains
Where the springs of knowledge are,
We are exiles, we are falling,

We have lost them at your call,
 O ye false ones, at your calling
 Seeking ceiled chambers and a palace hall.
 But a deliverance is prophesied for the poets:
 Long we wandered with you, feeding
 Our rapt souls with your replies.

.

But we turn; our eyes are flitting;
 See the white east, and the morning rays.

Let us hope that the predicted repentance of the poets may come strongly to pass and that they may turn to watch for the dawning light.

The exile of Erin, returning to visit his native land, sees from the Atlantic the light breaking over the hills

(My Soul to God! but there it is—
 The dawn upon the hills of Ireland!)

And he thinks of that old king before the coming of Patrick or Palladius, who directed that his body should be buried with his face toward the rising sun, for he expected the light of truth to come from the East. And the light did come soon, and still after fifteen centuries is shining, as star or sun never shone, upon the hills and valleys of Ireland, and its rays stream abroad into the world.

The Scripture tells us of a spiritual season when "the winter is past, and the rain-storms are over, and the flowers are appearing in our land, and the voice of the birds is heard." And it also tells us that the way of the righteous is as the dawning light which goeth forward and broadeneth out unto perfect day, but the way of the wicked is darkling, and they see not at what they stumble. The Old Testament describes the Saviour sometimes as the Morning Star (as when Balaam was inspired to predict that a star should arise out of Jacob*)

* This, of course, applied immediately to David, and typically to Christ.

and sometimes as the Sun of justice with healing in his rays (Mal. iv., 2); and the Canticle of Zachary (who belonged to the Old Testament, though recorded in the New) told us how by the mercy of God the Dayspring from on high should visit us to shine upon those that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, and to direct their feet in the ways of peace.†

And still the dawn reminds us every day that there is One coming who shall make all things new.

Under the Old Law there was a steady increase of divine light. Jewish religion, Greek moral and metaphysical philosophy, and Roman law were a preparatio Evangelica—a preparation for the Gospel. And in the New Law there is a constant development of doctrine, of devotions, and of institutions. But while the Church thus develops light and truth for us, we do not in the joy of the new, forget the old; we still hear voices out of the early dawn; our lips still move to the old prayers of Jeremiah, of David, and of Moses; we still read the aspirations of Jacob, of Isaac, and of Abraham, who received not the promises, but only saw them afar off dawning above the hilltops of time. St. Paul employs the same image of the dawn: "The night is far gone; the day is at hand; it is now the hour to rise from sleep; let us, therefore, put off the works of darkness and put on the armour of light."

Assuming that there is a law of progress of knowledge and mechanical inventions and political justice in the world, may we assume also that there is a permanent tendency in the world to grow morally and spiritually better? But this is too serious a question and too large for the end of an essay; and some reflective minds might think it better suited for autumn, or even for winter than for the springtime. Suffice it here to say that the Christian revelation holds out no such assurance. The Christian religion calls us to fix our hopes for the dawn of more than mortal life upon a future that is not of this world.

† The perfect tense "hath visited" in this Canticle is probably the "prophetic perfect" which signifies the certainty of the future event.

There is a parallel of latitude in which for a part of the year the night is so short that there is no real dark, because the twilight of the dawn begins before the twilight after sunset has ended;

The lights of sunset and of sunrise mix
In that brief night.

It is an image which Tennyson is fond of using as a similitude of spiritual things:

And East and West without a breath
Mixed their dim lights like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day.

The Church by her teaching and her Last Sacraments and other ministrations, points out to us:

On the low dark verge of life (i.e. this life)
The twilight of eternal day.



I n s p i r a t i o n

A thought from God's great heart of love,
Fell to this world of wrong,
A poet made the thought his own
And breathed it forth in song.

—Edward B. Kenna.





Navigators of the Blue

BY JOHN M. COPELAND.

In "The Trail of the Swinging Lanterns"
 Decoration by Alberta L. Tory.

Aloft in the frigid lanes the soar,
 High over dormant farm and city's
 roar;
 Their tireless pinions wrestle with the
 breeze
 That wails athwart the solemn, leafless
 trees.

Above the brook asleep 'neath crys-
 tal shrouds,
 And o'er white winter's mantle from
 the clouds,
 Swift pigeons wheel and spiral
 t'wards the sun,
 Exultant in new triumphs daily won.

Atoms these—of pulsating life on
 wing,
 Each flouts the sordid earth and
 ether's sting;
 Unconsciously they realize a Plan
 Which mortals match with faulty
 ships of Man.

A Catholic Woman in Science

Agnes M. Clerke.

IN the quaint little town of Skibbereen, on the River Ilen, in the extreme Southwest of green Erin, the subject of our present sketch was born. To English ears, the little town in its picturesque setting of "rocks and rills," is chiefly associated with the awful ravages of the Great Irish Famine, from which it suffered to a fearful extent. Those terrible years of '45, '46 and the "black '47," when gaunt forms of hollow-eyed men tottered through the streets, or dropped dead on their way to a "relief camp," must have formed the earliest within her childish memory, for she was scarcely five when the distress reached its height; days when the little meat obtainable by the "gentry" was always boiled, that it might furnish soup, to be shared with the starving poor, and when all meals were taken behind closed doors and windows. Happily, little Agnes was too young to realize the full horror of the times, yet their tale must often have been told her, while their sad effects lasted far on into her girlhood's days; visible in the miserable poverty of the villagers and their reduced numbers, decimated by death and emigration. Such memories and surroundings could scarcely fail to deepen the natural thoughtfulness of her mind, and turn it early to serious subjects.

Always delicate, Agnes and her sister were left to pursue their studies at home, much in accordance with the promptings of their own taste. That these studies in no way suffered from such freedom, is evident from after results, and from Miss Clerke's own testimony. At the age of eleven, as she herself writes, later, she had mastered the contents of Sir John Herschell's "Outlines of Astronomy," and her vocation was decided. Unknown to others, her aspirations were taking definite form, and the outlines of her "epoch making" work,

the "History of Astronomy in the Nineteenth Century," were rising dimly before her girlish mind. It is said that at fifteen she had already written a few chapters. Her intention, at least, was clearly formed before leaving Skibbereen, which she did leave soon after.

We must now follow Miss Clerke and her family to Queens-town and Dublin, where several successive years were spent. The two sisters occupied themselves chiefly with their music and language study. Music, indeed, to Miss Clerke, ever remained the passion of her heart, the interpreting power of her inner life, as well as the recreation of her lighter hours. No scientific work in later years, dulled this love, for one of the most remarkable of Miss Clerke's many endowments was the ability to combine subjects most diverse. No one can read her scientific books without realizing not only the "scholarly grasp of her investigations," her "wide outlook on the universe as a whole," but also her broad reading in general literature, the reverent spirit of a deep faith, together with the tender charm of a mind keenly alive to all suggestions of beauty, whether in the intellectual or moral world. In a word, a comprehensiveness of character and style, sometimes lacking in technical writers.

But to retrace our steps: In 1867, the two sisters journeyed with their parents to Italy, where the next ten years were spent, now in Rome, now at Florence, and again at the Bagni di Lucca, for the most part, working hard at their music, or reading in the great public libraries, always, on Agnes' part with one definite object before her. This labor was to bear fruit later, when, in 1877, the family made their home definitely in London.

Humbly and unobtrusively, Miss Clerke's literary life began with an article on "Copernicus in Italy," proffered to the Edinburgh Review. This was followed by one on '79 on the "Chemistry of the Stars." From this time on, she became a regular contributor to the Edinburgh Review, her articles, fifty-five in number, being all of the highest order.

Meanwhile, she was laboring steadily on the larger work, so early planned, which finally appeared in 1885. Once in print, it seems to have met with almost instant recognition, soon becoming a standard for college use and general reference. Now began what Miss Clerke terms her "Astronomical Life." Hitherto she had worked quite unknown to the scientific men into whose presence she was about to be ushered, and whose companionship and kindly interest were to prove to her a great and lasting inspiration. "She cultivated," writes her friend, Lady Huggins, "relations with a wide circle of astronomical workers, in person, or by correspondence. Her sympathies were so keen, her interest so warm, everyone liked to offer her all he could." The "History" now passed rapidly through several editions, and its goodly report opened to her a way to practical work.

In 1888 Miss Clerke received an invitation from Sir David Gill, then director of the English Observatory at the "Cape" to visit him. This was a golden opportunity! In the clear air of South Africa Sir David Gill was taking his wonderful measurements of "stellar parallax"; measurements which have furnished the astronomical world with a sounding line into space, and revealed the amazing distances of even the nearer stars.

Sir David was a keen observer of "stellar spectra" as well, and of this work Miss Clerke was to become an observer, and ere long, a participant. We are many of us, perhaps, familiar with the once famous saying of the sceptical French philosopher, Auguste Comte, who prophesied that, whatever other knowledge man might gain, he could never hope to know "of what the stars were made." Yet this is the very mystery which the spectra of the stars reveal. They tell us by their color, the secret of their composition. The French philosopher and sceptic was quite wrong in his dictum, as that wonderful little instrument, the spectroscope, was soon to show, and here we may note, in passing, that it has been largely due to the genius of devout Catholic Astronomers, from

Fraunhofer to Secchi (Father, S.J.), that some of its most surprising discoveries have been made.

Into this fascinating branch of astronomic work, our young astronomer entered with all the enthusiasm of her nature. The charm of her visit, with its new and unexpected opportunities, we can in part realize. The warm and courteous welcome of Lady and Sir David Gill, the zest of her observations, her delight in the instruments placed at her disposal, as through the long, crystalline nights, Miss Clerke watched with ardor, devoting herself specially to the color of the stars and to individual spectra, all this we can mentally picture. The three months of her visit passed all too soon, but they gave her fresh insight into certain problems; and herein lay Miss Clerke's chief power: her grasp of the meaning of phenomena.

Her return to London was followed by a new work, that on the System of the Stars, published in 1890, which won for the authoress the Actionian prize of a hundred guineas. This was to be followed by a still higher honor, when, in 1903, shortly after the appearance of her "Problems in Astrophysics," she, with her friend, Lady Huggins (wife of the famous astronomer) were admitted to honorary membership in the Royal Astronomical Society. The constitution of the Society admits only men as fellows, the only lady members previously allowed having been Caroline Herschel and Mary Somerville.

In 1906 appeared Miss Clerke's last work, "Modern Cosmogonies." A special pathos attaches to its appearance, written, as it was, with the "end in sight," fearing she might not live to complete her book, at which she was only able to toil for half an hour at a time. Yet almost to the last, Miss Clerke remained in the forefront of a scientific life. At meetings of the Royal Astronomical Society, as at private scientific gatherings, she was frequently to be seen, the centre of a group of leading astronomers, "genuinely keen" to hear her opinion on some knotty point.

Her death, on January 20th, 1907 (the eve of St. Agnes' Feast), was a shock to all. Almost immediately, distinguished

men came forward to pay their tribute to her memory; and there was something touching in the sense of personal loss which their words evinced. "It was with inexpressive regret," wrote Prof. Barnard of Yerkes Observatory, "that I learned of her death. It is a great loss to Astronomy, for she had a wonderful insight into problems, and an inexhaustible energy. For my own part, I feel the loss personally very greatly, for in her I have lost a true friend. It is a pleasure to remember her kindly greeting to me when I first visited England. At that time her dear mother and sister were still alive, but all three have now passed away. There was a heartiness and kindliness about the entire family, including the brother, which I have seldom met with elsewhere."

In England, she had many to offer her tribute, but naturally, the fullest and most sympathetic account of her life and work was that by her lifelong friend, Lady Huggins. Her influence, however, extended far beyond the British Isles, her four larger astronomical works being used in almost every English-speaking colleges on both sides of the Atlantic. From distant California come words of strong praise uttered by Prof. T. J. J. See. At the close of his eulogy, he adds significantly, "One thought more comes to my mind: there is now room for a successor to Miss Clerke, the intellectual endowment required will have to be extraordinary, but may we not hope that some one will worthily continue the great work she has developed?" Shall not we catch fire from such enthusiasm, and add, "May her successor be as was Miss Clerke herself,—a devout Catholic."



In the Garden

BY CECILE JOYCE KEENAN.

Mary—little Mary—quietly at prayer,
Heard no rustling pinions—saw no visions there.
Spring was at its breaking, every wind was sweet,
Starry-eyed anemones clustered at her feet.
Swept the house and garnish'd, all its duties done,
Hence the Maiden dreamed her dreams in the warming sun.
In that still, old, garden—perfumed with the years,
Musky with dead roses, moist with vanish'd tears.
Mary—little Mary—quietly at prayer,
Heard no rustling pinions, saw no visions there.
Till upon her dreaming "Hail" the whisper came,
"Hail!" it thrilled with wonder, then it called her name.
"Full of grace and blessed!" Lo, the very air,
Glorified and splendid, shone about her there.
Looking up, she saw him, radiant and bright—
Fresh from singing Sanctus in the Fields of Light.
Startled, lifted in her, Mary's soul did rise,
All her patient wonder shining in her eyes.
Pain and fear and wonder—till the whisper said
"The Lord is with Thee." Hark the muted music over-
head!
Blessed among Women—soft within her ear
Came the tidings mortals were unfit to hear.

* * * * *

In that still old garden—perfumed with the years,
Musky with dead roses, moist with vanished tears.
Mary—little Mary—wrapt in ecstasy,
Started on the Royal Road—the Road to Calvary!

A Noted Missionary Addresses St. Joseph's College

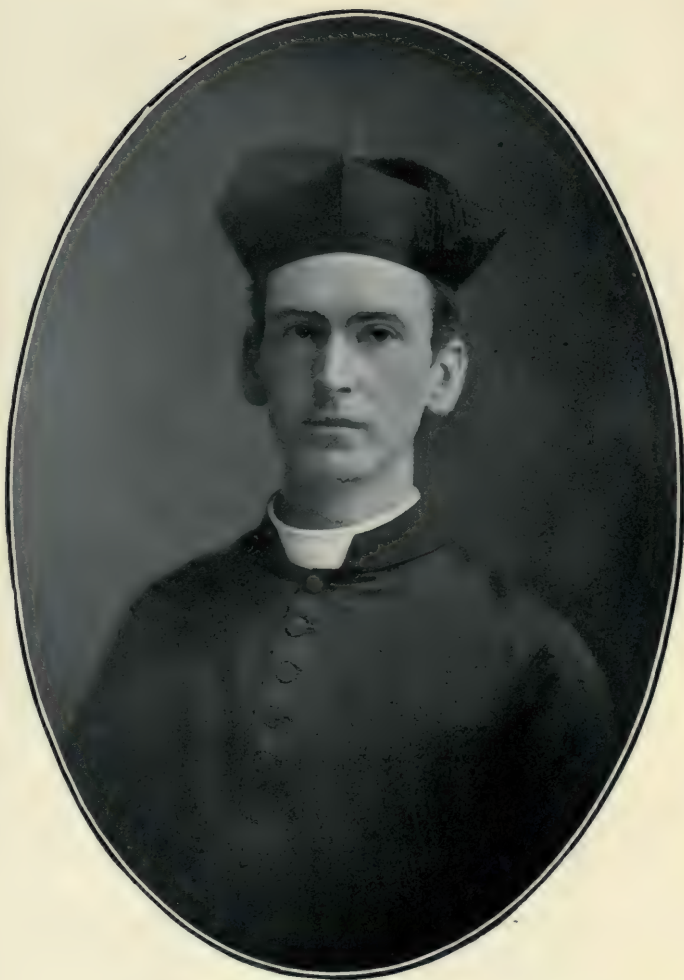
Those who had the privilege of being present at the illustrated lecture on the "Needs of China," given by Father John Fraser, the distinguished Chinese missionary, in St. Joseph's College, Jan. 30th, got a memorable introduction to a practically unknown people. The speaker added much to his lecture by exhibiting a rich variety of photographic slides that gave a panoramic view of the large areas in which he has successfully labored.

From the stereopticon the audience learned that China is a land of unusual primitiveness, though of great scenic beauty; that from a religious standpoint it is a desolate waste of unfaith and moral ugliness; that it is universally addicted to demon-worship whether in the form of the dragon, or the imposing idolatry of mountain and rock.

The sordidness of ignorance and poverty, that seems the sad heritage of this benighted people, confronts the efforts of the missionary like the mountain chain that stands in the way of the explorer. But Father Fraser has faith that can move mountains. He has entered the very heart of this Kingdom of darkness and wickedness; has built six commodious churches, has founded a congregation of nuns, and has in course of training a large number of native men for the priesthood.

The most outstanding feature of the lecture was Father Fraser's whole-souled love of China. He admires the native goodness and natural intelligence of the Chinese, which when supplemented by grace and the light of faith, will place them amongst the foremost children of the Church.

The boundlessness of his hope was, perhaps, what most impressed his audience. That vast kingdom of night, he said, was at last seeing daylight. When the facile optimism of St.



REV. FATHER FRASER

Paul, Father Fraser seems to live in the rainbow vision of the brighter day.

Towards this end he is founding a Chinese Missionary College in Canada. Father Fraser is of the opinion that there is a Catholic spirit in Canada which can be tempered to the point of producing great missionaries, just as there is a martial spirit which when inspired by the proper motives and guided by the proper discipline, produced some of the greatest generals and soldiers of the world war.

Father Fraser belongs to a Highland Scottish family, that has dedicated four of its members to the Religious life.



Thoughts of Winter Time

BY F. B. FENTON.

Who, when the short, drear Winter days draw in,
And early eves assume unsought control,
But does not dream of when Spring days begin
To peek through roseate dawns and to unroll
The gorgeous scenery of the green-gowned earth
Before our view? The minds of rarest worth
Amid the Wintry dusks; wrapt in imagining
Scenes of wild beauty of the verdant Spring!

Who, clasped by Sorrow's hand, 'neath Grief's rude spell,
When dark Misfortune dogs each step they take,
But by fair thoughts are not consoled as well—
Some soulful prayer lisped for the dear deads' sake—
Some little act of kindness meekly done?
These lift the veil of sadness—one by one.
The hour's blessings fill the hour's need;
Hearts are refreshed and souls by grace are freed!

The Poems of Alice Meynell

By S. M. A., O.S.B.

Princethorpe Priory, Rugby.

NOW that at last the clouds of battle smoke have lifted, and the joy of peace has once more been granted to the nations, who is there who has passed through the crucible of suffering without feeling that all things have become changed, that Art, Literature, Life itself, are charged with new meaning? Books we loved before we love now, but we read in them a deeper lesson, our eyes, cleansed by tears, see a purer and more delicate beauty. Thus it is with the poems of such an author as Alice Meynell. Wherein lies the strange power of those rare and sweet songs that seem to penetrate the inmost recesses of the heart? Is it not drawn from the deep wells of experience, from hidden springs of suffering and delight, so mastered and held in check that they have resulted in a reserve and delicacy of handling hardly to be paralleled? Mrs. Meynell has still both to touch and heal because she has herself so deeply felt and thought, and in her sorrow has but uplifted and enriched the heart. Hers is the music of the violin, and with a skill born of living sympathy she draws her bow across the human heart and sets its memories vibrating. A few sweet notes are sounded—then the silence falls in which the whispers of the soul are heard, the longings are let loose, and we feel the birth-pangs of a higher life.

She touches another chord, and pain quivers in exquisite mingling with delight. True, her plummet has sounded deep down into the abysses of human suffering, but the waves of sorrow have purified, not overwhelmed, her soul. Her sadness has no touch of bitterness, it is the plaintive cry of this land of the unfulfilled, and does but awaken an answering echo in our own hearts.

She speaks as one who sees the mystery beyond. In her company we gaze upon the full tide of eternity, the Hereafter

becomes the Here, the Infinite is all around. With her we look upon the humblest things of earth, and lo! they are shrouded with Heaven's mysteries. Thus in the sonnet "To a Daisy," she asks:

"And I, how can I praise thee well and wide
From where I dwell—upon the hither side!
Thou little veil for so great mystery,
When shall I penetrate all things and thee,
And then look back?"

She gathers up the unnoticed things, and bids us pause and see their loveliness. Even in London, when "Hooded in an earthly brown" under November skies, for her

"Blue comes to earth, it walks the street"

in the weird tints of the electric lights and

"A mimic sky about their feet
The throng go crowned with blue."

It is in this freshness and originality of thought that much of her charm lies. She holds herself aloof from the busy throng, not uninterested, but unentangled, and stands, as it were, on the shreshold between time and eternity, with vision unobscured, letting the clear, pure light of a higher world fall upon the happenings of to-day, so that she sees them as others do not. What is ordinary and obvious melts away before her gaze to give place to newer truth, and hence the power of her clear fresh thought to uplift the weary mind. This characteristic is well seen in one of her latest poems on the "Early Dead in Battle." She will not stoop to pity them, but bids us look and understand their gain. Those who die young have known, not lost, the best of life: the "love of mighty nature," a history, space, even antiquity and true length of life, these are already theirs, for it is childhood, not age, which knows the keenest joys and longest span of time. There is no touch of regret in her cry to these early slain:

"Long life is in your treasury ere you fall,
Yes, and first love, like Dante's. O, a bride
For ever mystical."

Mrs. Meynell voices much that has not been hitherto unexpressed. The swift flight of her thought has overtaken those delicate, fugitive things that have eluded other poets, and has given them such perfect utterance that they can flee from us no more. Who could express more exquisitely the glad moment when human thought and heavenly inspiration blend in the poet's heart, than the lines from the West Wind in Winter:

"So too, so too I do confess,
My poet when he sings,
He rushes on my mortal guess
With his immortal things.
I feel, I know him. On I press—
He finds me 'twixt his wings."

Or again, who else has caught so happily the effect of entire sympathy in causing the same thought and feeling to spring simultaneously from two minds till they seem indistinguishable, as in the lines taken from "The Two Poets":

"Whose is the word?

Is it I that spoke? Is it thou? Is it I that heard?"

Original, unique, she undoubtedly is, but it is with the uniqueness of the rare flower plucked in a solitary place, fragrant, simple and pure; not with the stern uniqueness of the inaccessible peak, too far from human touch for us to reach.

One of the most beautiful aspects of this individuality of hers is seen when she deals with the profoundest and simplest of human affections—mother-love. With how sure a touch she paints some of its phases—the glad surprise of love-hunger satisfied by the un hoped-for caress, the bitter irony of the "modern mother," content if she receive only her child's forgiveness, the reverence that beholds Heaven's light in her child's pure eyes, the pathos of motherhood that must live on and suffer when the little one has fled this world of pain.

Nature-lover as she is, in her poems she does not describe scenery, she gives merely a hint or two, but the suggestion is so well chosen that the whole is before us, we know its tints, its atmosphere, its tone, just as to a musician the striking of a single chord recalls an entirely melody. Thus in that exquisite ode, "The Day to the Night," the whole scene of that twilight hour is with us. The grey sea is lapping the rocks at our feet, the cool breeze plays along the endless stretches of sand, tossing the long, dry grasses and shattering the petals of the sea-flowers. To landwards the olives that veil the sloping hills shimmer in the star-lit dusk and whisper the softest lullaby. She has made that hour of dusk her own in a special way, and has taught us how near are its shadowy portals to the gates of eternal light. She has learnt its mysteries and known "the thoughts that are not elsewhere," born in that silent time.

Thus far we have not spoken of the music of those wonderful songs; it is a music as unique as the thoughts it clothes, a melody sweet and compelling, that rushes upon the ear and claims its delighted homage. A mingling of strength and delicacy, it combines the grace of rhythmic movement with the charm of endless variety.

We cannot conclude without at least a brief reference to what is perhaps the subject of our deepest gratitude to Mrs. Meynell—that act which was a poem of deed, not written words. When, at the close of a day of breathless heat, we welcome the pure, cool wind that comes to us at even from the seas, we are apt to forget the part it has played in massing together the splendours of the sunset sky, but we can never be unmindful of the share Mrs. Meynell has had in ushering in the genius of Francis Thompson, who has flashed upon the world in these latter days with a glory and marvel which has some kinship with the glowing majesty of the western sky. In the hour of his direct need it was she who stretched out a helping hand, and with womanly tact and kindness, encouraged him to give birth to the poetry within him. As long as the great poet's work endures the memory of this act will never fade.

R o m a e

Festo Die S. Joseph, Sponsi B. Mariae Virg., Anno Mdccccxvii.

R MO P. ALEXIO M. LEPICIER, PRIORI GENERAL ORDINIS
SERVORUM B.M.V.

(QUI LAURENTANAS PRECES MIRIFICE ILLUSTRAVIT).

BLASIVS VERGHETTI, SS. RR. CONGR. HYMNOGRAPHVS
POETICAM PARAPHRASIM LITANIARVM DE SANCTO
JOSEPH, PATRONO ECCLESIAE UNIVERSAE ET FAMILIAE
SERVORVM MARIAE, COMPATRONO LIBENS MERITO
DEDICAT.

Paraphrasis Poetica Litaniarum De S. Joseph, Eccl. Universae Pa-
trono et Ordinis Servorum Marie Compatrono.

DISTICHA.

Inclita Davidis Proles, te Sancte, Precamur,
Joseph, ut larga nos tuearis ope.

Te Patriarcharum rogitamus lumen, ut omnes
Luce tua illustres pacificesque Deum.

Sponse Dei Matris, tibi vota iteramus, ut iram
Avertas iusti ludicis a populis!

Virginis intactae custos, casteque pudice,
Fac, niteant omnes moribus innocuis.

Divinae Sobolis Nutritie, sedule Chrissi
Defensor, cunctis porrige utramque manum.

Usque Domus almae Praeses, iustissime Joseph,
Impetra, ut in domibus regnet amica quies.

O caste ante alios, prudens, fortissime, Joseph,
Qui mandata Dei pervigil exequeris;

Omni praesidium clero, fidissime Joseph,
Summo et Pontifici vita salusque sies.

O purum plenae speculum patientiae, amator
O paupertatis, fac bene ferre crucem.

Artificum exemplar, vitaeque domesticae honetas,
Te duce, discamus semper amare Deum.

Tradite virginibus custos columenque domorum,
Solamen miseris, omne repelle malum.

Spes aegrotantum, morientum fide Patrone,
Daemonis o terror, protege ab hoste animas.

Te Protectorem venerans Ecclesia Christi,
Ire ad te, Joseph, tempus in omne, iubet.

Ordo, qui Matri gaudent servire Mariae,
Inservire tibi fervido amore studet.

R o m a e

**Feast of St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the
Year 1917.**

TO THE MOST REV. P. ALEXIUS M. LEPICIER, PRIOR OF
THE ORDER OF THE SERVITES OF MARY.

(WHO WONDERFULLY ORNAMENTED THE LORETTO
LITANIES).

TO THE PATRON OF THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH AND CO-
PATRON OF THE FAMILY OF THE SERVITES OF MARY,
THIS POETICAL PARAPHRASE OF THE LITANIES OF ST.
JOSEPH IS HUMBLY DEDICATED.

(By Blasius Verghetti, Hymnographer of the Roman Congregation).

Poetical Paraphrase of the Litanyes of St. Joseph, Patron of the
Universal Church, and Co-Patron of the Order of the Servites of Mary.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY THE REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

DISTICHES.

Illustrious son of David, meek and holy Joseph,
We ask thee to assist us with aid most efficacious.
Splendour of the Patriarchs, make propitiation,
Light we ask from thee to brighten our life's pathway.
Spouse of God's Mother, we repeat our suffrage
That thou may'st turn God's anger from our people.
Chaste and pure Protector of the unsullied Virgin,
Make us shine resplendent with true and goodly virtues.
Christ's Foster-Father, Jesu's strong defender,
Open unto us thine all-protecting arms.
Thou who hast guarded the Holy House of Nazareth,
Joseph, the just father, make our homes all peaceful.
Chaste above all others, prudent, most courageous,
Joseph, who hast ever followed God's commandments.
Leader of clerics, ever-faithful Joseph,
Give life and glory to our Sovereign Pontiff.
Mirror of Patience, Poverty's true lover,
Give us to bear our crosses more devoutly.
Model of Workers, glory of the Home-life,
Through thine example may we love God ever.
Shield of all Virgins, mainstay of the family,
Solace of the afflicted, drive away all Evil.
Hope of the ailing, Patron of the Dying,
Terror of demons, save all souls from Satan.
Lo! the Church, joyful, naming thee Protector,
Speaks to her children, saying: Go to Joseph.
Lastly, our Order, Servants called of Mary
Thee may it always strive to love and honour.

Officers of the St. Joseph's College
Alumnae Association



1918—1919



Honorary Patron—The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D.

Spiritual Director—The Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the
Community of St. Joseph.

President—Mrs. J. E. Day.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. T. F. McMahon, Mrs. J. A. Thompson,
Mrs. M. Healy, Mrs. Wm. Walsh, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh.

Counsellors—Miss Hart, Mrs. F. O'Connor, Mrs. C. Riley,
Miss McBride.

Treasurer—Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan.

City Recording Secretary—Mrs. J. M. Landy.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Mrs. Jno. O'Neill.

Press Correspondent Secretary—Mrs. T. McCarron.

Historians—Mrs. F. P. Brazill, Miss Blaid Leonard.

Alumnae Items

During the eight years of its life the Alumnae of St. Joseph's has justified its existence and deserves the continued support of its members. Membership is open to all ex-pupils of St. Joseph's Academy. Fee is one dollar. Mrs. B. D. Monkhouse, Treasurer, 57 Alvin Ave., will gladly send a membership certificate. News items concerning the Alumnae are always acceptable.

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The Constitutions have just been produced in a small booklet. All members should have a copy.

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It may be interesting to note that from the proceeds of the garden party in aid of our national service six hundred pieces of altar linen were sent to the Catholic Army Huts.

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Fifty Christmas stockings were prepared and sent to the boys "over there," and the following extracts from letters received tell of their grateful acceptance:

Private M. E. O'Grady, Belgium, "I take this opportunity of thanking the members of St. Joseph's Alumnae for the very nice Xmas box. Needless to say, the contents were very much appreciated. I will not forget your great kindness."

Gunner F. J. Ziehr, England: "I was so pleased with the contents of the box that I am now taking the extreme pleasure of writing a few lines of appreciation. It came as a big surprise to me to be so fortunate, and I can assure you that I enjoyed the "sweets," and will be able to make excellent use of the other articles. I am exceedingly thankful."

Private J. A. Hennessey, France: "I beg to acknowledge receipt of your parcel for which I thank you most kindly. It arrived in excellent condition the same day as the wonder-

ful news that Germany had surrendered. So I had reason to be glad twice in the same day—a coincidence. The armistice was signed on the eleventh hour of the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month. The principal thing is that it is signed. This advance was rather swift, and as most of the railways were put out of condition by Heinie in his retreat, it was very difficult for our canteens to keep their stock replenished, and for that reason your box was doubly welcome.”

Driver Garry Woodly, Cologne, Germany: “Your very lovely parcel has just come to hand, and believe me it could not have come at a more opportune time, as we have been unable to buy anything in this country. I assure you the boys and I enjoyed the eats immensely, so please accept my sincerest thanks. We have been on the move nearly a month reaching this country, 270 miles, and we are all very tired. The German people have treated us nicely so far,—of course, they feel their position most keenly. It is lovely to be able to move about without flopping every minute in dodging shells. Since joining the army I have learned quite a number of ‘flops.’”

Private John Philip Lynch, France: “I have just received your very fine box. Please accept a thousand thanks. It was indeed an ideal one, because it is so long since we have seen a canteen or Y.M.C.A. that our supplies have become completely exhausted.”

Driver Clarence Whittle Orr, Belgium: “Received your nice Christmas box. Many thanks. Sorry I had to break the instructions, but as we were constantly on the move it was impossible for me to keep it until Christmas. By the way, this is my fourth in the army. We had a fine trip across Belgium to the Rhine. The armistice, as you know, was signed at 11 a.m. and the Canadians took Mons at 10 a.m. It seems singular the English started to fight at Mons in 1914, and the Canadians finished there.”

Lieut. Claude R. Kormann, England: “Kindly convey my thanks to St. Joseph’s College Alumnae for the very

nice parcel which I received to-day. I am sorry I have to plead guilty in not carrying out the instructions, "No fair peeping until Christmas." Being very curious, I could not resist the temptation.'

Corp. W. G. Hutchison, England: "It was certainly a very surprised and perplexed boy who was handed a parcel from St. Joseph's College Alumnae. It said, "Not to be opened until Christmas," but, you know, we are like a lot of children on Christmas morning when a parcel arrives. This one happened to come just in time to help celebrate the signing of the armistice. We truly did it justice; and on behalf of the boys who enjoyed its contents, let me assure you of our sincerest thanks.

Private W. J. Gearin, England.—Field card.

Other interesting acknowledgements have come from Lieut R. F. Brazil, Lieut. Vincent Kennedy, Private Frank G. J. McDonagh, and others. But the few quoted give sufficient evidence that our soldiers realize to the full "how sweet a thing it is to be remembered."

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Many of our Alumnae are much interested in helping the Italian Kindergarten, and through the combined efforts of Miss M. L. Hart, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy and the Catholic Literary Society, a most delightful musicale was given at the home of Mrs. J. P. Hynes in Castle Frank Road, on January 5th, with this object in view. A similar entertainment was given at the home of the Misses O'Donoghue, in Dunn Ave., on Feb. 3rd, for the Belgian Relief.

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With peace festivities in order, St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association once more celebrated its annual banquet. It was one of the brightest events of the season. Long before 7 o'clock, the appointed dinner hour, members and their guests arrived, and old-time hospitality was given them in welcome by Mrs. James E. Day, the President, and her Exe-

cutive, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. T. F. McMahon, Mrs. John O'Neil, Mrs. C. F. Riley, Mrs. J. J. Landy, Mrs. B. W. Monkhouse, Mrs. A. J. Thompson, Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan, Mrs. Thomas McCarron and Misses M. L. Hart and E. McBride.

The banquet, which took place in one of the college parlors, prettily decorated with quantities of joinsettia, narcissus and carnations, presented a very gay and animated scene. The music of the De la Salle Orchestra filtered through the hum of the conversation and was as lovely as the party itself.

His Grace, Most Rev. Neil McNeil, was the guest of honor, and spoke on Educational Influence, in which he pointed out that the highest patriotic work which women can do now is to exert themselves along every line possible for advancement and education. Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B., also spoke eloquently on the high ideals which should actuate the women of the day.

Very Rev. Dean Harris, LL.D., proposed the Toast to His Majesty the King, and His Holiness the Pope. Other toasts were honoured by Miss M. L. Hart (toast mistress of the evening). "Our Country," to which Miss Rita Ivory very cleverly responded. "Community and School," Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B.; "Sister Alumnae," Mrs. F. McLaughlan, President of the Loretto Alumnae; "Honorary Members," Mrs. W. A. Kavanagh; "Our Guests," Rev. Arthur E. Coghlan, C.S.S.R.

Mrs. Ambrose Small, Governor for Canada for the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae Associations, was interesting, as usual, in her resume of the service work accomplished during the war.

Mrs. Jessie Alexander Roberts added much pleasure to the programme by her clever interpretation of Colonel McCrea's "Flanders Field," and other patriotic poems. Musical numbers were rendered by Mrs. Fred. Woods and Mrs. James Mallon.

Covers were laid for one hundred and twenty. Some of those present were: Mrs. F. P. Brazil, Mrs. Ed. Brown, Mrs. W. Burke, Mrs. Boehler, Mrs. S. Crowell, Mrs. Carrol, Mrs. Jas. E. Day, Mrs. J. J. Daly, Mrs. C. H. Doheny, Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. D. J. Egan, Mrs. Kenneth Fitzpatrick, Mrs. A. J. Gough, Mrs. A. Hamar, Mrs. A. M. Hobberlin, Mrs. S. Higgins, Mrs. H. T. Kelly, Mrs. J. C. Keenan, Mrs. W. T. Kernahan, Mrs. W. A. Kavanagh, Mrs. F. B. Latchford, Mrs. Thomas Long, Mrs. George C. H. Lang, Mrs. R. Lang, Mrs. M. Lellis, Mrs. J. J. Loftus, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, Mrs. H. Mackie, Mrs. J. Meagher, Mrs. W. S. Milne, Mrs. James aMilon, Mrs. T. F. McMahon, Mrs. J. McBride, Mrs. F. J. McMullen, Mrs. Thomas McCarron, Mrs. J. McDonough, Mrs. Bertram L. Monkhouse, Mrs. J. McCarron, Mrs. A. J. McDonough, Mrs. J. D. Nasmith, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. T. J. W. O'Connor, Mrs. E. J. O'Neil, Mrs. John L. O'Neil, Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan, Mrs. D. O'Connor, Mrs. W. Petley, Mrs. Gus Pape, Mrs. C. F. Riley, Mrs. Ambrose Small, Mrs. Simmald, Mrs. Schriener, Mrs. Fred. Tremble, Mrs. Gordon Taylor, Mrs. A. J. Thompson, Mrs. J. M. Vance, Mrs. Fred Woods, Mrs. W. Way, Mrs. Wright, and the Misses Benning, K. Bennet, M. Collins, M. Coste (Calgary), M. Duggan, D. Dorieen, M. Ealand, R. Ferguson, K. Flanagan, J. Gilhooly, M. Gearin, Guerin, M. L. Hart, R. Ivory, N. Kennedy, M. Kelman, M. Latchford, J. Lehane, M. Landy, K. Moylan, G. Mallon, M. McDonough, R. McMahon, K. McMahon, E. McBride, C. McBride, P. McBride, D. McCarron, R. McCrohan, M. Orr, M. O'Brien, E. O'Donoghue, J. O'Connor, M. Power, M. Strong, R. Warde and I. Webster.

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Bon Voyage to Captain and Mrs. W. A. Knox and Miss Isabel Knox, who sailed in the Olympic, January 25th, for England.

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Much pleasure to Mrs. J. D. Warde, Miss Nora Warde, Mrs. Michael Healy, Miss Cecil Healy and Mrs. Hubert Mackie, who are spending the winter in Southern California.

During the Christmas vocation Mrs. W. R. Hees (Cora Reid), of New York; Dr. Florence Meader of Watertown, N.Y.; Miss Edith Sullivan of Detroit, and Mrs. Murphy (Lois Gibson), visited their Alma Mater. Mrs. Geo. H. C. Lang, Kitchener, and Mrs. A. Hamar, Saskatoon, were out-of-town guests at the banquet.

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Mrs. James E. Day is evidently enjoying the sedan Santa Claus left for her. How fortunate!

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We are pleased to hear that Miss Eleanor Moses, daughter of Mrs. J. F. Moses (May Davidson), San Francisco, has completely recovered from her serious illness and is back at High School again. We are also glad to report that the Misses M. Sullivan, St. Catharines, and D. Carolan, Toronto, are convalescing after a critical illness.

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There is a treat in store for the people of Toronto in a lecture by the celebrated novelist, John Ayscough, which will be given under the auspices of St. Joseph's Alumnae, in the College Auditorium, in June. Watch for further notice.

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Congratulations to Mrs. M. Lellis on the ordination of her son, Rev. Alfred Thomas Lellis, to the Holy Priesthood, on December 29, 1918, in St. Michael's Cathedral. Father Lellis is a nephew of Mrs. J. McBride and Miss N. Kennedy; to Mrs. Mona O'Shea Murphy, whose late husband, Major Sterndale Murphy, won the Military Cross. He was Captain with the 110th Regiment; to Miss May Orr and Mrs. T. McCarron, on the success of their cousin, Major H. Orr, O.B.E., M.B., who has just recently been mentioned in the King's New Year despatch. Major Orr has also been mentioned by the French Government with "medaille des epidemies," a ribbon and silver medal decoration; to Dr. and Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, on the return of their son, Pte. Frank G. J. McDonagh, who

enlisted with the Canadian Army Cyclists in 1915. He returned on the Hospital ship "Essequito" in time for Christmas festivities; to the Misses Scanlon, on the return of their brother "Dom," who won the M.C.; to Miss Mary Latchford on the return of her brothers, Captains James and Austin Latchford; to Mrs. Jas. E. Day, Mrs. J. D. Ward and Miss N. Higgins, on the return of their nephew, Corp. Thomas R. Ridout, a Hun prisoner for the past three years. He joined the first contingent and was then a member of the Queen's Own. Dr. Amyot's three boys, who are back from France, are staying with Mrs. Day, pending the return of their family from England; to Mrs. M. Healy on the return of Lieut. Michael Healy and Capt. Peter Healy.

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Hearty congratulations to Mrs. Claude Halloran (Anna O'Grady) on the birth of a daughter; to Mrs. Varley (Marguerite Maloney) on the birth of a daughter; to Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan (Alma McLaren) on the birth of a daughter; and to Mrs. W. Pocock (Olive Doyle), Winnipeg, on the birth of a son. A long and happy life to the mothers and their little ones.

"Two together, Babe and Year
At the midnight chime,
Through the darkness drifted here
To the coast of Time."

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The Editor of Alumnae Notes is indebted to Miss Margaret Duggan for the prize essay written by her cousin, Miss Irene Ball, Oakland, Cal., "The History and Methods of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul; a Study in Modern Charity. This essay will appear in the June number of the Lilies.

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Wedding bells have been ringing for Miss Kathleen Coghlan, who was married to Mr. J. F. Tobin; for Miss Mabel

Ealand, who was married to Capt. J. Casserly; for Miss Beulah Devlin, who was married to Mr. Grace; for Miss Claudia Steinberg, who was married to Mr. Charles Flood; for Loretto Lynch, who was married to Dr. Staley; and for Miss Annie McCormack, who was married to Mr. F. Hind. All good wishes to these happy young brides.

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Miss Grace Barron, of Boston, was in town, the guest of Misses Grey and Dorothy McMahon during the Christmas holidays. Mr. and Mrs. J. Murphy (Lois Gibson) of Springfield, Mass., spent the Christmas holidays with their mother, Mrs. T. Gibson, Dunvegan Road.

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Even pre-war days scarcely recall a more brilliant and successful event than the party held in aid of St. Mary's Maternity Home, at the Carls-Rite on Jan. 14th. Hundreds attended the great charity event, of which Mrs. Ambrose Small was organizer. The Alumnae extends to Mrs. Small their heartiest congratulations on the huge success.

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On the tenth anniversary of the Jewish Working Girls' Club—Feb. 5th—Mrs. Ambrose Small gave an interesting and instructive address.

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Mrs. Jardine-Smith (M. Ryan) is visiting in town.

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Sincerest sympathy of the Alumnae members is extended to Rev. Mother and the Community of St. Joseph in the deaths of Rev. Sisters Delphine and Etheldreda, both of whom are mourned as beloved teachers and friends; to Mr. George F. Madden and family, in the death of Mrs. Madden, whose death caused much grief to her many friends. Her interest in St. Joseph's is of long connection and her generous benefactions are well known to all the members of the Alumnae

Association, the older ones of which regret her passing as a personal bereavement; to Mr. Thomas Connolly in the death of his wife (Nellie Ryan); to Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse in the death of her sister, Mrs. Shea (Catherine Kennedy); to Mrs. G. Griffin in the death of her mother; to Mrs. Gough (M. Cashman), in the death of her daughter, Rita; to Mr. Stanley M. Knox in the sad bereavement of his wife (Juliette Morin); to the members of the Casserly family in the tragic death of the youngest son, Flight Lieut. Cyril, which occurred in England; to Mrs. Walsh (N. Clarke) in the death of her husband, Mr. W. Walsh; to Miss Gertrude Dunn in the death of her dear mother; to the Crotteau family in the death of Mrs. Clyde McKinnon (Pearl Crotteau), and to Mr. McCrohan and family in the death of Sister M. Sacred Heart (Rose McCrohan) of the Good Shepherd Monastery, Toronto, and of Frank J. McCrohan, the only son, whose death followed close upon that of his sister.

OUR DEAD.

“Dear dead! they have become
Like guardian angels to us;
And distant heaven, like home
Through them begins to woo us;
Love, that was earthly, wings
Its flight to holier places;
The dead are sacred things,
That multiply our graces.”

LILLIAN McCARRON.



Community Notes

In Memoriam

The Late Sister M. Delphine MacDonald.

The December issue of the Lilies had already gone to press when the death of Sister M. Delphine McDonald occurred at St. Michael's Hospital, Nov. 11th, 1918, so that this is the first opportunity our magazine has had of giving expression to the high esteem and admiration in which the late Sister was held by the members of her Community and by all who came under her influence, whether pupils or friends.

With the passing of Sister Delphine one more link has been broken in that chain which binds us to the past. Educated in Lower Canada, the late Sister, upon leaving School, entered the Novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, in the early sixties, and throughout the fifty-three years of her religious life, preserved in a marvellous way that fervour in God's service and that scrupolosity in the observance of her Holy Rule, which characterized her first years as a novice, and which when carried through a life as long as was hers, falls little short of true heroism. Although Sister Delphine celebrated the Golden Jubilee of her entrance into religion three years ago, it was not until a few months before her death that she felt obliged to give up her duties as private instructress in French and as Mistress of the Lace Department in the Academy, which she had so ably conducted for a great many years. Indeed so proficient had she become in the art of lace-making that her beautiful work won the highest praise and admiration from those best competent to judge, and the young ladies who were privileged to have her for their teacher, could not sufficiently express their wonderment at her skill and their gratitude for her painstaking and valuable instructions. The many exquisitely wrought pieces of lace,

which to-day adorn God's altar in our Convent Chapel, testify that it was in work of this nature that the late Sister found her greatest delight, and that when it was a question of adding grandeur to the service of her Divine Master, her deft fingers plied the needle with something of superhuman skill.

Modest and retiring as Sister Delphine ever was, her death has left a gap in the ranks of our beloved Senior Members which Time does not seem to fill. But we know that Sister Delphine's long years of recollection and union with God had taught her that Earth is not our true Fatherland and that so long as the soul is in exile here, happiness is only a fleeting transitory thing—a foretaste now and then of the better days to come. And so she finished Life's journey peacefully and calmly with eyes fixed on the New Jerusalem, confident that the God thereof would give glad welcome to yet another of His spouses, who when life was young had given freely of her all to Him.

• • • •

The Late Sister M. Etheldreda Fraser.

In the death of Sister Etheldreda the Community of St. Joseph lost one of its most prominent and active members, and the aged poor in the Home, one of their kindest and truest friends. Although it was only for the past year and a half that Sister Etheldreda was stationed at the House of Providence, her sympathy and kindness towards God's poor was most touching and edifying. Many a crushed and grief-stricken heart was cheered by her smile and word of encouragement, while in her capacity of Assistant Superior she was able to procure little alleviations of bodily want and distress that might have escaped the notice of one less observant and sympathetic. Holy Scripture itself has written the epitaph of such a one, and it is "Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor."

It was not, however, as a worker among the poor that Sister Etheldreda was best known. The early years of her religious life were devoted to teaching in the Separate Schools of Toronto and Oshawa. Later, and for a more extended period, she directed the Art Needlework Department at St. Joseph's College, St. Alban St., and the deep religious influence exerted on the pupils by their teacher was wide and lasting. But it was as Sacristan at the Mother House that Sister Etheldreda will be especially, long and lovingly remembered. Day in and day out for thirty years she tended the dwelling place of her Eucharistic Lord with unwearying devotion and scrupulous care, while the exquisite taste with which she adorned the Altar on all occasions seemed to be the very emanation of her ardent soul's desire to render fitting homage and reverence to the King of kings. Well might she have said with David of old, "The zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up," for devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament was truly the keystone of her whole religious life, and with this as its uniting principle, there naturally followed that strict observance of her Holy Rule which was His Voice in her regard, that marvellous industry in His service and that unbounded kindness to His sick and suffering members.

May our God Emmanuel of Whose honour and glory the departed Sister was so jealous in life grant her to reap the reward abundant of her many years in His holy service. R.I.P.

* * * *

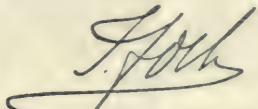
The Feast of the Epiphany this year was the occasion of a Silver Jubilee in the Community, when three of the Sisters celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their entrance into religion, Sr. M. Claudia, Comox, B.C., Sr. M. Elizabeth and Sr. M. St. Peter, Toronto.

* * * *

Letters from our Sisters in the West tell of the ravages made by the influenza in that part of the country. The Sisters, who gave themselves up to visiting and nursing the sick

and distressed, were everywhere hailed as "angels of mercy." They have many interesting stories to relate of the marvellous stories to relate of the marvellous workings of Divine Grace in souls, that for years had been deaf to the whisperings of the Holy Spirit. The schools in Ladysmith and Prince Rupert, which were closed for a couple of months, have re-opened, and teachers and pupils alike are now doing their best to make up for lost time.

LE MARÉCHAL FOCH

Commandant en Chef les Armées Alliées
Avec ses remerciements,


Above is the fac-simile of a card sent by Marshal Foch to Sister Superior, Sacred Heart Orphanage, Toronto. The card and the following letter are expressive of the Marshal's thanks to the little orphans, for the many prayers offered by them in union with countless other Catholic children throughout the world, for the success of our Allied Armies.

Paris, December 7, 1918.

Mother Superior,—

Marshal Foch is touched by the delicate thought of the Sacred Heart orphans.

As every minute of his time is taken up by current matters of importance, he cannot himself reply to your friendly letter; but he wishes to give some expression of his thanks by enclosed card.

I beg you to make this known to the dear children, who under your direction were inspired first to perform this beautiful act, and I ask you, Mother Superior, to accept this expression of my highest esteem.

M. PUQUIER,
 Chef du Cabinet du Maréchal Foch.

One of the Sisters of St. Joseph, London, Ont., is attending the School of Household Science here; also one of our Sisters from Hamilton, Ont., is doing the practical work of the School of Pharmacy Course at St. Michael's Hospital.

* * * *

Many friends of the Novices and Postulants were present at the ceremony of Profession and Reception, which took place in the Convent Chapel, January 4th. The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Whelan, V.G., officiated, with Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B, the convent chaplain, acting as Assistant. Rev. Father Sholly, C.S.S.R., who conducted the eight-day Retreat for the Novices, preached an appropriate sermon on the dignity of the religious life. Holy Mass was then celebrated by the Rev. M. J. Carey, C.S.P. Those taking part in the ceremony were: Final Vows—Sister M. St. Roch. First Vows—Sisters St. Herbert, Concepta, Leocadia, Ethelbert, St. Andrew, Angelica, and Roberta. The young ladies receiving the veil—Miss S. Brunelle, Lafontaine, in religion Sr. Mary Alcine; Miss G. Alexander, Quebec, Sr. M. Fabian; Miss D. Derocher, Lafontaine, Sr. M. Celine; Miss V. Hurley, Toronto, Sr. Mary Inez; Miss A. McBride, Barrie, Sr. M. Olivia; Miss I. Gendron, Penetang, Sr. M. St. Gervaise; Miss G. Lehman, Kitchener, Sr. M. Theodocia; Miss M. Krigbaum, Toronto, Sr. M. St. Cajetan; Miss I. Wright, Toronto, Sr. Mary Carmel.

* * * *

The Community offers sincere condolences to the Most Rev. Archbishop Sinnott, on the loss of one of his most promising priests, the Rev. Father Dutton, lately appointed rector of St. Mary's Church, Winnipeg, and formerly assistant at St. Mary's Church, Toronto. The many friends of the late Rev. Father, in Toronto, experienced the deepest sorrow at the news of his early death.

To Rev. Father Pennylegion of Toronto, on the death of his brother, in England, who was expected home at any time.

The Community learned with regret of the death of Miss

Salter, which occurred a few months ago in Sandwich, Ont. Miss Salter, who formerly resided in Toronto, was connected with Toronto University for many years, where her sweet influence was felt by all with whom she came in contact. The deceased had endeared herself to the Sisters of St. Joseph by her kind and gracious ways, so that her death comes as a personal loss to the Community. We offer sincere sympathy to her bereaved relatives.

We also extend our most heartfelt sympathy to Rev. Mother and the Community of Loretto in the loss of two of their young sisters, M.M. Annunziata and Sr. M. Cuthbert, both of whom were victims of the influenza.

To Rev. Mother and the Community of the Good Shepherd in the loss of their saintly young member, Sister Sacred Heart (R. McCrohan), who was a former highly esteemed pupil of St. Joseph's.

To Rev. Mother and our Sisters of St. Joseph in Chestnut Hill, Pa., and in Peterboro and Hamilton, Ont., who are also mourning the loss of Sisters in religion, some of whom succumbed to the influenza.

Eternal rest, grant, O Lord, to the souls of these Thy spouses!

* * * *

Six of our Sisters, accompanied by Rev. Mother General, left on Feb. 27th to open a Mission House of the Congregation in Winnipeg, Man.

* * * *

We shall always be delighted to receive Community items of interest from the Sisters of St. Joseph in any of the provinces.



Father Garesche's Books

Truant Snowflakes.

Mother Winter called them home,
But the little flakes of snow,
Longing with the clouds to roam,
Didn't want to go.

"Let me bide till Spring," they say;
"See the bluebirds come again,
With the little blossoms play,
And the laughing rain."

So they went unwillingly;
And a naughty northern wind
Whispered, "Hasten back with me,"
Falsely seeming kind.

And the little snowflakes came,
Floated down among the flowers,
Whitened on the tulip-flame,
Scared the sunny hours;

Melted on the greening grass,
Fainted in the languid weather;
'Neath the beaming sun, alas!
Vanished altogether.

See the warning written here?
'Mongst Oh, many, many others!
Little children, this is clear,
Better mind their mothers!

This unique little poem, with its stolen glimpse of Mother Nature's punitive methods with her children, as also the exquisite little poem entitled, "Joseph's Glories," which appears on the first page, are taken from Father Garesché's book of poems, "The Four Gates," a veritable storehouse of beautiful ideas couched in charming verse. "The Four Gates" is but one of the three volumes of song which Father Garesché has given to the public in the last five years, and it is difficult to say which captivates one most, the one above mentioned, "War Mothers," or "The World and the Waters," for they all are of high spiritual and poetical merit. Father Garesché has also given us some splendid practical prose reading in "Your Interests Eternal," "Your Soul's Salvation" and "Your Neighbor and You," all of which ought to be found in the library of Catholic families. They are to be procured at The Queen's Work, Book Dept., Russell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



VIEW OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, TORONTO

**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE DEPARTMENT EDITORIAL
STAFF.**

Editor-in-Chief—Miss Ruth Agnew, '20.

Associate Editors—Miss Helen Duggan, '19; Miss Helen Kramer, Miss Mary Nolan, Miss Mary McTague, Miss Louise O'Flaherty.

Local Sditors—Miss Estelle O'Brien, Miss Hilda Meyer, Miss Mary Coughlin, Miss Hilda Bryan.

Music and Art Editors—Misses Gertrude Goodyear and Elizabeth Divine.

Exchange Editor—Miss Julia Walsh.

Reporter of College Notes—Miss Mary McCormick.

The Ladder of Gold

Each day that comes to us with dawn of rose,
Each common day, filled full of common toil,
A ladder is, let down by One who knows
Our passionate desire to rise above
The littleness of life, the grime, the greed,
To find a higher way, the vision clear,
A ladder swinging from the Hills of Gold
Straight down to this old workshop called the world,
The topmost rung held fast in God's right hand,
The lowest at our feet, that you and I
May set our feet and climb by rungs of prayer,
And self-forgetfulness, and pure desires,
By rungs of lowly labours grandly done
A little nearer Heaven each setting sun.

—JEAN BLEWETT.

EDITORIAL

The recent appeal of Father Fraser for aid in his missionary work in China brings to our mind a subject of timely interest: the duty of Catholics to support all foreign missions. This, the duty of the hour, is most serious and most imperative. To quote the words of the late Archbishop Ireland, in 1889: "Catholics are anointed in Confirmation not merely to the end that they may save their own souls, but that as soldiers of Christ they must also serve the Church as propagators of her cause." This end can be accomplished only by united action—by the hearty co-operation of all Catholics, regardless of age, sex or station. We must awaken to a sense of our responsibility of supporting the foreign missions. We must make a continuous effort in this direction, and not let our zeal expend itself in a short-lived blaze of enthusiasm, such as we are accustomed to witness too often on the occasion of some special appeal by a missionary.

Even school-girls can aid the missions in various ways. In the first place, we can often make small donations to the missionary funds by depriving ourselves of some momentary pleasure. We could scarcely give a greater proof of true devotion to our Church than by offering up fervent prayers and sacrifices for the great cause of our missions. The distribution of mission books, magazines and pamphlets is a most important factor in the propagation of a missionary spirit. Finally, we must do all in our power to create a strong public opinion without which co-operation, effort cannot maintain itself. We do this only by frequent discussion of this important topic among our friends and acquaintances. By this means we will both spread information and arouse a sense of duty to the creative powers of true Catholicity, which tend to the salvation of groping millions of pagans.

RUTH AGNEW, '20.

With the influenza epidemic over and the excitement of Christmas holidays subsided, classes are once more running smoothly. All the students have settled down to the period of hard work preceeding examinations. Throughout the various classes the spirit of industry and co-operation is to be seen.

From the tiny tots in the primer to the young ladies in Matriculation, academic pursuits are engrossing all attention. In the Fourth Class the pupils are busy preparing for Entrance to High School, and in the Second and Fourth Forms students are striving to acquire the knowledge necessary for Entrance to Normal. In the Art Department much is being accomplished and the organization of a new Sketching Class is of keen interest.

Special attention must be drawn to the splendid work being done in the University classes. The importance of Catholic training for those desiring a University education cannot be too strongly emphasized. St. Joseph's, through the federated College of St. Michael's, is able to give a full and thorough course of lectures leading to a B.A. degree. Aside from the religious training, the students are aided greatly by having personal interest taken in their work and by having a capable staff at their disposal at any time. This is of great assistance to every student. Difficulties can be submitted outside of lecture hours and the student is sure of meeting with patient consideration.

We feel sure all will agree that no more splendid educational work is being done in any school throughout America, and we cordially invite all interested to come and pay us a visit.

HELEN M. DUGGAN, '19.

FOREWORD.

Owing to the fact that pupils in the lower grades have expressed a desire to be permitted to add their small contributions to the College Department of the Lilies, the Editorial Staff has decided to indicate, in such cases, the Form or Class to which these contributors belong, so that our readers may not confound the work of the Junior and Senior pupils.

**THE TESTS.**

(Being the combined efforts and sentiments of Form III.)

The terror of those coming tests
Is sapping all my strength away.
My brow, so calm, is furrowed now,
My hair is even turning gray.

I've grown so absent-minded too,
I scarce can tell off-hand, my name,
And though I may get over it,
I doubt I'll ever be the same.

I used to be so free from care,
I'd laugh and talk the livelong day,
But now I've simply got to think
And thinking's—well, not just my way.

I'm sure that when those tests are o'er,
There'll ne'er a nerve be left in me.
And if, by chance, some should survive,
'Twill be a "testy" bit—you'll see.

From a Convent Window

A True Incident.

BY MARGARET KEENAN. . Entrance Class.

I shall tell the story to you as I heard it from my Aunt.

"In the year 1910 I was living in France at Fourvier, on a mountain overlooking the City of Lyons. This makes you think at once of the wonderful silks that come from Lyons—the stately brocades and royal cloth of gold that share in the pomp and ceremony of the world, and which are made in this section of France.

We were in a beautiful Pension, which had been a Convent belonging to the Visitation Nuns. The French Government having decided it would have no more religious Orders, had dispersed these holy women and seized their home.

To fill the "Thrift Box" of the country, it was sold at auction, and through the kind offices of a wise friend, was bought by the mother of one of the nuns, who reinstated her daughter in her old home. To meet the necessity of earning a livelihood for herself and four companions, who had remained in the town, she started a Pension. It is one of the customs of the country for elderly ladies, whose families have married and scattered, to reside in establishments of this sort where their spiritual comfort is looked after as well as the physical.

My room was in the front of the building, and with the wonderful sweep of the valley beneath me, it isn't to be wondered at that I spent a great deal of time at my window. The gardens about the convent were beautiful, old-fashioned gardens, with winding walks and shapely flower beds, with stately terraces and fountains, and big shallow pools where the birds came every day for their bath.

On several occasions my attention was attracted by a pair who strolled under the trees in the gathering dusk. One was an Officer in shiny black boots, scarlet trousers and a blue

coat. His companion, an elderly lady in a black silk dinner gown, wore a lace mantilla over her white hair, and leaned upon his arm.

They would pace back and forth in deep conversation, and when the mist rose from the valley, they would pause at the end of the terrace, when he would kiss her on the cheek and leave her.

It didn't take me long to learn that this was mother and son. In fact, I grew to know Madam, for she lived in the house with us and sat near me at dinner.

One afternoon in the late spring, when mother and son had been having their usual visit, I noticed something unusual about them. The old lady walked more slowly and paused frequently. Instead of making their farewells on the terrace, they returned to a flower bed just before the building where stood a statue of Our Lady, and after a few moments' pause, the devoted son tenderly kissed his aged mother and led her into the house. This was so out of the ordinary that I inquired from the Pension Mistress that night if Madame were ill.

"No," was the answer, "not ill, but Madame weeps. She is in sorrow."

Then she told me the story of Madame's son, who was a devout Catholic, and because of the persecutions of the Church at that time, had been relieved of his command, and was an instructor in the University of Lyons. That afternoon, for the third time in the course of a few months, word had come that an officer, his inferior in rank and ability, had been advanced to a superior position.

The fond mother suffered at the humiliation put upon her faithful son, who, because of his fidelity to his Church, had to submit to injustice."

When I heard this story I little thought that one day the whole world would be interested in it, for the loving son who walked so dutifully with his mother in that beautiful old garden at Fourvier was that greatest of all soldiers—General Foch.

Britain, Mistress of the Sea

BY HELEN M. DUGGAN, '19.

WITH the Peace Conference sitting in Paris, the important questions before the public are, first that of Freedom of the Seas, and then that of the advisability of a League of Nations. There has also been a rumour circulating through Canada and the United States to the effect that England is to be asked to give over the control of her naval predominance to the League of Nations. The truth of this is doubtful, but it is certain that England will never surrender her supremacy on the seas.

President Wilson's idea of a League of Nations is that it will be an association of equal states, a community of power. The British view is different. Britain proceeds on the assumption that for years to come, at least in international affairs, if we are to have unified guidance the League of Nations will be subject to the direction of those nations who have just brought their cause to such a successful issue. From this point of view it follows that the voluntary co-operation of these nations is a matter certainly of far greater importance at present for peace and good order in the world than new and untried construction can possibly be.

Leagues of Nations have not been crowned with success in the past. The union of nations formed to preserve the neutrality of Belgium and so put a stop to European war, proved ineffectual when Germany made clear her intention of ruling the world. A League of Nations is idealistic, Utopian, and is apt to deteriorate into Might is Right. We cannot have a balance of power in the League—that has been tried and found wanting. A balance of power will not stay balanced in times of crisis. Granted that at the present stage of the world's affairs, a League is practicable, what guarantee have we that the League will prove itself efficient for all time?

History teaches us that nations in order to create and maintain themselves, have had to engage in bloody conflicts. The principle of nationality is not an automatic instrument of peace and harmony. The League not being universally accepted, we should have to resort to war to establish it as a basic principle of international law—which would be contrary to its aim, an essentially pacific one. Arbitration serves as a precious instrument for those who desire peace, but is absolutely incapable of preventing those who desire war from engaging in it.

Besides this, there is no guarantee that the League will always be friendly to England. The friends of to-day may be the enemies of to-morrow. Germany, now an enemy, never before fought against England. France, England's historic enemy, is now her greatest friend. This might happen again. The League of Nations will never be a substitute for the British Navy and England could not be expected to surrender her historic protection in reliance upon such an organization.

As for the question of Freedom of the Seas, no one seems to have a very clear idea of just what Freedom of the Seas means. Until the war England's attitude to Freedom of the Seas has been steady and uncoerced concession. She has accepted the principle—free ships, free goods.

Article II. of President Wilson's peace proposals reads:

"Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters alike in peace and war except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants."

If this article means Freedom of the Seas outside a three-mile limit, then in time of war any belligerent nation outside the League could advance to within the three mile limit, and with the present long range guns, render resistance impossible. Further assuming that Mexico remained outside the League, suppose that war broke out between the United States and Mexico, would the United States stand by and see neutral nations supplying her enemy with munitions and food stuffs?

Germany provisioned and supported by her own merchantmen, would be a Germany to-day extending to Paris and perhaps even to London, and laying down the law of the land and sea. Freedom of the Seas means no right of blockade, and so strikes at Britain's very existence. Without the blockade of her navy she is helpless.

Sea power is the backbone of the British Empire and is essential to its defence. The one solution of the question of Freedom of the Seas must lie in leaving it as it is and in continuing the trust which the world has hitherto placed in the benevolent intention of Britain. That trust has never been abused and never shall be. The seas have been free for all to use on their lawful occasions and none have been interfered with in that use save the evil-doer. The past record of the British Navy will show that it has been maintained for "Defence," not "Defiance."

Britain, as an island, must keep control of her navy. She depends for her approach to all and sundry upon the sea. That is her element and if she lose control of it her life is at an end. The sea has always been free and open because the English have freed it from piracy and have kept it decently and honestly policed. If to-day England should surrender the supremacy which she has won by the heroism of Hawke and Nelson, she should sink into a second-rate power. To ask England to give up her fleet would be the same as asking France to give up her Home Guards or the United States of America to give up her police force. The Grand Fleet is just as essential to the maintenance of order within the sphere of her jurisdiction. Great Britain needs her navy to protect her commerce, keep her in touch with her various ports and harbours throughout the world in which her interests lie. If she is not allowed this means of preserving the integrity of her empire, she must necessarily degenerate into a country proportionate in importance only to the territory she occupied. Her great people would become "little Englanders." It must be remembered that the Russians' country is Russia,

the Germans have their Germany, the Frenchman's country is France, and the people of the United States of America have their great American Union, but the Briton's country is the blue ocean. From time immemorial she has had the great tradition of being "Mistress of the Seas."

Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.

Great Britain cannot acknowledge the "equality of all flags" on the sea, without endangering her very existence. If the Grand Fleet were to be handed over to the League of Nations, the British Nation would sacrifice all patriotism and national character and would become international without hope and without pride in her other national institutions. Her policy has been to maintain a small army and a powerful navy because she is an island and the roads of her commerce and the links of her empire are on the sea. As an island Great Britain must keep control of her navy.

Great Britain, as a colonizing nation, must retain her naval predominance. The British Empire claims for itself the fullest right to defend the arteries of commerce and communication which are the life-blood of an empire bound by ties of blood, but separated by vast oceans. Not only her own safety, but also that of her colonies, depends on her naval supremacy. Without constant and free communication between her colonies the British Empire cannot exist.

Britain could not reasonably be expected to surrender her naval predominance to the control of a League of Nations. As an island and as a colonizing nation she depends for her existence on her naval predominance. The world's trust in Britain's supremacy has never been abused and never will be. Therefore, it is abundantly clear that Britain cannot—dare not—for the sake of her very existence as an Empire, abate one jot of her naval predominance.

Spring

BY NORA MCGUANE.

Spring is coming, Spring is coming.
Over shrub and tree
Steals a tender leafiness
Beautiful to see.
"Spring is coming, Spring is coming,"
Hums the busy bee.

Spring is coming, Spring is coming.
Quiet shy blue bell
With her coming, sounds again
Winter's funeral knell.
Spring is coming, Spring is coming
Green is hill and dell.

Spring is coming, Spring is coming.
Hear the brooklet sing,
Rippling over pebbles white,
Happily gurgling thing.
"Spring is coming, Spring is coming,"
Nature's joy bells ring.

Spring is coming, Spring is coming.
Deep in mossy wood
Modest violet shyly hides,
Doffs her winter hood.
"Spring is coming, Spring is coming,"
Croons each baby bud.

Spring is coming, Spring is coming.
Birds are warbling clear,
Bidding nature wake from sleep,
Chasing winter drear.
Spring is coming, Spring is coming,
Aye 'tis almost here.

A Modern Ghost Story

BY HILDA MEYER.

ON a cold, invigorating evening of last month we were motoring along the highway that connects Toronto and Kingston. In spite of every precaution one of the cylinders missed fire, and as a blizzard was coming up we were obliged to look for a suitable place where we could remain over night.

A short walk through the drifts brought us to our destination, a village inn. The dining room of the inn, which was also the sitting room, was large, neat and comfortable, and offered a cheery prospect to the cold and weary travellers. There were several people already seated in the room, apparently farmers who had dropped in to smoke away the evening and enlarge on the gossip that the village afforded.

The conversation naturally turned to the storm without, and we agreed unanimously that it was a dreadful night, a regular spirits' sabbath.

"Spirits choose rather to walk on a fine moonlight night than in such weather as this." These words were uttered in a solemn tone and with strange emphasis by one of the company. He was a tall, dark man whom I had already labelled in my mind as a commercial traveller. The neighbour to my right, a gay, fashionably dressed young fellow who had the appearance of a student, remarked with a burst of laughter, "You must be well acquainted with the spirits to be able to tell that they dislike the cold as much as we mortals."

The first speaker gave him a quick, dark look and replied, "Young man, do not speak so lightly of that which you do not comprehend."

"Do you mean to imply there is such a thing as a walking spirit?"

"Perhaps there is if you had but the courage to look at one."

The young man stood up, flushed with anger, but resuming his seat, said calmly, "That taunt would cost you dear if you were in earnest."

The traveller threw a leathern pocket-book containing the sum of one hundred dollars on the table, exclaiming vehemently that he was content to lose it if, before an hour had passed, he had not succeeded in showing the student the form of a deceased friend, who must be allowed to embrace him.

This remark inspired involuntary awe and respect, but the youth accepted the challenge of the loquacious gentleman on condition that he could raise a similar sum from among those present. He was not in a position to stake the amount himself.

We agreed to subscribe, and retired with the traveller, who had placed all the stakes in the student's hands, to an isolated summer house. The only means of exit from this house were a door and a window. After putting writing materials on a small table, we took away the lantern and carefully fastened the door, after placing the student inside.

, In a solemn spectral voice the traveller began to chant in mumbling tones. Then raising his voice, he asked:

"What do you see?"

"I see," said the student, "a white light rising near the window."

We, the spectators, remained profoundly silent. After a few moments of quietude the traveller stamped three times on the ground and continued his curious mumblings.

Once more the question:

"What do you see now?"

"I see the cloud taking the form of a phantom, its head covered with a long veil. It advances. It lifts its veil. It is my brother. He advances and writes his name."

Silence again. The traveller continued; this time we could

distinguish the words inviting the spirit to go forth and embrace his brother.

"What do you see?"

"He comes; he pursues me; he is stretching forth his arms! Help! Help! Save me."

A piercing cry, a stifled groan, as one suffering excruciating pain, broke the silence.

The traveller turned and walked rapidly away, leaving us to force open the door. The student lay in convulsions. As soon as his senses were restored the youth demanded to know where that vile sorcerer was, who had subjected him to such a horrible ordeal. With the speed of a madman he dashed across the fields in pursuit of the traveller.

It was some time before we realized that the spiritualist and the student had enacted a farce and departed with our money, shattering completely our theory of spirits.

EASTER.

BY MARGARET MITCHELL, ENTRANCE CLASS.

Easter holds a wonderful joy for God's children, one not of earth, but a supernatural joy which enters only into the heart of a true Christian.

Over one thousand years ago the first Easter festival was celebrated, when Jesus Christ rose, the Conqueror of death and the Redeemer of the world, glorious and immortal from the grave. It is a day on which, joy at Christ's victory should be universal; a day on which, through the love and gratitude and homage given Him, He might be sure that He had not died in vain; a day on which we might ask of Him all graces and blessings of which we stand so much in need. This is the day when Christ's redeemed ones should offer to Almighty God a fervent Mass and Holy Communion in thanksgiving for the gift of His only Son, Who in His great unbounded love ransomed us all from the clutches of Satan.



The January number of St. Mary's Chimes, as usual, is very interesting. The comparison of Marcus Aurelius with Thomas à Kempis brings out some marked points in the lives of these two noted men. It clearly shows the tendency toward the Christian ideal, that displayed itself in the writings of the great Pagan philosopher. The short stories, "The Young Man" and "A Gift for the King," are pretty and quite appropriate to the season. St. Mary's Chimes is always a welcome visitor.

• • • •

In "The Alvernia," under the heading "Catholics Get Ahead," there is a plea to the Catholics of the United States which might well meet a response in the hearts of the Catholics of Canada. It is a call to help the foreign missions and the article shows the many different ways in which this help may be given. Altogether, it is a piece of work deserving of attention, not only by reason of the object it is trying to advance, but also because of the forcefulness with which it is written. The Alvernia shows that the students of the College are capable of doing some deep thinking.

There is the usual fineness of sentiment in verse, catchy, short story, and pithy editorial, in the December number of the De Paul Minerval. The co-education system in vogue at that College seems to be productive of much good in the way of editing a magazine. The little poem, "The Prayer God Answered," shows no mean ability in versification.

• • • •

We are always delighted to receive The Rainbow, not only because it is the official organ of our Sister College, Loretto Abbey, Toronto, but because we are always sure to find in its pages much entertaining, instructive matter, and what is more, a stimulus to us to co-operate with the students of Loretto in maintaining a high standard of literature in the Catholic College magazines of Toronto. The October issue contains some good short stories. That was a touching little tribute Miss Kelly paid to the late Joyce Kilmer, and we must say that we thoroughly enjoyed "Farmeretting," which brought back many memories—pleasant and otherwise. The Rainbow always casts a pleasing tint on our Exchange Table.

JULIA WALSH.



WHATEVER THE WEATHER.

Sure, let it be the radiance or the rain
Which floods to-day with showers all the skies,
The faintest mist of mourning shall not stain
The bright, unclouded heaven of Irish eyes.

—REV. F. P. DONNELLY, S.J.

Pittsburgh Visited

BY LORETTO DILLON.

WORKING in a business office ten months out of a year, is quite strenuous, so that when a vacation of one month is promised to a girl, there immediately comes into her mind plans for a trip to another city, where the office is far away. She seems to work more diligently, as the time for vacation fast approaches. My friend Vera and I were very fortunate in getting our vacation at the same time, even though we did not work in the same office. As neither of us had seen the "Smoky City" of Pittsburgh, we planned a visit there. A week was spent in preparation, which consisted chiefly in selecting new garments and travelling accessories. Finally the long-expected day of departure arrived.

Boarding a train for Buffalo, we were soon speeding on our way. How we chatted about what we should do when we arrived in Pittsburgh! Each of us described the city as we thought it would be. Not long after leaving Hamilton we arrived at the Suspension Bridge, spanning the Niagara River. Here all baggage was examined. Ours contained only necessities, so we had no trouble whatever in crossing the border. In an hour we were in Buffalo. We had to wait one hour for the train to Pittsburgh. Soon we were in a strange country of "rolling hills, low valleys and many a winding river." We passed thorough numerous towns and cities. Soon Oil City was announced. Here the scenery became decidedly changed. On our left rose the stately Alleghany Mountains; to the left was a river of considerable width, but not of very great depth, to which the mountains gave a name. It was evening when we arrived at our destination, but my relatives were waiting for us at the station.

We were hurried away in a motor to the foot of Spring

Hill, at the top of which was my uncle's home. On arriving here, we had to take an incline car, quite a new experience for us. It was quite nerve-racking also, as at each foot that the car advanced the chains locked into sockets in the rails, so as to prevent the slipping of the brakes. After a half hour's ride we arrived at the top and about one block from the car line was our house. On our way we were rather frightened at seeing an immense column of fire rise up into the night. We were told that this was from the chimney of an iron and steel foundry where men worked night and day, making rails. On first sight we thought it very close, but the next morning we found that it was thousands of feet below us.

A host of wonders awaited us. Standing on the back verandah, we saw spread out before us a country of hills, valleys and a muddy, low river. We could look into the chimneys of houses, directly below us. Hills to the right of us, hills to the left of us, hills all around us, and opposite us, we could see incline railway cars slowly ascending and descending the dangerous height. Away up Spring Hill was a little white Church, pretty in its surroundings.

This city is one of unheralded storms. You may be sitting on your verandah, reading a book, when you suddenly see lightning flash across the sky, and swish into the ground. Immediately the thunder roars and echoes among the hills. So terrible are these storms that when the first flash of lightning is seen, pious people light candles before their little shrines. I witnessed several of these storms, one or two of which are still vivid in my memory. In twenty minutes, usually, these storms are over. The sun comes out, and the people resume their work.

My uncle planned a visit to the Heinz Manufacturing Company. We saw the process of the making of their varied products. They even make their own tins. This tour occupied a whole afternoon, at the end of which we were served a sample of the "57 varieties." We also saw the house where H. J. Heinz began his work.

Three days later we went to Andrew Carnegie's Museum. Here all kinds of curios, from all parts of the world, are collected. It is a sight worth seeing, and one which is not soon forgotten. In the course of our tours we visited Saint Paul's Church, which has seven marble altars. The pulpit is in the centre of the church. All the seats are arranged so as to enable the congregation to face the priest, when he is speaking. Saint Anthony's Church contains numberless relics, and another interesting feature is that the figures in the Stations of the Cross are life-size.

The shops are comparatively smaller than ours. As you walk along you see shops and houses below and above you. Everybody on Spring Hill has to get water from a pretty little spring. It is high up on the side of the hill. It flows into a pipe and then out again in a clear, steady stream. One thing we did remark, the lack of horses. Mules were used to draw the loads and sometimes the cars too.

Very soon our visit came to an end. How we regretted to leave, as we were becoming accustomed to hill-climbing, and the rugged, but beautiful scenery. After many sad adieux we sped on our way to Buffalo. From there we took an electric car to the town of Lewiston and took the boat across the lake. This was a trip never to be forgotten.



HOLY SPIRIT.

As a bright flame and like unto the wind,
Come from the heights of heaven, O God the Holy Ghost!
Touch Thou my tongue with fire, guide Thou my feeble pen,
Make my heart strong then when I need Thee most.
Help me to write of Thee, teach me to speak of Thee,
Let me lead souls to Thee, O God the Holy Ghost!

—Selected.

College Notes

School re-opened on the 7th of January and we were pleased to see all the old pupils back and several new ones also. These latter we see are already feeling quite at home and we are sure that at the end of June they, too, will be loath to depart.

• • • •

During the latter part of January Dr. Rowland B. Orr, Curator of the Provincial Museum, and his assistant, Mr. C. Clarke, were two of the interested visitors to the College Museum, commenting favourably on the already large and varied collection of specimens.

• • • •

On the feast of St. Cecilia, November 22nd, the members of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality assembled in the study hall to hold their annual election. The meeting was opened by the singing of a hymn to the Holy Ghost, after which Miss Margaret Heney and Miss Clarice Hanlon were nominated to act as scrutineers. Nominations from the floor were then made for the several offices of the Sodality and the election proceeded. The following were elected to fill these offices: President, Miss Bessie Devine; Vice-President, Miss Gertrude Goodyear; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Julia Walsh; Counsellors: First, Miss McTague; Second, Miss C. Hanlon; Third, Miss M. Baechler; Fourth, Miss H. Kirby; Sacristan, Miss M. Nolan; First Chorister, Miss M. Hayes; Second Chorister, Miss E. Shannon. The meeting closed by the singing of the Te Deum.

• • • •

On the 8th of December the young ladies of the College and Academy joined in a procession in honour of the Immaculate Conception. Beginning in the Auditorium, the procession

passed through the various corridors to the chapel, where the shrine of Our Blessed Mother was beautiful with lights and flowers, presented by the young ladies to the Queen of Peace in thanksgiving for the long-looked-for cessation of the war. Rev. Father McBrady spoke very touchingly and graphically on true devotion to the Blessed Virgin (which consists not so much in externals, but in the faithful performance of duty) clearly showing how this is applied to the life of a school girl. The reception of thirty-five members into the Sodality took place, followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

• • • •

The third debate of the Women's Intercollegiate Debating Union was between University College and St. Michael's College, on the 31st of January. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved that Britain surrender her naval predominance to the control of the proposed League of Nations. Miss Brown and Miss Macdonald, of University College, supported the affirmative, and Miss Helen Duggan, of St. Joseph's College, and Miss Grace Ellston, of Loretto Abbey College, supported the negative. The judges awarded the decision to St. Michael's College.

• • • •

The Feast of St. Agnes was marked by an interesting lecture given by the college chaplain, Rev. Father McBrady, who put forth in glowing tributes the virtues of the girl saint and martyr, and encouraged the pupils to practise them. We are quite confident that no other college is privileged in having so interested a chaplain and so eloquent a speaker.

• • • •

Miss Amy Meraw, a pupil of last year, has been renewing old acquaintances during her short visit to the college. We are pleased to see our old pupils do not forget their Alma Mater.

• • • •

During Christmas week a bazaar was held in the college

auditorium. This was hailed as a boon by the majority of boarders who did not care to enter into the "flu" zone for their Christmas shopping. As a result of the generous patronage of the pupils and of many outsiders, the bazaar was a great success. The profits were used to send Christmas stockings to our boys "Over There" who were unable to be home for Christmas.

* * * *

The pupils of the College extend their sincerest sympathy to Miss Muriel McCormick in the loss of her brother Francis, who died of influenza Dec. 30, 1918.

* * * *

As the Senior Mistress' feast day comes during the Christmas holidays, we anticipated it this year by giving a little entertainment and making a presentation. The programme was as follows:

Chorus.

Festal Greetings.

Address,

Miss Julia Walsh.

Piano Solo—Sonata—op. 14 No. 1Beethoven
Miss E. Devine.

Vocal Solo—The Hills of DonegalSonderson
Miss E. Allen.

Piano Solo—The Arabesque No. 2.Debussey
Miss H. Kramer.

Hymn—To-day—Words by Soeur Therese of the Child Jesus.
Music by Sisters of St. Joseph.

Sung by the Choir.

A little play, in 3 acts—"Aunt Jemina's Pets"—was presented by the junior school.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

Miss Jemima	Miss V. Cash
Peggy, the Maid	Miss C. Mulvihill
Mrs. Walton	Miss D. Steer
Mrs. Thorn	Miss H. Matthews
Mrs. Tucker	Miss C. Nolan
Martha	Miss M. Heffing
Alice Walton	Miss G. McGuire
Mary Walton	Miss C. Johnston

• • • •

On January 27th an interesting concert was also given by the junior members of the school in honour of the feast of their Mistress. Many delightful selections were rendered.

• • • •

Father Fraser, the well-known missionary to China, gave an illustrated lecture on his missionary work, in our auditorium, on Thursday, January 30th. The pupils were greatly interested and trust that Father Fraser will give another of his delightful talks in the near future.

• • • • •

Miss Margaret Heney received a letter a few days ago from her brother, Dr. Joseph, who has been with his ship on active service in the Mediterranean. In it he describes a visit to the catacombs of Civita Veechia and the cave in which St. Paul was kept prisoner in the early days of persecution. He speaks with admiration of the beauty and the number of the churches in the island of Malta.

• • • •

A Literary Society has been organized by the University Students of St. Joseph's College. Elections were held on the 20th of January, with the following results: Honorary President, Sister M. Perpetua; President, Miss Helen Duggan; Vice-President, Miss Ruth Agnew; Secretary, Miss Madeleine Bench; Treasurer, Miss Cleo Coghlan.

A Sketch Class has been organized in the College. Many pupils from the different departments have joined and their tastes are being developed along artistic lines by the Sister in charge of the studio. The class is looking forward to the bright spring days when they can go to the woods to sketch from nature itself.

• • • • •

We are deeply indebted to the Rev. Christian Brothers under whose direction the young boys of the parochial schools furnished a delightful programme for us one evening during our Christmas Sale. Special mention must be made of the singing and dancing, as also of the splendid music furnished by De La Salle Orchestra. Treats of this nature come all too seldom—so we all agree.

• • • • •

The members of the First Aid Class are developing into professionals at bandaging, taking temperatures and administering alleviations of pain. School work hath little charms for us after these interesting and novel lessons.

• • • • •

On Dec. 16th an annual short musical programme was given in the auditorium of the College. All the grades were represented in the well selected programme given below. At the conclusion, Sister Superior, who presided for the first time, spoke in her kindly way, words of appreciation and encouragement to those taking part. Prizes were then distributed to the pupils who drew lucky numbers.

, GRADE A.

Piano Solo Selected
L. Lambert, Frances Heffering, P. Boyer.

GRADE B. ,

Piano Solo Selected
K. Warde.

Piano Solo—In the Park Dorn
Marion Douglas. ,

Piano Solo—Doll's Dream Osten
Christine Johnston.

, Little Ones' Xmas Song.

GRADE C.

Piano Solo—A Sketch Arthur Bird
Marjorie Gearin.

GRADE D.

Violin Solo—Petite Valse Harold Henry
Doreen Smith.

GRADE E.

Piano Solo—Doll's Dance Mercadante
Alice Hayes.

GRADE F.

Piano Solo—Pendant La Valse Lack
Claudia Dillon.

Piano Solo—Minuet de L'artésienne Giget
Eileen Egan.

Piano Solo—Arabesque Debussy
Helen Kramer.

• • • •

The young ladies of St. Joseph's University Classes entertained the Graduating Class of Loretto College at supper Wednesday, Feb. 12th.

• • • •

Mrs. A. J. McDonagh very kindly chaperoned fifteen young ladies of the College on Thursday night, Feb. 13th, when they attended the lecture in Massey Hall given by His Lordship Bishop Fallon of London, Ont. The Rt. Rev. Father chose for his topic, "Education and the Catholic Church," and by his

wonderful flow of language and personal magnetism entirely captivated the large audience.

* * * *

The Annual Retreat of the pupils of the College and Academy was preached by the Rev. P. J. Howard, M.A., C.S.B., Sandwich, Ont., opening on Thursday, February 6th, and closing on the morning of the 9th. The exercises throughout were beautiful and devotional and the several lectures were delivered in Father Howard's own eloquent and scholarly manner. The Holy Hour devotion on Sunday night was particularly inspiring. The keynote of the Retreat was the urgent present-day need of Catholic young women of character. In every lecture this was so forcibly impressed on the minds of the pupils that it is to be hoped that it made a lasting impression. The Retreat closed with an earnest exhortation to the pupils to stand firm in the good resolutions they had taken. Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament, followed by the Papal Blessing, was then given. Father Howard complimented the students on the edifying silence observed by the student body during the retreat. Each pupil was presented with a little souvenir holy picture, which we know will be cherished by all as a fond remembrance of the pleasant and profitable days spent under the guidance of this Rev. Father.

—MARY McCORMICK.



The Obstinacy of a Fountain Pen

BY EILEEN EGAN, FORM I.

I shall never forget the first time I used a fountain pen. It was a disaster. Of course I do not mean the fountain was, but the event itself; for at that time the "self-filler" and the "safety" were matters of experiment, not of scientific accuracy, as they now are.

It was a Sunday morning in early June, and with the thought of my untouched homework still heavy on my mind, I borrowed Papa's fountain pen, hoping in my desperation that it might work a magic spell. But I had no more than tried the pen's ability to decline "urbs" with "magna" in something like an agreeable manner when the sweet odour of the June roses underneath my window coaxed me out to gather a bud or so. Carelessly putting the pen in my middy pocket, I ran down the stairs and out into the scented garden, intending only to pluck a flower and hasten back to my work. But the fair morning, the dancing sun and the singing birds beguiled me. It must have been some half hour later when delving in my pocket for a candy, put by for a hungry hour, I found to my dismay that the pocket and the side of my white middy were covered with ink. In fact, ink—blue ink was everywhere, save in the pen where it should have been.

This mishap, and an admonition from my mother, brought me back to my senses, and incidentally to my homework. Filling the pen, I sat down again to attempt another agreement between "urbs" and "magna," but I chose the library this time, for it was safely removed from the alluring fragrance of those roses, and with Dad's saving presence opposite me at the library table, I felt I should be more steadfast in my purpose. Then I started to write, but no writing appeared. The pen seemed to have gone resolutely on strike. Either it liked Latin no more than did I, or "urbs" and "magna" had

agreed to disagree. Papa advised me to shake the pen, and shake it I did, with much vigour and impatience. But horrors! The pen suddenly began to rain ink, and the rain fell for the most part on Papa's gray coat. He said something which I couldn't quite understand, and as for me—well, my lessons that day were written in pencil.



Our Lady of Good Counsel

Ah! tell me, I pray thee, sweet Mother,
What does thy little Son say,
When He nestles close-claspt to thee, Mother,
In that tender and beautiful way.

Does He tell of His love for thee, Mother,
That love which is boundless, divine?
Does He call thee sweet names, dearest Mother,
And say He is thine, wholly thine?

Does He whisper sweet words of direction,
For the little ones under thy care?
Does He bid thee dispense all His treasures
And grace, most precious and rare?

And what dost thou say, dearest Mother,
To Jesus? Ah! what dost thou say,
When He nestles close-claspt to thee, Mother,
In that tender and beautiful way

—S. M. St. J.

Frequent Communion

If you desire true happiness, you must be virtuous. Have you found it hard to be so? And do you wish it easier? If so, go often to Communion.

You have hard work to do day by day. You find the way of duty hard. "Come to Me all you that labour and are burdened and I will refresh you."

You feel no relish in your prayers? Devotion is dried up? Religion seems a sad affair? Bring Jesus into your heart. He will soften it.

You yield to temptation, embracing sin? It is because you are starving; you have kept away from the table of the strong. As the meals you took last week do not suffice for this week, so the Communion of last week may not suffice for this week. Remember, frequent Communion is not a reward for virtue, but a medicine for sin.

We keep off disease from the body by giving it proper food. So with the soul. We keep it from the disease of sin by feeding it **frequently** on the Bread of Angels.

"If any amongst you does not feel so often or so violently the attacks of anger, of sloth, of lust, let him give thanks to the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ that his dangerous ulcer is healing." Bad habits can be uprooted by frequent Communion.

If, then, you want in your daily work, great peace of mind and a strong inclination to virtue, **receive Communion daily or frequently. By constantly eating Goodness, Beauty and Purity,** you become altogether good, beautiful and pure.

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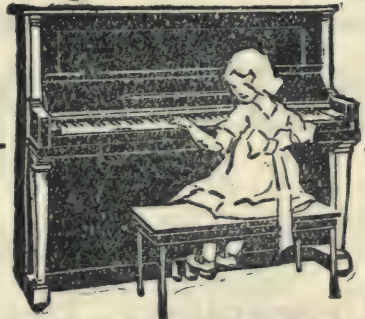
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